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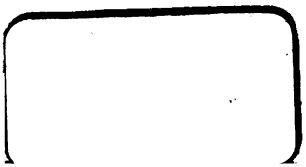

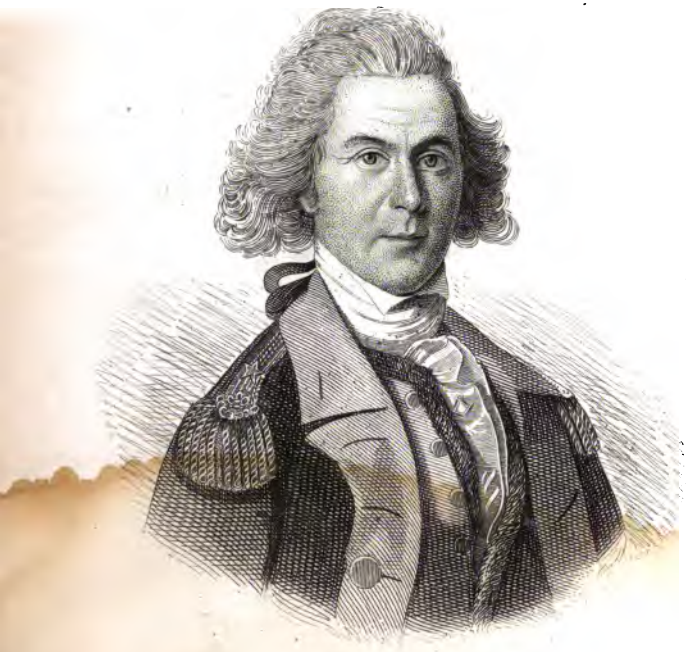

GEN: OTHO H. WILLIAMS.

O. H. Williams

WASHINGTON

AND

THE GENERALS

OF THE

American Revolution.

TWO VOLUMES COMPLETE IN ONE.

WITH FINELY-ENGRAVED PORTRAITS,

FROM ORIGINAL PICTURES.

NEW EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
A. HART, LATE CAREY & HART.
1852.

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PREFACE.

THE American Revolution was one of the grandest events in history; and for its influence upon the condition of men, and the destinies of nations, it must long remain among the most interesting subjects of study. But readers have hitherto been without any work of authority through which they might be made acquainted with its actors.

Scattered biographies of many of the leading soldiers of the time have indeed appeared, but no one production that could serve as a companion to our military annals, properly introducing the *dramatis personæ*. In these volumes an attempt has been made to supply this want.

To produce them, the accessible published and unpublished memoirs, correspondence, and other materials relating to the period, have been carefully examined and faithfully reflected.

It is believed that while they will gratify a laudable curiosity, they will also, in most cases, deepen the reverence with which the people of this country regard the purchasers of their liberties.

PHILADELPHIA, 1847.

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WASHINGTON

AND THE

GENERALS OF THE REVOLUTION.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is a truth, illustrated in daily experience, and yet rarely noted or acted upon, that, in all that concerns the appreciation of personal character or ability, the instinctive impressions of a community are quicker in their action, more profoundly appreciant, and more reliable, than the intellectual perceptions of the ablest men in the community. Upon all those subjects that are of moral apprehension, society seems to possess an intelligence of its own, infinitely sensitive in its delicacy, and almost conclusive in the certainty of its determinations; indirect, and unconscious in its operation, yet unshunnable in sagacity, and as strong and confident as nature itself. The highest and finest qualities of human judgment seem to be in commission among the nation, or the race. It is by such a process, that whenever a true hero appears among mankind, the recognition of his character, by the general sense of

humanity, is instant and certain: the belief of the chief priests and rulers of mind, follows later, or comes not at all. The perceptions of a public are as subtly-sighted, as its passions are blind. It sees, and feels, and knows the excellence, which it can neither understand, nor explain, nor vindicate. These involuntary opinions of people at large explain themselves, and are vindicated by events, and form at last the constants of human understanding. A character of the first order of greatness, such as seems to pass out of the limits and course of ordinary life, often lies above the ken of intellectual judgment; but its merits and its infirmities never escape the sleepless perspicacity of the common sentiment, which no novelty of form can surprise, and no mixture of qualities can perplex. The mind—the logical faculty—comprehends a subject, when it can trace in it the same elements, or relations, which it is familiar with elsewhere: if it finds but a faint analogy of form or substance, its decision is embarrassed. But this other instinct seems to become subtler, and more rapid, and more absolute in conviction, at the line where reason begins to falter. Take the case of Shakspeare. His surpassing greatness was never acknowledged by the learned, until the nation had ascertained and settled it as a foregone and questionless conclusion. Even now, to the most sagacious mind of this time, the real ground and evidence of its own assurance of Shakspeare's supremacy, is the universal, deep, immovable conviction of it in the public feeling. There have been many acute essays upon his minor characteristics; but intellectual criticism has never grappled with Shaksperian ART, in its entireness and grandeur, and probably it never will. We know not now, wherein his greatness consists. We cannot demonstrate it. There is less indistinctness in the merit of less eminent authors. Those things which are not doubts to our consciousness, are yet mysteries to our mind. And if this is true of literary art, which is so much within the

sphere of reflection, it may be expected to find more striking illustration in great practical and public moral characters.

These considerations occur naturally to the mind in contemplating the fame of Washington. An attentive examination of the whole subject, and of all that can contribute to the formation of a sound opinion, results in the belief that General Washington's *mental* abilities illustrate the very highest type of greatness. His *mind*, probably, was one of the very greatest that was ever given to mortality. Yet it is impossible to establish that position by a direct analysis of his character, or conduct, or productions. When we look at the incidents or the results of that great career—when we contemplate the qualities by which it is marked, from its beginning to its end—the foresight which never was surprised, the judgment which nothing could deceive, the wisdom whose resources were incapable of exhaustion—combined with a spirit as resolute in its official duties as it was moderate in its private pretensions, as indomitable in its public temper as it was gentle in its personal tone—we are left in wonder and reverence. But when we would enter into the recesses of that mind—when we would discriminate upon its construction, and reason upon its operations—when we would tell how it was composed, and why it excelled—we are entirely at fault. The processes of Washington's understanding are entirely hidden from us. What came from it, in counsel or in action, was the life and glory of his country; what went on within it, is shrouded in impenetrable concealment. Such elevation in degree, of wisdom, amounts almost to a change of kind, in nature, and detaches his intelligence from the sympathy of ours. We cannot see him as he was, because we are not like him. The tones of the mighty bell were heard with the certainty of Time itself, and with a force that vibrates still upon the air of life, and will vibrate for ever. But the clock-work, by which they

were regulated and given forth, we can neither see nor understand. In fact, his intellectual abilities did not exist in an analytical and separated form; but in a combined and concrete state. They "moved altogether when they moved at all." They were in no degree speculative, but only practical. They could not act at all in the region of imagination, but only upon the field of reality. The sympathies of his intelligence dwelt exclusively in the national being and action. Its interests and energies were absorbed in them. He was nothing out of that sphere, because he was every thing there. The extent to which he was identified with the country is unexampled in the relations of individual men to the community. During the whole period of his life he was the thinking part of the nation. He was its mind; it was his image and illustration. If we would classify and measure him, it must be with nations, and not with individuals.

This extraordinary nature of Washington's capacities—this impossibility of analyzing and understanding the elements and methods of his wisdom—have led some persons to doubt whether, intellectually, he was of great superiority; but the public—the community—never doubted of the transcendant eminence of Washington's abilities. From the first moment of his appearance as the chief, the recognition of him, from one end of the country to the other, as THE MAN—the leader, the counsellor, the infallible in suggestion and in conduct—was immediate and universal. From that moment to the close of the scene, the national confidence in his capacity was as spontaneous, as enthusiastic, as immovable, as it was in his integrity. Particular persons, affected by the untoward course of events, sometimes questioned his sufficiency; but the nation never questioned it, nor would allow it to be questioned Neither misfortune, nor disappointment, nor accidents, nor delay, nor the protracted gloom of years, could avail to disturb the public trust in him. It was apart from cir-

cumstances; it was beside the action of caprice; it was beyond all visionary, and above all changeable feelings. It was founded on nothing extraneous; not upon what he had said or done, but upon what he was. They saw something in the man, which gave them assurance of a nature and destiny of the highest elevation—something inexplicable, but which inspired a complete satisfaction. We feel that this reliance was wise and right; but why it was felt, or why it was right, we are as much to seek as those who came under the direct impression of his personal presence. It is not surprising, that the world recognising in this man a nature and a greatness which philosophy cannot explain, should revere him almost to religion.

The distance and magnitude of those objects which are too far above us to be estimated directly—such as stars—are determined by their parallax. By some process of that kind we may form an approximate notion of Washington's greatness. We may measure him against the great events in which he moved; and against the great men, among whom, and above whom, his figure stood like a tower. It is agreed that the war of American Independence is one of the most exalted, and honourable, and difficult achievements related in history. Its force was contributed by many; but its grandeur was derived from Washington. His character and wisdom gave unity, and dignity, and effect to the irregular, and often divergent enthusiasm of others. His energy combined the parts; his intelligence guided the whole: his perseverance, and fortitude, and resolution, were the inspiration and support of all. In looking back over that period, his presence seems to fill the whole scene; his influence predominates throughout; his character is reflected from every thing. Perhaps nothing less than his immense weight of mind could have kept the national system, at home, in that position which it held, immovably, for seven years; perhaps

nothing but the august respectability which his demeanour threw around the American cause abroad, would have induced a foreign nation to enter into an equal alliance with us upon terms that contributed in a most important degree to our final success, or would have caused Great Britain to feel that no great indignity was suffered in admitting the claim to national existence of a people who had such a representative as Washington. What but the most eminent qualities of mind and feeling—discretion superhuman—readiness of invention, and dexterity of means, equal to the most desperate affairs—endurance, self-control, regulated ardour, restrained passion, caution mingled with boldness, and all the contrarieties of moral excellence—could have expanded the life of an individual into a career such as this?

If we compare him with the great men who were his contemporaries throughout the nation; in an age of extraordinary personages, Washington was unquestionably the first man of the time in ability. Review the correspondence of General Washington—that sublime monument of intelligence and integrity—scrutinize the public history and the public men of that era, and you will find that in all the wisdom that was accomplished or was attempted, Washington was before every man in his suggestions of the plan, and beyond every one in the extent to which he contributed to its adoption. In the field, all the able generals acknowledged his superiority, and looked up to him with loyalty, reliance, and reverence; the others, who doubted his ability, or conspired against his sovereignty, illustrated, in their own conduct, their incapacity to be either his judges or his rivals. In the state, Adams, Jay, Rutledge, Pinckney, Morris—these are great names; but there is not one whose wisdom does not vail to his. His superiority was felt by all these persons, and was felt by Washington himself, as a simple matter of fact, as little a subject of question, or a cause of vanity, as the eminence

of his personal stature. His appointment as commander-in-chief, was the result of no design on his part, and of no efforts on the part of his friends; it seemed to take place spontaneously. He moved into the position, because there was a vacuum which no other could supply: in it, he was not sustained by government, by a party, or by connexions; he sustained himself; and then he sustained every thing else. He sustained Congress against the army, and the army against the injustice of Congress. The brightest mind among his contemporaries was Hamilton's; a character which cannot be contemplated without frequent admiration, and constant affection. His talents took the form of genius, which Washington's did not. But active, various, and brilliant, as the faculties of Hamilton were, whether viewed in the precocity of youth, or in the all-accomplished elegance of maturer life—lightning-quick as his intelligence was to see through every subject that came before it, and vigorous as it was in constructing the argumentation by which other minds were to be led, as upon a shapely bridge, over the obscure depths across which his had flashed in a moment—fertile and sound in schemes, ready in action, splendid in display, as he was—nothing is more obvious and certain than that when Mr. Hamilton approached Washington, he came into the presence of one who surpassed him in the extent, in the comprehension, the elevation, the sagacity, the force, and the ponderousness of his mind, as much as he did in the majesty of his aspect, and the grandeur of his step. The genius of Hamilton was a flower, which gratifies, surprises, and enchants; the intelligence of Washington was a stately tree, which in the rarity and true dignity of its beauty is as superior, as it is in its dimensions.

George Washington, third son of Augustine Washington, and the eldest of five children by a second marriage, was born on the 22d of February, 1732, near the Potomac, in Westmoreland county, Virginia. His great grandfather

had emigrated about the year 1657, from the north of England, where his family had long been eminent, and in some of its branches was allied to nobility. The sentiment of social respectability—the consciousness of having been born a gentleman, was an important element in General Washington's character, and contributed to determine the kind of reputation which he obtained from the country. In 1743, his eldest half-brother married the daughter of the Hon. George William Fairfax, and in consequence of this connexion, Mr. Washington was appointed surveyor in the western part of Virginia, by Lord Fairfax, then proprietor of the northern neck. At the Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge county, carved at a great elevation, the initials of the young surveyor's name, renewed, of course, in later years, are still shown to the traveller. For a long time it was the highest inscription at the place; but lately, some one has had the indifferent taste to register his insignificance over the name of the Father of his country. There is another tablet on which the world will readily give him leave to write his name above that of Washington, if he thinks fit. About the middle of the century, the attention of Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, was attracted to the encroachments of the French, in the north, who appeared to be engaged in connecting their possessions in Canada with those in Louisiana, by a line of forts extending down the Alleghany and Ohio rivers; and he determined to send a messenger to require, in the name of the English monarch, that these posts should be discontinued. The mission was intrusted to Mr. Washington, then at the age of twenty-one; and in the beginning of November, 1753, he set out from Williamsburg, on his toilsome and perilous tour. Encountering many obstacles from the snow, he crossed the Alleghany mountains, visited the forks of the Ohio, now Pittsburgh, passed what is now the town of Franklin, at the confluence of the Alleghany river and French creek, ascended the latter

stream, passing Meadville, as far apparently as the small lake, Le Boeuf. It was at a fort at this point, near probably to the present town of Waterford, in Erie county, that Washington had his interview with the French officer in command on the Ohio, and delivered the letter of Governor Dinwiddie. A letter was written in answer, and the youthful ambassador set off on his return, on the 15th of December, to traverse that wintry and inhospitable region. An adventure on the Alleghany river, about two miles above Pittsburgh, on the 28th of December, is thus described in a journal kept by Washington for the information of Governor Dinwiddie, and afterwards published. "We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above, for it was driving in vast quantities. There was no way of getting over but on a raft, which we set about, with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting. This was a whole day's work; we next got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner, that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with such violence against the pole, that it jerked me out, into ten feet water; but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen." His conduct on this mission, made known by the publication of his journal, attracted much admiration and respect.

In 1754, Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of three hundred men, under the command of Colonel Fry, which was raised by the Assembly of Vir-

ginia, for the purpose of resisting the aggressions of the French. By the death of Colonel Fry, soon afterwards, the command devolved upon him; and in July of that year he distinguished himself by a brave defence of Fort Neeessity, at the Great Meadows, in the Alleghany mountains, against a very superior French force, under the command of M. De Villier. The fort capitulated, after a loss of fifty-eight of the Virginia regiment, killed and wounded; but the gallantry of Washington and his comrades received the special thanks of the legislature of Virginia, and the applause of the country generally. Towards the close of the year, Colonel Washington, disgusted with the arrangements by which officers in the royal service were authorized to take rank above provincial officers, quitted the service, and fixed his residence at Mount Vernon, which he had recently inherited under the will of his brother.

On the 14th of April, 1755, a council was held at the camp at Alexandria, by General Edward Braddock, commander-in-chief of the royal forces in America, the Hon. Augustus Keppel, commander-in-chief of the fleet, Governor Dinwiddie, and others, at which an enterprise against the French forts of Niagara and Crown Point, and the reinforcement of Fort Oswego, were determined upon. In execution of the plan arranged at this council, General Braddock moved from Alexandria at the head of a detachment, consisting of two English regiments—the 44th and 48th—and some companies of New York and Virginia provincial troops. Desirous of availing himself of the local knowledge as well as military service of Colonel Washington, he offered him the post of aid-de-camp, which was readily accepted. The expedition left Fort Cumberland, on Willes's Creek, in Maryland, on the 12th of June, 1755. On reaching the Great Meadows, it was, upon the advice of Washington, determined to push forward twelve hundred troops, with the light artillery, under the personal command of Braddock, with the greatest ra-

pidity, to Fort Du Quesne—then just erected—to take advantage of its supposed feebleness before reinforcements and supplies could reach it; leaving the heavy artillery and baggage with the rear division of the army at Great Meadows, under Colonel Dunbar, with orders to join the advanced corps as soon as possible. The progress of this select corps was, however, so slow, that it did not reach the banks of the Monongahela till about the 8th of July. Colonel Washington, who had been left on the 23d of June at the great ford of the Youghiogany, ill with a violent fever, rejoined the army on that day in a covered wagon, and entered on the services of his post. There being some steep and rugged ground on the north side of the Monongahela, the troops, early on the 9th, crossed to the southern side, about twenty-five miles from Fort Du Quesne, and marched along that bank for about fifteen miles, when they recrossed and advanced towards the fort. They had just entered upon a level plain, about nine miles from Fort Du Quesne, now called in that neighbourhood Braddock's Field, when they fell into an ambush of Indians and French, which resulted in their destruction.

Of this panic and rout, so well known as Braddock's defeat, in which a company of the finest troops, who, as Colonel Washington observed, a few moments before thought themselves equal to the force of Canada, were scattered and destroyed by a handful of French and savages, who merely intended to molest and annoy their march, one of the best accounts is contained in a letter written to Governor Morris by Robert Orme, one of the general's aids-de-camp, and dated at Fort Cumberland, July 18th, 1755. A part of this letter only has ever before been published; and as the narrative is clear and succinct, a part not hitherto in print is here extracted:

"The 9th instant," says the writer, who was with the main body, under Braddock, "we passed and repassed the Monongahela, by advancing first a party of three hun-

dred men, which was immediately followed by one of two hundred. The general, with the column of artillery, baggage, and the main body of the army, passed the river the last time about one o'clock. As soon as the whole had got on the fort side of the Monongahela, we heard a very heavy and quick fire in our front. We immediately advanced, in order to sustain them; but the detachments of the two and three hundred men gave way, and fell back upon us, which caused such confusion, and struck so great a panic among our men, that afterwards no military expedient could be made use of that had any effect upon them. The men were so extremely deaf to the exhortation of the general and the officers, that they fired away, in the most irregular manner, but without any effect upon the enemy, and fled, leaving all their ammunition, provisions, and baggage; nor could they be persuaded to stop, till they got as far as Gist's plantation; nor there only in part, many of them proceeding as far as Colonel Dunbar's party, who lay six miles on this side. The officers were absolutely sacrificed by their unparalleled good behaviour; advancing sometimes in bodies, and sometimes separately; hoping by such examples to engage the soldiers to follow them; but to no purpose. The general had five horses killed under him, and at last received a wound through his right arm into his lungs, of which he died on the 13th instant. Poor Shirley* was shot through the head; Captain Morris† was wounded. Mr. Washington had two horses shot under him, and his clothes shot through in several places, behaving the whole time with the greatest courage and resolution. Sir Peter Halket‡ was killed upon the spot. Colonel Burton§ and Sir John St. Clair‖ wounded."

The writer encloses a list of about six hundred men

* The Hon. Wm. Shirley, Esq., Secretary.
† Roger Morris, Esq., Aid-de-camp.
‡ Colonel of the Forty-fourth.
§ Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-eighth.
‖ Deputy Quartermaster-General.

killed and wounded, as far as could then be ascertained. Colonel Dunbar returned to Fort Cumberland with the remains of the army, the whole artillery, ammunition, and stores having been left or destroyed; and not long afterwards marched to Philadelphia.

The conduct of Colonel Washington elevated him to the highest place in the esteem and respect of the community. The command of the Virginia troops was given to him by the legislature of the colony, with flattering marks of the public trust and admiration. Until the close of the year 1758 he continued to be actively engaged in opposition to the French, and in repelling the annual inroads of the Indians on the frontier. These occupations were of unappreciable value in the formation of his military character, and in the establishment of a reputation throughout the colonies, which caused him to be looked to with universal confidence at the outbreak of the war of independence. But the minute detail of these irregular operations would be of little interest to the reader. In the winter of 1758 he retired from the army, and soon after was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of fortune, and amiable character, daughter of Mr. John Danbridge, and widow of Mr. John Parke Custis. In the following spring he retired to Mount Vernon, and in the honourable and manly pursuits of a Virginia planter, or country gentleman, he continued until, in 1774, at the age of forty-two, he was appointed by the convention of Virginia one of seven delegates to represent that colony in the Congress, at Philadelphia. This Congress assembled in Philadelphia, of that year, and Washington at once took that rank among its members which every circumstance of his life sustained. "If you speak of eloquence," said Patrick Henry, one of the Virginia delegates, when asked, on his return home, whom he thought the greatest man in Congress; "Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel

Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

The second continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, 1775; and to this also Washington was a delegate. It is not intended here to follow the history of the rise and progress of the Revolution; nor to give a complete view of the war of the Revolution. It is designed merely to trace the personal connexion of Washington with the military events of the period. The acquaintance of the reader with the general outline of events is therefore taken for granted. The battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought, in April, 1775, and every where it was felt that the war had begun. Congress proceeded at once to take into consideration the subject of organizing a general military defence throughout the colonies. It is owing to the patriotism and liberal views and feelings of Massachusetts, and especially of John Adams and Artemus Ward, that this difficult task was accomplished. At this time a considerable body of New England troops, under the command of General Ward, who acted by the appointment of Massachusetts, was occupied in the siege of Boston; and, early in June, Mr. Adams moved that this force should be adopted by Congress, as the continental army; and added, that it was his intention to propose, for commander-in-chief, a certain gentleman from Virginia, who was then a member of that body. A few days after, Washington was nominated by Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Maryland; and the vote being taken by ballot, he was found to be unanimously elected. With a dignity that nothing ever surprised or embarrassed, Washington at once placed himself upon the very highest moral ground with regard to this appointment, and assumed an impregnable position before the country, in which neither failure on his own part, nor cabals on the part of others, could disturb or impair his firmness, independence, and honour. On the following morning, when

the decision of the House was communicated to him, he rose in his place, and, in acknowledging and accepting the duty, said:—"But lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with." At the same time he declined all pecuniary compensation, which, before the appointment, had been fixed at five hundred dollars a month; but stated that he would keep an exact account of his expenses, which Congress, no doubt, would discharge. Two days after, in a letter to his wife, he gave utterance to a sentiment which was shared very generally throughout the nation: "As it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service," said he, "I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose." The appointment of General Washington was made on the 15th of June, 1775, two days before the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On the 19th, his commission and instructions as "general and commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies, and of all the forces raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their service and join the said army, for the defence of American liberty,' were made out, and delivered to him; and on the 21st, attended by Lee, Schuyler, and other distinguished persons, he set out for the camp at Cambridge, tarrying a few days at New York. His progress was like the triumphant passage of a deliverer, or a "tutelary god;" every where marks of public confidence and private respect were lavished upon him. He reached the camp on the 3d of July, and immediately visited the several posts occupied by the American troops. The British army, under General Gage, the royal governor of Massachusetts, and commander of the forces in America, amounted in all to about eleven thousand. The bulk of it, under General Howe, lay on

Bunker's Hill, advanced about half a mile from the place of the recent action, where they were strongly entrenching; the light-horse, and a few infantry, were in Boston, with a battery on Copp's Hill; the remainder were on Roxbury Neck, where they were also deeply entrenched and strongly fortified. On the other hand, the American forces were extended around Boston, at the distance of from one to two miles, in a pretty complete line of investment, above twelve miles in circuit, from Mystic or Medford river, on their left, to Dorchester on the right. Winter Hill and Ploughed Hill, near the Mystic, on the extreme left, were occupied by the New Hampshire line, and part of the Rhode Island troops; Prospect Hill, in the immediate vicinity, was held by General Putnam, and the Connecticut troops; at Cambridge, in the centre, a part of the Massachusetts regiments were stationed; and the residue of the Rhode Island troops were at Sewell's farm, between Cambridge and Boston, at the mouth of the Charles river. At Roxbury, General Thomas, with two regiments of Connecticut and nine of Massachusetts, had thrown up a strong work, which, with the irregularity of the ground, rendered that position a safe one. The whole American force was nominally about seventeen thousand; but the effective force present was not much above fourteen thousand. At the first council of war, which was held at headquarters, on the 9th of July, it was resolved unanimously to hold and defend these works as long as possible; but it was also agreed that two and twenty thousand men at least were necessary for this service.

The first embarrassment which the commander-in-chief had to encounter on assuming the command, was in carrying out the arrangements of Congress for transferring the existing military forces to a uniform, continental system, and organizing the whole upon one comprehensive establishment. About the 18th of June, Congress, in providing for the national army, which it used every effort to

constitute, had appointed four major-generals—Artemus Ward of Massachusetts, at that time commander of all the forces raised by that colony; Charles Lee, a colonel in the British army, on half pay, who formally resigned that commission as soon as he was appointed, and before he was commissioned by Congress; Philip Schuyler of New York; and Israel Putnam of Connecticut; and on the 22d of June eight brigadier-generals were elected—Seth Pomroy of Massachusetts, Richard Montgomery of New York, David Wooster of Connecticut, John Thomas of Massachusetts, John Sullivan of New Hampshire, and Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island; and the commissions of these officers were brought to the camp by General Washington. In these appointments Congress came in conflict, in some cases, with existing rank, derived from the separate colonies; and in others, with the opinions entertained by some of the gentlemen themselves, in respect to their relative-pretensions. Disgusts were occasioned; threats of resignation made; and difficulties created which required all the influence and persuasion of the commander-in-chief to control. The system was at last completed; and the army distributed in the following manner: Six brigades of six regiments each were formed, and the whole thrown into three divisions, each consisting of two brigades. That forming the left wing was stationed at Winter and Prospect Hills, under Major-General Lee, with whom were Brigadiers Greene and Sullivan; the right wing was at Roxbury, under Major-General Ward; the centre was under General Putnam, at Cambridge, and the commander-in-chief had his headquarters at the same place.

The next concern was the establishment of discipline, and the extension and completion of the works. Military subordination and authority were almost unknown. In many instances, the officers of the regiments had been elected by the men, and were not superior to them in social standing. The greater part of the troops were farmers and

mechanics, who had rushed into the field, in the sudden enthusiasm created by the outrages at Lexington and Concord, and the contest at Bunker Hill. These acknowledged no duty but that which inclination suggested. "On entering the camp near Boston," says Colonel Wilkinson, arriving recently from Maryland, "I was struck with the familiarity which prevailed among the soldiers and officers of all ranks; from the colonel to the private I observed but little distinction; and I could not help remarking, to the young gentlemen with whom I made acquaintance, that the military discipline of these troops was not so great as the civil subordination of the community in which I lived." General Washington grappled these evils with a strong hand. The strictest government was enforced, and the distinction between officers and soldiers established and preserved by rigorous military penalties. At the same time, the works were carried on by the efforts of the whole army, with the utmost rapidity. But every thing was wanting; engineers, tools, materials. Early in August, the astounding fact was discovered, that the actual quantity of powder in the camp did not amount to more than half a pound to each man. Owing to a mistake, by which the committee of supplies had returned the whole amount furnished by the province, instead of the existing quantity, the deficiency was not discovered sooner. "When this fact was made known to Washington," says General Sullivan, in a letter written August 5th, 1775, "he was so struck, that he did not utter a word for half an hour." What added to the consternation was, that owing to the rapacity with which stores of every kind were appropriated and retained by every village and settlement throughout the country, there did not exist the least probability that this vital want would be in any degree relieved. For a long time the safety of the army, without bayonets or powder, depended upon the enemy's ignorance of their destitution.

About the middle of August, General Washington ad-

dressed to Lieutenant-General Gage a communication remonstrating against the treatment imposed upon prisoners in the hands of the British, who were represented as having been "thrown indiscriminately into a common jail, appropriated for felons." This remonstrance was based upon the ground that the treatment of prisoners taken in open war, does not properly depend upon political considerations, but upon obligations arising from the rights of humanity and the claims of rank, which were declared to be universally binding and extensive, except in case of retaliation. General Gage, in reply, denied the cruelty of treatment, but admitted that military rank was disregarded in the disposition of prisoners, as he acknowledged no rank not derived from the king. He declared that by the law of the land, the lives of the prisoners were destined to the cord; and added some advice as to the political duty and personal behaviour of the American general, which showed that none of the arrogance of British assumption had yet been abated. General Washington replied in a tone of dignified and lofty rebuke, and closed the correspondence, with the remark, that if the British officers, prisoners of the Americans, received a treatment different from that which it had been wished to show them, they and their general would remember the cause of it. About the same time orders of retaliation were issued by General Washington; but his far-sighted wisdom and virtue soon controlled this natural feeling. The orders were in a few days revoked; and the prisoners directed to be treated with "every indulgence and civility." It was eminently honourable to the intelligence and good feeling of Washington, that he was never at any time induced to adopt the system of retaliatory treatment of prisoners. When Congress at a later period, in the case of General Lee, were disposed to such a measure, his earnest and unanswerable expostulation was interposed.

The most imminent danger, however, to the American cause, lay in the approaching departure of the troops, at the expiration of their brief period of enlistment. In view of the danger, and of the importance of reviving the spirits of the country, and justifying the confidence that had been placed in him, General Washington was very strongly inclined to attempt an assault upon the city. On the 8th of September, he submitted his opinion, and a plan, to a council of war; but it was unanimously deemed inexpedient. On the 18th of the following month, he renewed his suggestion to another council, and it was again overruled. When the difficulties arising from the disorganization of the army a few months later had fully displayed themselves, General Washington seems to have regretted that he did not, at an early period, act upon his own independent judgment. His opinion of the feasibility of the plan, continued to be unchanged. "Could I have foreseen the difficulties which have come upon us," said he in a letter to Colonel Reed, dated January 14, 1776, "could I have known that such a backwardness would have been discovered in the old soldiers of the service, all the generals upon earth should not have convinced me of the propriety of delaying an attack upon Boston till this time. When it can now be attempted, I will not undertake to say; but this much I will answer for, that no opportunity can present itself earlier than my wishes." In reply to an inquiry in regard to the bombardment of the city, addressed by General Washington to a committee of Congress in camp, and by them referred to Congress, it was resolved by that body, on December 22d, that if the general and his officers should be of opinion that a successful attack could be made upon Boston, he might do it in any manner he thought fit, notwithstanding the town and property in it might be destroyed; and John Hancock, in communicating this resolution to Washington, added,

"may God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though by it I may be the greatest sufferer."

None of the troops before Boston were engaged to serve beyond the end of December, 1775, and the Connecticut and Rhode Island troops only until the first of that month. To aid in the establishment of a new army, a committee of three, at the urgent request of Washington, had been appointed by Congress on the 29th of September, to confer with the commander-in-chief at camp, and the authorities of the New England states. The committee consisted of Franklin, Lynch and Harrison; and they arrived at headquarters on the 18th of October. The plan being digested, the greater difficulty remained of inducing the soldiers to consent to re-enlistment. The ardour of excitement had declined, or the interest of novelty worn off, or the fatigues and privations of the field in winter were too severely felt; and the utmost disinclination to continue was exhibited by the soldiers. To counteract this, little existed but the exhortations, the advice, the remonstrances, of the commander-in-chief. He gave himself to the task with devoted enthusiasm and perseverance; and at no period does Washington appear so great; at no period did he sustain such a weight of diversified public cares and labours, as at this era. At one time, when the old enlistments had expired, and before the new ones had come fully into action, the American force was reduced to nine thousand and six hundred men. It was a period of intense responsibility, anxiety, and toil to Washington; yet his security in relation to the enemy required that his conditior should be concealed; but the country murmured at his inaction. "The reflection on my situation and that of this army," he writes, on the 14th of January, 1776, "produces many an unhappy hour when all around me are wrapped in sleep. Few people know the predicament we are in, on a thousand accounts; fewer still will believe, if

any disaster happens to these lines, from what cause it flows. I have often thought how much happier I should have been, if, instead of accepting the command under such circumstances, I had taken my musket on my shoulder, and entered the ranks; or, if I could have justified the measure to posterity and my own conscience, had retired to the back country and lived in a wigwam." A little earlier, he wrote, "It is easier to conceive than to describe the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the vast volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours can be found; to wit, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together, without ———* and at the end of them to have our army disbanded, and another to raise, within the same distance of a reinforced enemy."† Either from mistake, or from another cause, the enlistments in the new army, instead of being made for the war, were for one year, unless sooner dismissed by Congress. The consequences of this error were well nigh fatal, when, in December of the following year, Washington was flying before Cornwallis, in New Jersey, and the army was on the eve of political dissolution, while its military existence hung by a thread. The active and enterprising mind of the commander-in-chief, however, had not been engrossed by his own present concerns, or his schemes limited to a single position. The expedition against Quebec, designed to take advantage of the diversion produced by the movements of General Schuyler by the order of Congress against Montreal and St. Johns, was planned in the autumn of 1775, by the commander-in-chief; and is one of the finest movements of

* Left blank in the original, for fear of the miscarriage of the letter. The word, no doubt, intended to be supplied, was *powder* or *ammunition*.

† This is from the original, recently published in the life of General Reed, vol. i. p. 141. It differs from the version given in Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. i. p. 39, and in Sparks's Washington, vol. iii. p. 225, which was from the letter books.

his military genius. The heroic march of Arnold, the commander of the expedition, to Quebec; the junction with him at that place, effected by Montgomery, after having captured Montreal; the night attack upon Quebec, and its failure, will be related in other parts of this work. The object of the expedition was not realized, but the evidence afforded by it of the genius, and sagacity, and daring of Washington, remains unimpaired by the result. In addition, also, to other labours, Washington gave much attention to the formation of a marine, which proved to be of the utmost service.

On the 1st of October, 1775, General Gage was recalled, and General Howe succeeded him as commander-in-chief. About the middle of December, it became known that an expedition was preparing in the British fleet, at Boston, but for what service it was designed was not ascertained. Intelligence was immediately despatched by the commander-in-chief to the authorities at Rhode Island and New York, which seemed likely to be points intended to be attacked. Soon after, General Lee, at the request of Governor Cooke, of Rhode Island, was despatched to Newport, with his guard and a party of riflemen, to take measures for counteracting the disaffection of that place. He returned after a few days, and, on the 11th of January, 1776, was again despatched, with orders to raise volunteers along his route, and provide for the defence of New York, the danger and the value of which were keenly felt by the commander-in-chief. It turned out, however, that the naval expedition was not intended for New York, but for North Carolina, whither it sailed, with several regiments, under the command of General Clinton.

The anxiety of General Washington to strike a decisive blow against Boston continued unabated. On the 16th of January, he again urged the necessity of such an attempt, and the probability of its success, upon a council

of war, who were of opinion that the time for this step had not yet arrived. In the following month, the prospects of the American army had somewhat improved. A considerable body of militia from Massachusetts had assembled, and troops raised by Congress from Pennsylvania and Maryland had arrived, increasing the whole regular force to above fourteen thousand men. A supply of powder also had been received. Towards the close of February, appearances indicated an intention on the part of General Howe to evacuate Boston. Washington renewed his effort to induce a council of officers to sanction his design of an assault; but, to his great mortification and disappointment, it was again declined. It was determined, however, that more decisive operations should at once be undertaken. Accordingly, for the purpose of compelling either a decisive action or the abandonment of the town, possession was taken of Dorchester Heights, by two thousand men, under General Thomas, on the night of March 4th, 1776; a violent cannonade and bombardment having been kept up the two previous nights from Cobble Hill and Roxbury, to divert the enemy's attention from the real object, and to harass them. Before morning, the men had with great industry thrown up such works on Dorchester Heights, that they were protected from the fire of the town. Ground was broken soon after on Nook's Hill, a northern spur of the Heights. The greater part of Boston, and the harbour, being thus commanded by the American position, it was obvious that this force must be dislodged, or the town abandoned. A detachment of three thousand men, under the command of Lord Percy, was despatched, on the afternoon of the 5th, for the purpose of carrying the Heights; but, owing to the state of the tide, not more than one thousand were able to embark, in six transports, and these falling down towards the castle, were driven on shore by a violent storm, and the attempt was not renewed. Preparations had been made for an assault on the west

side of the town, with four thousand men, if there had been a serious attack by the British on Dorchester Heights. All farther hope of maintaining his position in Boston was now abandoned by General Howe; and he prepared for a precipitate evacuation. His departure was characterized with all the haste and tumult of a flight. On the 17th of March, 1776, the city was abandoned; and in a few days the whole fleet, of seventy-eight vessels, carrying eleven thousand men, including sailors and one thousand refugees, sailed out of Nantucket road for Halifax. The same day, General Putnam took possession of Boston; and, on the 18th, the commander-in-chief entered. This event was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm throughout the whole country. A vote of thanks was passed by Congress to the general and the army, "for their wise and spirited conduct in the siege and acquisition of Boston;" and a gold medal ordered to be struck, having on one side a view of the general and his staff, surveying the departure of the enemy's fleet from Boston, and the motto, "Hostibus primo fugatis."

Though it was known that the immediate destination of the fleet was Halifax, Washington had no doubt that New York was to be the next place of attack. A portion of the American troops were accordingly moved to the south, before the fleet had left the road; as soon as they had actually put to sea, Washington himself set out, and arrived in New York on the 13th of April: and orders were issued to concentrate the whole force at that place; which was effected a few days after. Shortly after, the general visited Philadelphia, for the purpose of a personal interview with Congress, and was absent about a fortnight. On the 28th of June, General Howe, with a part of his fleet, appeared off Sandy Hook; the residue followed in a few days, and the British headquarters were established at Staten Island, where it was intended to wait for reinforcements, which were expected under Lord Howe. the

brother of General Howe, who was also invested with powers as a commissioner to treat with the colonies. His arrival did not take place until the middle of July: meanwhile the Declaration of Independence had been published, and all schemes of that kind were for ever concluded. Lord Howe attempted to open communications with General Washington, by sending a letter with a flag, but, with singular imbecility of judgment, defeated its design by refusing to recognise the official station and rank of the commander-in-chief. The resentment of the country and of Congress was quickened by this injudicious arrogance of one who had professed to come with offers of reconciliation, and the possibility of an accommodation was less than ever.

By the middle of August, 1776, all the reinforcements expected from England—making the whole force about twenty-five thousand men—had arrived; and it was obvious that the fate of New York was speedily to be decided. Even after the arrival of the troops from Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, the rank and file of Washington's army did not amount to eight thousand men present and fit for duty. A body of militia, chiefly from New York and Connecticut, raised the number of the American force to about double that amount. Of these forces, one brigade was at Brooklyn, where an extensive camp had been laid out and strongly fortified, towards the main part of the island, by works erected by General Greene, and, on the water side, defended by batteries at Red Hook and Governor's Island. The principal portion of the army was on the island of New York, where a fort, at the north part of the island, and opposite to Fort Lee, called Fort Washington, had been erected, and was rapidly strengthening. Efforts to obstruct the passage of the river, between these forts, had been made. At King's Bridge, where a body of three thousand New York militia, under General George Clinton, were assembled, the

grounds were strongly fortified. Redoubts were thrown up in various places; batteries erected along the North and East rivers, and every arrangement for defence, that the case allowed of, was made.

In directing the erection of works at Brooklyn, General Washington had probably from an early period anticipated what actually took place—that the attack upon New York would be made across Long Island. Towards the close of August, the probability of this course being adopted having become much stronger, General Sullivan, who had succeeded General Greene in the command, the latter having become ill with a fever, was strongly reinforced. On the morning of the 22d of August, the principal part of the British army landed, under the command of General Clinton, between the Narrows and Sandy Hook, and took up a position, extending through Utrecht and Gravesend, from the Narrows to the village of Flatbush. On the 25th, General Putnam was ordered to take the command at Brooklyn, and a reinforcement of six regiments was sent there. On the 26th, General Washington passed the day at Brooklyn, giving directions, and enforcing upon all the necessity of vigilance and enterprise; in the evening he returned to New York, at a very early hour. On the 27th, the engagement began. The American position, it has been stated, consisted of an entrenched camp, behind Brooklyn, or a line of redoubts extending across the peninsula along the high ground, from Wallabout Bay, on the East river, on the left, to a deep marsh beside a creek, near Governor's Cove, on the right. Between the two armies extended a range of thickly wooded hills. The British centre, composed of Hessians, under De Hiester, was at Flatbush, about four miles from the American lines, and communicating with Brooklyn by two roads, one directly across the heights, and the other somewhat more circuitous, through the village of Bedford, on the Brooklyn side. The left was under General Grant, near the Nar-

rows, about five miles distant, connecting with Brooklyn by a road along the coast, by Governor's Cove. The right, under General Clinton, with whom were Earl Percy and Lord Cornwallis, about nine at night, on the 26th, moved silently by a circuitous route into the road leading from Jamaica to Bedford. The coast road, and the road between Flatbush and Bedford, had been strongly guarded by detachments, and on the hills; on the direct road from Flatbush, a fort had been constructed by the Americans, but, on the Jamaica road, only a few slight patrols were stationed, and the pass on the heights was wholly unoccupied. This neglect, on the part of General Putnam, who, by written instructions from the commander-in-chief, on the 25th, had been directed to guard the roads between the camps with his best troops, was the cause of the disaster which resulted. At about three o'clock in the morning, intelligence was brought that Grant was in motion, on the coast road. Lord Stirling was directed to advance against him, and General Sullivan against the centre, at Flatbush. These detachments were reinforced during the morning, and the contest went on with the greatest spirit. Meanwhile Clinton, who, by his movement to the extreme right, had reached and seized the pass upon the Jamaica road, captured the patrols, having completely outflanked the American army, and, about daybreak, was in full march to take them in the rear. About nine o'clock, Clinton had reached Bedford, and Sullivan, engaged with De Hiester in front, found himself hopelessly surrounded; his men retreated, skirmishing with great obstinacy and spirit, which, owing to the irregular nature of the ground, they were able to do with great effect, but he himself was captured. Lord Stirling, taken in the rear by a detachment under Lord Cornwallis, met with the same fate; and the discomfiture of the American army was complete. In this engagement, the American force amounted to about five thousand, and the British to fifteen

thousand, with an excellent artillery. The American loss amounted to about twelve hundred; of whom nearly eleven hundred were made prisoners. The British loss was twenty-one officers, and three hundred and forty-six soldiers, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Nothing but the excessive caution of General Howe prevented the camp at Brooklyn being attacked and perhaps carried by his victorious army. The American troops, especially those under Lord Stirling, comprising Shee's Pennsylvania, Haslett's Delaware, and Smallwood's Maryland regiments, were admitted to have behaved with the utmost gallantry. General Washington crossed over to the camp at Brooklyn, when the engagement became warm; and is said to have beheld with "inexpressible anguish"* the overthrow and destruction of his best troops. The loss, however, proved far less than was reasonably to have been expected. General Washington seems, during the 27th, to have intended to risk another engagement at the camp; and for that purpose orders were sent to Mifflin, at King's Bridge, to repair with some Pennsylvania troops to Brooklyn; but, on the evening of that day, it became evident that the enemy intended to rely upon regular approaches, with the aid of the fleet, and not to hazard an assault upon the works.

The 28th passed without important occurrences; a heavy rain operating nearly to suspend all action on either side. On the 29th a heavy fog prevailed, but a sudden change in the wind revealed the British fleet at anchor off Staten Island, preparing evidently to take advantage of a breeze, which if it continued, would enable them to come up into the East river, and cut off all communication with the opposite shore. Nothing remained but to take the most immediate measures for removing the American troops from Long Island. Fortunately the fog continued during

* The expression of the judicial historian, who rarely used intensities.

the night. The embarkation began in the evening, and before the proceeding was discovered on the following morning, all the troops, amounting to nine thousand, the military stores, provisions, and all the artillery, except a few heavy pieces which could not be dragged through the muddy roads, were safely carried over. The van-guard were crossing the East river, but were out of reach of fear before the movement was known. General Washington remained at the ferry the whole night, superintending and aiding the embarkation. The covering party, consisting of Pennsylvania, and the remnants of the Maryland and Delaware troops, was under the command of General Mifflin. A narrative, written by Colonel Edward Hand, of the Pennsylvania brigade, and recently published, presents the following incident as one of the occurrences of that night: "Orders had been delivered, about two o'clock in the morning, to General Mifflin, by Alexander Scammell, one of the aids-de-camp of the commander-in-chief, stating that the boats were ready, and the commander-in-chief anxious that the troops should arrive at the ferry. The order being reiterated with great confidence, as directly from Washington himself, General Mifflin put his troops in motion. "I had not gone far," says Colonel Hand, who was commanding under Mifflin, "before I perceived the front had halted, and hastening to inquire the cause, I met the commander-in-chief, who perceived me and said, 'Is not that Colonel Hand?' I answered in the affirmative. His excellency said he was surprised at me in particular, that he did not expect I would have abandoned my post. I answered that I had not abandoned it, that I had marched by order of my immediate commanding officer. He said it was impossible. I told him I hoped, if I could satisfy him I had the orders of General Mifflin, he would not think me particularly to blame. He said he undoubtedly would not. General Mifflin just then coming up, and asking what the

matter was, his excellency said, 'Good God! General Mifflin, I am afraid you have ruined us, by so unseasonably withdrawing the troops from the lines.' General Mifflin replied with some warmth, 'I did it by your order.' His excellency declared it could not be. General Mifflin swore, 'by God, I did!' and asked, 'did Scammell act as an aid-de-camp for the day, or did he not?' His excellency acknowledged he did. 'Then,' said Mifflin, 'I had orders through him.' The general replied it was a dreadful mistake, and informed him that matters were in much confusion at the ferry, and unless we could resume our posts before the enemy discovered we had left them, in all probability the most disagreeable consequences would follow. We immediately returned, and had the good fortune to recover our former stations, and keep them for some hours longer without the enemy perceiving what was going forward."

The retreat from Long Island is one of the most brilliant achievements recorded in military history. But the effect the whole series of occurrences during the last few days produced throughout the community, was a discouragement amounting almost to dismay. The British fleet now commanded the East river, and it was obvious to all experienced observers that New York must be evacuated; but there being some opinions strongly in favour of maintaining possession, it was but partially abandoned. The British continued inactive during the next fortnight, in consequence of the attempt at negotiation, on Staten Island, between Lord Howe and the envoys of Congress, Franklin, Adams, and Rutledge; an undertaking which proved wholly abortive. On the 15th of September, three ships of war passed up the North river, as far as Bloomingdale. On the same day, Sir Henry Clinton landed at Kip's bay, on the East river, about three miles above New York, with four thousand men, under cover of a fire from a detachment of the fleet. Arrangements had been made for a

spirited resistance at this point, where some works had been constructed; but the disorderly and precipitate retreat of Parsons's and Fellows's Connecticut brigades of militia, who had been ordered to support the troops in the lines, defeated this design. The flight of the militia communicated a panic to the regular troops within the works; and Washington, who was advancing to direct the defence in person, had the mortification to find the whole force in rapid and shameful retreat. He exposed himself with the utmost intrepidity, in the hope of rallying the courage of the troops, but in vain. Owing to the failure of this part of the plan, the division in New York, under General Putnam, was obliged to retire hurriedly, and with the loss of all the heavy artillery, and a large quantity of provisions and military stores, and a small loss of men in a skirmish at Bloomingdale. The forces were all drawn into the lines on the heights at Haerlem. King's Bridge, which had been strongly fortified, Mount Washington, and an entrenched position on Haerlem heights, about a mile and a half from the British lines, were the strongest points on the American side. On the 16th of September, the day after the evacuation, a considerable force of British appeared in the plain between the armies, and a spirited action, commanded chiefly by Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch, but in which Generals Putnam and Greene and many other officers participated, took place, in which the British were gallantly repulsed. This slight affair had a great effect in reviving the spirits of the army.

The first plan attempted by Sir William Howe—for the honour of knighthood had been conferred on him in consequence of his success on Long Island—was to take the American army in the rear. On the 9th of October, some vessels were sent up the Hudson, which succeeded in passing the forts and breaking through all the obstructions in the river. On the 12th, a landing was effected at Frog's Point, on the sound, above Hell Gate. Afterwards

this force was re-embarked, and landed again at Pell's Point, and moved towards New Rochelle. To prevent being outflanked, the American army was moved up the river, its left extending to White Plains, beyond the British right. Fort Washington, it was resolved in council, should be retained as long as possible, and two thousand men were left for that purpose. The armies continued to manœuvre near one another, with great caution, occasional engagements taking place between detached parties, until the American army was gradually concentrated and entrenched at White Plains. On the 28th of October, the British army came before the camp, and a height called Chatterton's Hill, was the scene of a short engagement which resulted favourably to the British. Sir William Howe did not pursue the advantage, but awaited the arrival of reinforcements from Earl Percy, then at Haerlem. On the arrival of these, at the end of two days, an attack was expected; but a heavy rain on the 31st, caused it to be again deferred. On the same night Washington withdrew to a still higher and more impregnable position on the hills; and an attack having become hopeless, Sir William Howe withdrew his army, and descended the river. It was with little difficulty anticipated, that an attack on Fort Washington, and an advance into the Jerseys, was the principal design now contemplated by the British. After the fleet had sailed past this fort, General Washington had intimated to General Greene, whose headquarters were at Fort Lee, that the preservation of Fort Washington had ceased to be desirable, and that it had become a hazardous repository for the military stores. Greene's opinion was confident, that it might be maintained. It was assaulted violently on the 16th of November, and, as is well known, was surrendered with two thousand men. This was one of the severest blows the American cause had yet met with, and it gave rise to much animated controversy. It appears to be clear, that General Greene was

responsible for the event. But General Greene continued to the end of his life to be confident in the correctness of the advice which he had given, and to maintain that the fault was in the garrison, which became seized with unwarrantable panic, and that if it had done its duty, the place would have been saved. The great abilities and experience of General Greene, as well as the candour of his mind, induce great confidence in an opinion thus maturely and confidently expressed by him; and the better conclusion appears to be, that none of the general officers were in fault, but that the misbehaviour and cowardice of the garrison, who surrendered at the first summons, was the cause of the calamity. The loss of Fort Washington rendered Fort Lee untenable; and the removal of the stores from it commenced on the 18th. Meanwhile, Lord Cornwallis, with a force of ten thousand men, had crossed the North river below Dobbs's Ferry, and was endeavouring by a rapid march to enclose the army between that river and the Hackensac. General Washington, abandoning the remaining stores and artillery at Fort Lee, made a hasty retreat behind the Hackensac. The Passaic presented the same danger which he had just escaped, and he crossed it and retired to Newark. Lord Cornwallis continuing to advance, Washington left that town and continued his retreat through Elizabethtown, New Brunswick, and Princeton, to Trenton, where he arrived about the end of December. He crossed the river on the 8th, and having secured the boats, and guarded the banks from Coryell's Ferry to Bristol, he prepared to maintain his position on the right bank of that river. The British occupied successively, Princeton, Trenton, Burlington, and Mount Holly, but exhibited no disposition as yet to pass the Delaware. The force under Washington, fit for duty, was about three thousand men.

This was the darkest period in the history of the Revolution. The fatal effects of the brief term of enlistment

adopted the year before at Cambridge, were now felt. At the moment when the utmost force was needed, the army was melting away into nothingness. Proclamation of pardon had been made by Lord and Sir William Howe, jointly, and the period expiring about the end of the year, many persons of distinction, especially at Philadelphia, had given in their pledge of allegiance. Every thing seemed to be yielding, except the indomitable mind of Washington. He was asked what he would do if Philadelphia should be taken, and his reply was, "we will retreat beyond the Susquehanna river, and then, if necessary, beyond the Alleghany mountains." On the 20th of December, he addressed a letter to Congress demanding one hundred and ten new battalions, and exposing, with the keenest vigour of argument, the folly of the jealous and short-sighted policy that had been previously adopted. Congress, at this immediate presence of danger, suspended its apprehensions of an abuse of power, and responded fully to his appeal, investing him for six months with powers almost *dictatorial*. He was joined about this time, by Lee's division, and the regiments from Ticonderoga, and some excellent volunteer troops from Philadelphia and its neighbourhood. The first city troop, under command of Captain Samuel Morris, rendered important service.

At this season of gloom, the giant blow which retrieved the fortunes of America, and gave hope and energy to the patriotism of the country, was contrived in the fertile mind, and dealt by the powerful arm, of the commander-in-chief himself. A day or two before Christmas, 1776, orders were secretly issued for a simultaneous attack upon the British posts on the left of the Delaware. Washington was to cross the river a little above Trenton; General Irvine was to cross at Trenton Ferry, a little below; while Cadwalader, from Bristol, was to cross at Dunk's Ferry, and fall upon the detachments under Count Donop, at Mount Holly, Bordentown, Burlington, and the Black

Horse. The night of the 25th was fixed on for the attack. The troops under Washington began to cross at McConky's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton, about sunset, but the darkness, the ice, and the force of the current, and a high wind, retarded the operation so much, that it was four o'clock in the morning before the troops were formed on the other side, when it began to hail and snow. They were divided into two columns; the left commanded by Washington in person, and accompanied by Lord Stirling, and Generals Greene and Mercer, was to go by the Pennington road, and advance into the town by King's, now Greene, street; the right, under Sullivan, with St. Clair's brigade, was to keep along the river road, and enter the town by Water street, with directions to halt at the edge of the town till they heard that the party on the left were engaged. About eight o'clock in the morning, the enemy were driven in on all sides, and after some random firing endeavoured to form on the Main street, but a six-gun battery under Captain Forest, directed by Washington in person, who pointed out the objects of aim, at the head of King street, played with great effect. Captain William Washington, and Lieutenant James Monroe, at the head of the advanced guard of their column, perceiving that the enemy attempted to form a battery, rushed in upon them, drove the artillerists from their guns, and captured two pieces in the act of firing. Meantime, Sullivan and his column were advancing on the enemy's left, and it was evident that farther resistance was in vain. A troop of dragoons, with about five hundred infantry, escaped across the Assanpink, and took the road to Bordentown; and the main body made a movement by their right, up the Assanpink, with a view of escaping to Princeton, but Washington immediately threw the rifle corps under Colonel Hand in the way to intercept them. Finding themselves surrounded, the force was surrendered at discretion. In this affair, twenty-three officers and one thousand men were

made prisoners, and about fifty of the enemy killed; Colonel Rahl, the Hessian officer in command, was shot from his horse, and afterward died of his wounds. The American loss consisted of two killed, four wounded, and one frozen to death. The detachments under Irvine and Cadwalader were not able to effect their passage. Had they done so, there can be no doubt that the whole force to the south of Trenton must have been captured. They retreated at once to Princeton. Washington having secured his prisoners, recrossed the Delaware the same day, but returned on the 30th of December, and took up his quarters at Trenton. The effect of this brilliant achievement upon the country was electric. One deep impression of gratitude and confidence thrilled through the nation.

At this moment the term of enlistment of the old army, of which several regiments were with Washington, expired; and it required all the exertions of the officers, and a considerable bounty, to induce them to remain for six weeks longer. When intelligence of the affair at Trenton reached New York, Cornwallis was immediately directed to take command in the Jerseys, and he hastened at once to Princeton, and prepared to advance against Washington at Trenton. On the morning of January 6th, they began to move from Princeton. Washington had posted detachments along the road with directions to skirmish, and delay the enemy as long as possible. The head of the enemy's columns reached Trenton about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the American army took position on the high ground beyond the Assanpink, and kept up a sharp cannonade at the bridge and fords which the enemy attempted to pass. Cornwallis, with very superior numbers, determined to defer the attack until the morning; certain that his foe was at last within his power. Washington had seemed to be in a false position; but his resources were not easily exhausted. A council of war was held at St. Clair's quarters in the evening, and it was there deter-

mined, it is said upon St. Clair's suggestion, to move off in the night, pass the enemy's left, and fall upon their rear at Princeton. Accordingly the baggage was sent off to Burlington, a fatigue party set to work on the entrenchments, within hearing of the enemy's sentinels, the guards doubled, with directions to use the neighbouring fences for fuel, and keep up blazing fires till the morning, when they were to retire; and meantime the troops silently filed off by detachments, and moved towards Princeton. A little after sunrise the advanced corps under General Mercer encountered a brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, consisting of the 17th, 40th and 55th regiments, at Stoney Brook, on their march to Trenton. A severe conflict ensued between the 17th and the Americans under Mercer, who being reinforced by Washington, in a short time broke and dispersed that regiment; and the 55th and 40th retreated to Brunswick. The British lost one hundred killed, and three hundred prisoners; but the loss of Mercer, who was mortally wounded, and of several other officers of great bravery and merit who were killed on the field, attested the severity of the conflict. The departure of the Americans from Trenton was discovered at daylight; and soon after the firing at Princeton was heard. Lord Cornwallis, alarmed for the safety of his stores at Brunswick, at once retreated, and his advanced guard entered Princeton as Washington's rear was leaving it. The latter pursued the fugitive regiments as far as Kingston; and nothing but the want of a few fresh troops prevented his falling upon Brunswick before it could be relieved. As it was he turned off to Pluckamin, which he reached that evening, and after the troops were refreshed, moved to Morristown, where winter quarters were established. The difficulty of access to the enemy, and the abundant supplies to be obtained from the country in the rear, recommended this place for the purpose. Detachments were constantly sent out to beat up the enemy, and in a

short time, the only posts in New Jersey, in possession of the British, were Brunswick and Amboy, both of which communicated directly with New York by water. Such was the brilliant change in the situation of the Americans between the 26th of December, when Washington first crossed to Trenton, and the 6th of January, when, having driven the enemy from New Jersey, he entered Morristown. Such achievements raised the military renown of their author to the highest pitch, and kindled the confidence of his countrymen into enthusiasm.

No general operations again took place in the field until the 13th of June, when Sir William Howe, at the head of the British army, advanced from Brunswick, and took position between that place and Millstone, and behind the Raritan. The object was to invite an attack, but Washington declining the disadvantageous offer, the British, after about six days, broke up, and soon after evacuated Brunswick, and retired to Amboy, their rear being followed by three regiments, under General Greene, and suffering considerable loss. Some manœuvring between the adverse generals took place, without effect, and Sir William Howe crossed to Staten Island, and abandoned the Jerseys. Preparations at New York for an expedition by sea had been going on for some time, and when intelligence arrived of Burgoyne's advance into the state, it was supposed that Howe intended to sail up the Hudson and effect a junction with him. Other indications suggested Philadelphia as the place to which Sir William's attention was directed. All conjectures were terminated by the appearance of the fleet off the capes of Delaware, in July, and the American army was marched to Germantown. The fleet, however, again disappeared, and nothing was known of its destination until it entered the Chesapeake, when the design on Philadelphia became certain. On the 25th of August, the British army landed at the head of the Elk. Washington took up a position on the high ground on the

left bank of Brandywine creek, about Chad's Ford. His left, consisting of the Pennsylvania militia, under General Armstrong, was about two miles below, and General Sullivan, with the right wing, was posted above; and the fords, as high as the forks of the creek, about six miles above, were guarded. On the 10th of September, 1777, the British headquarters were at Kennet Square, about seven miles from Chad's Ford. At an early hour, a large force, under Knyphausen, advanced towards the creek, and became engaged with the Americans, but did not attempt to cross; a heavy cannonade and a good deal of skirmishing were kept up during the morning. The event was decided by a skilful movement similar to that which was executed on Long Island. At daybreak, the larger part of the British army moved, under Lord Cornwallis, to some fords above the forks, the existence of which was not known to the Americans, the peasantry being universally disaffected to the continental cause. Intelligence of the movement was brought to Washington, and, with consummate judgment and decision, he immediately ordered the whole army to cross the creek. While this movement was being executed, counter information arrived, stating that the first report had been a mistake, and a halt was ordered, to wait for more certain intelligence. The delay was fatal. About three o'clock, Lord Cornwallis appeared in full force upon Sullivan's flank. Arrangements were rapidly made to meet and encounter him; but, before the troops could be formed, the British rushed upon them, and they were driven from the ground. At the same time Knyphausen crossed, and, with vastly superior force, engaged with General Wayne. General Greene, at the head of a division, covered the retreat, and checked the pursuit, by a succession of spirited engagements till dark, when the Americans retreated in much disorder to Chester. The British force on this occasion was much the superior; and though the result was disastrous, neither the American

army nor general was dispirited. The day after the battle, Washington encamped near Germantown. A series of manœuvres took place on both sides, but no general engagement. Congress moved first to Lancaster, and afterwards to Yorktown, and the British entered Philadelphia. The fleet, meanwhile, came around into the Delaware; but an obstinate and prolonged defence was made at Fort Mifflin, which, however, was finally taken.

In the beginning of October, the American army was at Skippack creek, about fourteen miles above Germantown. The larger part of the British army was in Germantown, and the residue in Philadelphia. It appeared to Washington a favourable opportunity for a surprise. Accordingly, on the evening of the 3d of October, the army was divided into four columns, which were to enter the town in different directions. The main attack was to be made by Sullivan and Wayne, entering from the north, by the main road; Greene, with Stephens and M'Dougall, was to make a *detour* by the left, and fall upon the right wing; while Forman and Smallwood, at the head of the Jersey and Maryland militia, were to approach by a route still farther to the left, and take the right wing in the rear; Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to descend along the Schuylkill, and attack the enemy's left. About sunrise, Wayne and Sullivan's advanced guard drove in the picket at the north of the town, and rushing forward with the greatest impetuosity, effected a complete surprise; and after a brief contest, distinguished by the especial ardour of the troops under Wayne, drove the enemy before them, and pursued them above a mile beyond Chew's house. The victory appeared to be certain, when, in the obscurity of a heavy fog which prevailed, some mistakes occurred, which checked the course of success. General Armstrong's division coming up on the right, was unfortunately taken for a body of the enemy, and the men began to retreat; meanwhile a detachment

of the 40th regiment, under Colonel Musgrave, which had been encamped in a field to the east of Chew's house, threw themselves into that building, and commenced a heavy fire. The second line of the Americans, which was advancing to support General Wayne, was detained by this incident, and, instead of pressing forward, it was determined to attack this building. A parley was beaten, which the troops in front, already alarmed by the appearance of Armstrong's men, and having, in the two hours and a half that the pursuit had continued, nearly exhausted the forty rounds of ammunition which they took with them into the field, mistook for a signal to retreat. They retired, in disorder, upon the second line; the whole fell into confusion; Sir William Howe was approaching with considerable force; and the Americans retreated to Skippack creek, leaving their enemies in possession of the field. Yet the moral consequences of a victory remained with the Americans. The direct effect of the engagement was to shut up Sir William Howe within the city of Philadelphia, and to leave the American camp unmolested during the winter; and, co-operating with the surrender of Burgoyne, which occurred about the same time, it had an important influence in determining the court of France to the American alliance.

A few days after the battle of Germantown, Washington encamped at Whitemarsh, about fourteen miles from Philadelphia. Great activity in cutting off detached foraging parties of the enemy was kept up, but nothing of moment occurred. On the 18th of December, the army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty miles above Philadelphia. This encampment consisted of a collection of log-huts, arranged in the form of a regular town, with streets; twelve privates being lodged in a hut. The sufferings of the army during this severe and inclement winter have been too often described to render a repetition in this place desirable. The principal political

occurrences of this period, were the exposure of what was called the Conway cabal, and the arrival of the British commissioners, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, Governor Johnstone, and their secretary, Dr. Adam Ferguson, who reached Philadelphia in the spring of 1778.

On the 2d of May, 1778, intelligence of the treaty of amity and defensive alliance between France and the United States, which had been signed at Paris, on the 6th of February, was received by Congress; and this occurrence, which placed France and England at open war, made an entire change in the plans of the British, and secured the evacuation of Philadelphia. Sir William Howe had been recalled, at his own request, and Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded him as commander of his majesty's forces in America. The British ministry had resolved to make a sudden attack on the French possessions in the West Indies; and, to aid this design, Clinton was directed to detach five thousand men from his army, to send another corps of three thousand to Florida, and to concentrate the remainder at New York. Clinton embarked a part of his forces, with the heavy baggage, and provision train, on board his fleet, and prepared to march with the bulk of his army across New Jersey. Philadelphia was evacuated on the 18th of June; and, as the British army moved down Second street, the American advance, under Captain M'Lane, entered the city, and fell upon the enemy's rear; and a few days after, General Arnold took possession of the city. The British army crossed to Gloucester, and marched the same day to Haddonfield. A council of war was called by Washington, to decide upon a plan of operations. The commander-in-chief, with Greene, Wayne, and Cadwalader, were in favour of harassing the enemy on their march, and bringing them to a general engagement, whenever an advantageous opportunity occurred; but the opposite opinion prevailed, chiefly through the influence of General Lee, who had recently reached head-

quarters after his exchange; and it was decided not to seek either a general or a partial engagement. The movements of Clinton rendered it doubtful whether he would follow the route to Staten Island, crossing the Raritan, or whether he would pass through Brunswick to Amboy; and in this uncertainty, Washington moved by a circuitous route to Hopewell, about five miles from Princeton, which he reached on the 23d of June, and occupied until the 25th; Dickinson, with the Jersey militia, and Maxwell, annoying the left of the enemy, and Cadwalader and Morgan pressing upon their rear until they reached Allentown. Another council was convened by Washington, at which he urged the expediency of bringing the enemy to a general engagement, before they could reach the high ground to the north; his opinion was warmly sustained by Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette, but a majority, under the influence of General Lee, again decided against any such measure. After the council, Colonel Hamilton called on General Greene, and induced him to join him in urging the commander-in-chief to take the responsibility of acting on his own judgment. As they approached General Washington, who was sitting in his tent, he rose, and said, "Gentlemen, I anticipate the object of your visit—you wish me to fight." The disgrace of allowing the enemy to march off, without an attempt to molest him, was represented; and it was determined by Washington that an attack should be made. A detachment of fifteen hundred men, under General Scott, of Virginia, was advanced to harass the rear and the left flank of the enemy; another body of one thousand was sent forward, under General Wayne, in the evening, to join this detachment, which now amounted to four thousand men, and was pushed forward close upon the enemy. It being proper that this force should be under the command of a general officer, Lee yielded his claim of seniority, and the command was given to Lafayette. This arrangement had no sooner been made, than

Lee, sensible of his mistake, desired to resume the privilege which he had resigned. The difficulty was arranged by Washington, with his usual delicacy. On the 25th and 26th, the enemy moved from Allentown towards Monmouth Court-House, the baggage being thrown in front, under Knyphausen's care, the flying army in the rear, with a rear guard of one thousand a few hundred paces behind the main body—these were under the command of Lord Cornwallis, accompanied by Sir Henry Clinton. On the morning of the 28th, they were encamped in a strong position near Monmouth Court-House. Meanwhile, on the 25th and 26th, General Washington, with the main body of his army, advanced to Cranberry, and was detained there during the 26th by a heavy storm. Early on the 27th, the advanced corps, under Lafayette, moved forward to Englishtown, and the main army encamped within three miles of that place. On the same day, to relieve the feelings of General Lee, Washington sent him forward, with two brigades, to join Lafayette, whom of course he would supersede in command, but with orders that if any operation had been already begun by Lafayette, he was to aid in carrying it out. The position of the British at Monmouth during the night of the 27th, being covered by a wood in front, a swamp in the rear, and woods on both flanks, was quite unassailable; and they were within twelve miles of the high grounds about Middletown, where they would be safe. Washington's plan was to attack them while on their march, and as soon as they were in motion. At about five o'clock on Sunday morning, the 28th, intelligence was brought that the front of the enemy had begun its march. Lee had been ordered, the evening before, to attack the rear as soon as it should move from the ground; and, in the morning, fresh orders were sent to him to attack the rear "unless there should be powerful reasons to the contrary." He was informed also that the rear division would advance

to his support. Lord Stirling was in command of the left wing; and General Greene, at the head of the right wing, had been ordered to file off, and follow a road which would bring him upon the enemy's flank and rear. Washington, about six miles in the rear, advanced with the main body of the army. He had marched about five miles, and had just halted his troops, and dismounted for a few moments, the day being excessively hot, when, as he stood with his arm extended over his large sorrel horse, intelligence was brought to him that Lee's whole division, consisting of five thousand men, were in full retreat, and pursued by the entire force of the enemy. Uttering an exclamation of amazement and indignation, he sprang upon his horse, hastened to the rear of Lee's division, and instantly ordered Wayne to renew the combat, directed Colonel Oswald to bring up some cannon, and called out, with vehemence, to Colonels Ramsay and Stewart, that they were the officers on whom he should rely to give the enemy a check; and then, turning to Lee, demanded impatiently the cause of his retreat. He answered, "Sir—sir," with hesitation; stating that the movement was owing to contradictory information and misapprehension of orders, and that he did not choose to beard the British army in that situation, and that, besides, the attack was contrary to his opinion. Washington replied, that whatever General Lee's opinions might be, he expected that his orders would be obeyed; and soon after ordered him to Englishtown, four miles in the rear, to collect the scattered troops, and assemble them in that place. The measures taken by Washington checked the British so far as to give time for the second line of the army to form upon an eminence. Meanwhile Lord Stirling, on the left, brought some batteries of cannon to bear upon the enemy with such effect as to stop their advance in that direction; and General Greene, as soon as he heard of these occurrences, pushed forward to an advantageous position on the

right, crowned it with artillery, and opened a severe fire. Successive attempts to turn the American left and right flanks were repulsed with great bravery; and Wayne, in the centre, advancing with a body of infantry, and delivering a heavy fire, the enemy retreated behind the morass, to the ground which they had occupied before the engagement. Washington, with the most determined ardour, resolved to carry their position. General Poor was ordered to move upon their right, with two brigades, and General Woodford upon their left, while Colonel Knox opened upon them with his artillery in front; but the obstacles of the road prevented these arrangements being effected before it became dark. It was intended to renew the engagement in the morning, and Washington passed the night in his cloak, among the soldiers, on the field. During the night, however, Clinton silently withdrew towards Sandy Hook, leaving his wounded behind. Being beyond the reach of attack, Washington moved his army first to Brunswick, but, learning that the enemy had landed in New York, he marched up for the protection of the Hudson, which he crossed at Stony Point, and encamped at White Plains.

This was in many respects the greatest battle of the Revolution. The arrangements of Washington were made with consummate skill; and nothing but the cowardice, or treason, or madness of Lee prevented a signal, perhaps conclusive, victory. It is impossible upon a survey of the whole conduct of that passionate and irregular officer, from the time of the first movement from Philadelphia, to avoid the justness of Colonel Hamilton's opinion, that Lee "meditated the disgrace of the Americans." On the other hand, in no scene of the war does Washington appear to such advantage. On his fine sorrel horse, and with his spy-glass in his hand, he occupied a commanding situation within the line of the enemy's fire, after the retreat had been checked; and the whole army was inspired by the firmness, grandeur, and perfect composure of his bearing.

At one time, his position, with a number of officers around him, attracted the particular fire of the enemy. The majesty of Washington's appearance was noted by many observers on that day. "It was such," said Colonel Willett, "as to excite admiration and respect. His noble countenance displayed the greatness of his mind; and his whole demeanour was calculated to command veneration. I have seen him in a variety of situations, and none in which he did not appear great; but never did I see him when he exhibited such greatness as on this day." "Never was General Washington greater in war than in this action," said the Marquis de Lafayette, in a letter to Judge Marshall. "His presence stopped the retreat. His dispositions fixed the victory. His fine appearance on horseback, his calm courage, roused by the animation produced by the vexation of the morning, gave him the air best calculated to excite enthusiasm." A painter—desirous to fix, with appropriate dignity, the most heroic expression of those great features, the most commanding attitude of that august form—could not select a fitter moment than that in which he turned in his indignation at the reception of the intelligence of Lee's retreat, or that in which having checked the disaster and issued the orders by which the day was retrieved, he sat upon his horse in the strength of a great mind's composure, and beheld the tide of victory flow back beneath him.

About the time of these occurrences, the French fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line, and four frigates, arrived off the capes of the Delaware. One vessel sailed up the river, conveying M. Gerard, the first minister from France to the United States; and the rest sailed round to Sandy Hook. A combined attack upon New York was projected, but found impracticable. Measures were then taken for a joint expedition by the Count D'Estaing and a body of troops under General Sullivan, against the British garrison of six thousand, at Newport; but this also

proved abortive, and D'Estaing sailed for Boston, under feelings of much irritation, which it required the interposition and skill of Washington to allay. Washington continued during the summer and autumn to observe the British, who without developing any plan, remained in New York, sending out foraging parties who ravaged the neighbouring country, and occasionally surprised a detachment. An attack on Bayler's dragoons, near Tappan, and another upon Pulaski's legion, at Egg Harbour, were marked by circumstances of peculiar ferocity. In December, the army went into winter quarters; being cantoned along a line between Danbury and West Point on the north, and Middlebrook to the south, where headquarters were established. At this time an invasion of Canada was a favourite project with Congress, and a plan for this purpose was submitted by that body to Washington, who in an able letter condemned the project and exposed its futility. Subsequently, on the 24th of December, he visited Philadelphia in person, and after several interviews on the subject, between himself and a committee of Congress, the project was abandoned.

On the first of June, 1779, the British squadron, after returning from a predatory attack upon Virginia, sailed up the North river and captured Stoney Point and Verplank's Point; the presence of Washington, and the prompt dispositions made by him, prevented the success of an attempt to force the Highlands, and command the passes and posts on the upper Hudson. Headquarters were fixed at New Windsor, a few miles above West Point, and the army distributed about the Highlands. In the beginning of July, a corps of about two thousand six hundred men, under Governor Tryon, sailed from New York along the sound, and entered Connecticut, plundering, and ravaging, and burning Fairfield, Norwalk, and New Haven. To counteract the discouraging effects of these invasions, Washington resolved upon an attempt to recover Stoney Point; and his instructions were given with great precision to General

Wayne, who on the night of the 15th of July, with the utmost gallantry stormed and carried that post. Being found, however, not tenable, with the enemy in command of the river, it was afterwards abandoned. About a month after this, Major Henry Lee, with about three hundred men, and a troop of dismounted dragoons, surprised the enemy at Paulus Hook, and made a hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, having lost but two killed and three wounded. Towards the end of July, Washington's headquarters were moved to West Point, where he continued during the summer and autumn. About the end of December, the army went into winter quarters, chiefly in posts along the Hudson, the cavalry being in Connecticut, and headquarters at Morristown. The winter was distinguished by Lord Stirling's attack upon Staten Island. In the month of June, 1780, a considerable force from New York, under General Knyphausen, crossed over and made a descent into New Jersey, but it was met at Springfield by some detachments from the American army, and after a sharp encounter was driven back to Staten Island. Washington took a position near the Hudson, from which he could defend either the Highlands or New Jersey, in case of incursions. In April, Lafayette, who had visited France the preceding season, returned with intelligence that a considerable naval and land force might soon be expected from France, to aid the operations of the Americans; and accordingly, on the 16th of July, 1780, a French fleet of seven ships of the line, and two frigates, under the Chevalier de Ternay, with an army of five thousand men commanded by Count Rochambeau, entered the harbour of Newport. It was intended that other forces then at Brest should follow, but a blockade of that harbour by an English force prevented their ever arriving. Plans were immediately formed for combined operations against New York, but the British fleet having by the arrival of reinforcements under Admiral Graves, become superior to the

French, the latter was blockaded in the harbour of Newport, by Admiral Arbuthnot, and nothing decided was accomplished on either side. Washington encamped below Tappan, where he remained until the winter. On the 21st of September, he held an interview at Hartford with the Count de Rochambeau, the army being left under the command of General Greene. It was during Washington's absence on this visit, that the treason of Arnold was attempted and discovered. Towards the close of November, the American army went into winter quarters, headquarters being at New Windsor, the New England troops in the Highlands, the New Jersey regiments at Pompton, the Pennsylvania line near Morristown, and the French army at Newport. Previously to this, however, General Greene had been sent to command in the south, upon the defeat of Gates at Camden. Lord Cornwallis had overrun the Carolinas, and preparations were making in New York to fall upon Virginia. The appointment of a successor to Gates being referred by Congress to Washington, he at once selected Greene.

The beginning of the year 1781 was marked by the revolt of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey troops, at Morristown, Chatham, and Pompton; the particulars of which need not be recorded here. When military operations were resumed, it was obvious that the attention of the British commander was directed chiefly to the south. A number of armed vessels, with sixteen hundred men, under the command of Arnold, were sent into the Chesapeake, to act against Virginia. Arnold burnt Richmond, and committed many outrages. About the middle of January, the British fleet at New York was seriously damaged and distressed by a storm; and the blockade being relieved, M. Destouches, who, upon the death of De Ternay, had succeeded to the command of the fleet, despatched De Tilly, with a ship of the line and two frigates, to the Chesapeake, to blockade Arnold's squadron, and co-ope

rate with the American force on land; and, at the same time, Washington despatched twelve hundred men, under Lafayette, to aid in the enterprise against Arnold. De Tilly returned, after a very partial success; and a second expedition of the French fleet to the Chesapeake returned without entering that bay, which was soon after occupied by the English fleet; and as Lafayette's expedition had reference chiefly to a combined action with the French vessels, he returned to the head of Elk, but there received further orders from Washington to proceed to the south, either to meet the enemy in Virginia, or to effect a junction with General Greene and the southern army. Meanwhile, by the advice of Lord Cornwallis, who desired to transfer the seat of war to the Chesapeake, Sir Henry Clinton sent from New York another detachment of two thousand men, under General Phillips, to co-operate with Arnold, who, it was expected, would be joined by Cornwallis from the south. The latter did soon after advance from North Carolina, and, acting with the other detachments, overran the lower counties of Virginia. Lafayette, entitled by seniority of rank to the command of all the force in Virginia, displayed great skill and judgment in operating against this able and experienced British general.

Meanwhile, the Count de Barras arrived in a French frigate, at Boston, with intelligence that a fleet, under Count de Grasse, would sail from the West Indies to the United States, in July or August. An interview between Washington and Rochambeau took place at Weathersfield, Connecticut, on the 22d of May, 1781, at which an attack upon New York, by the combined armies, to be aided by De Grasse's fleet, expected to be at Sandy Hook, was arranged. In the beginning of July, the American and French armies, under Washington and Rochambeau, took post near Dobbs's Ferry; the enemy's works were reconnoitred, and preparations made for a general attack.

Various causes of delay intervened, and the army continued in its encampment above six weeks. On the 14th of August, General Washington received a letter from the Count de Grasse, then at St. Domingo, informing him that he was about to sail with his whole fleet, and more than three thousand land troops, for the Chesapeake; but that his engagements in the West Indies were such that he could not remain longer than till the middle of October. This intelligence produced an entire change in Washington's plans; and it was resolved to move both the armies immediately to the south. Washington and Rochambeau preceded the troops, and reached Lafayette's headquarters, at Williamsburg, on the 14th of September. The army at the Hudson was left under the command of General Heath; and the troops in motion for the south were commanded by General Lincoln. They crossed the Hudson at King's Ferry, marched through Trenton and Philadelphia to the head of the Elk, and were conveyed thence in transports to Virginia.

Various devices had been employed to mislead Sir Henry Clinton as to the destination of these troops; and being ignorant of the intended expedition of De Grasse, he did not discover the movement to the south until a considerable part of the route had been accomplished. De Grasse, with his whole fleet of twenty-six ships of the line, and several frigates, entered the Chesapeake after a short engagement with Admiral Graves off the capes; Count de Barras arrived with the French squadron from Newport; three thousand men from the West Indies, under the Marquis de St. Simon, landed and united with Lafayette; and the fate of Lord Cornwallis's army was sealed. The latter, expecting that the British fleet in the Chesapeake would be superior to the French, had taken possession of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, at the junction of the York and James rivers. Washington and Rochambeau had an interview with De Grasse on board the ship Ville de Paris;

and the arrangements for the campaign were settled. The legion of the Duc de Lauzuan, and a brigade of Virginia militia under General Weedon, the whole commanded by the French brigadier-general, De Choisé, observed the enemy at Gloucester; and on the 28th September, 1781, the combined armies moved down from Williamsburg, and on the 30th the outer lines were abandoned by Cornwallis, and occupied by the besiegers, and the investment of the place was completed. The siege was pressed forward with great energy and spirit. On the 6th of October parallels were opened within six hundred yards of the British lines; and in a few days several batteries were established, which opened a heavy fire on the town. On the 14th, two redoubts, three hundred yards in advance of the British works, were stormed, one by an American detachment under Lafayette, of which the advanced corps was led with great bravery by Colonel Hamilton, and the other by a French detachment commanded by the Baron Viomenil. In the course of the next day some howitzers were placed in the redoubts, and opened with great effect on the besieged. On the 16th a sortie, under Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, against two batteries which were nearly completed by the Americans, was made with great impetuosity; the batteries were carried by the British in the first instance, but the guards advancing from the breaches, they were soon abandoned. On the same night Lord Cornwallis formed the desperate resolution of attempting to escape to New York, and boats were collected to convey the men to the Gloucester shore to attack De Choisé. A detachment passed over about ten o'clock that evening and landed; but a violent storm which arose at that time and raged all night, prevented the passage of the rest, and carried the boats down the river. The troops which had passed were brought back on the following morning. On the 17th several fresh batteries were opened on the second parallel, and so deadly a fire poured in from

every side, that further resistance would not have been justified. About ten o'clock in the morning a parley was beat by Lord Cornwallis, and a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours proposed, that commissioners might meet and settle the terms of the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. General Washington in reply desired that Lord Cornwallis would submit an outline of the conditions upon which he proposed to surrender, and for that purpose granted a cessation of hostilities. The substance of the answer, though not in all respects admissible, was such as to form a satisfactory basis of arrangements, and a suspension of arms until night was conceded; and in the mean time a draft of such articles as he would be willing to agree to was sent by General Washington. On the 18th commissioners met to digest these articles into form; but some delay occurring, General Washington, determined to permit no suspense on the part of Lord Cornwallis, early on the 19th directed his rough draft of articles to be copied, and sent it to the British general, stating in a letter his expectation that they would be signed by eleven o'clock, and that the army would march out by two in the afternoon. Finding that no better terms could be obtained, the whole of both garrisons, and the posts of York and Gloucester, with the ships and seamen in the harbour, were surrendered; the latter to the Count de Grasse, and the others to General Washington. The number of prisoners of war, excluding seamen, was a little more than seven thousand; five hundred and fifty had been killed during the siege. The allied army, which, including militia, amounted to sixteen thousand men, lost about three hundred killed and wounded. The success of this siege was due to the rapidity with which it was determined upon, begun, and pushed forward. On the very day on which the capitulation was signed, an armament of seven thousand of the best troops in New York was despatched by Sir Henry

Clinton with a fleet of twenty-five ships of the line, for the Chesapeake. It arrived off the Virginia capes on the 24th of October, and there received intelligence of the surrender. The Count de Grasse being obliged to return to the West Indies, could give no further aid than to transport the troops and ordnance to the head of the Elk, which was done in the beginning of November. The commander-in-chief left Yorktown on the 5th of November and returned to Philadelphia.

About the middle of April, 1782, Washington left Philadelphia, and established his headquarters with the army at Newburg. Early in May, Sir Guy Carleton arrived in New York and superseded Sir Henry Clinton as commander-in-chief of the British forces in America; and in the beginning of August he announced that negotiations for a general peace had been begun at Paris, and that the independence of the United States would be one of the preliminary concessions. Towards the end of December, the French army, which had remained at Yorktown until September of this year, when they moved up to the Hudson, embarked at Boston to return home. During the winter of 1782–3 occurred the difficulties at Newburg, on the part of the army, which illustrate the character of Washington in its most genuine greatness, but which it does not comport with the nature of this narrative to state in detail. In the spring, intelligence arrived that a preliminary treaty of peace had been signed at Paris, and an official communication of the fact, and of the cessation of hostilities having been received soon after from Sir Guy Carleton, proclamation of these circumstances was made to the American army, on the 19th of April, 1783, just eight years from the day on which the contest was opened by the affair at Lexington. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by proclamation from Congress, discharging them from further service. On the 25th of November the British army evacuated New York, and the

American troops which were still in the service entered the city, General Washington and Governor Clinton riding at the head of the procession. On the 4th of December Washington took leave of the army at New York, and on the 23d of the same month resigned his commission to Congress, then at Annapolis, and retired on the same day to Mount Vernon.

The political services which Washington rendered to the country and to mankind, after this period, were not less, or less exacting, than those which were concluded by the termination of his military career. But it is beyond the scope of the present work to enter upon that subject; and a brief recapitulation of the dates of the principal events of his remaining life, will close this slight sketch. He was appointed a member, and afterwards chosen president, of the convention which met at Philadelphia, on the second Monday in May, 1787, to revise and remodel the government of the Union. The constitution, the result of the deliberations of this body, was signed September 17th, 1787, and subsequently ratified by the adequate number of states. In April, 1789, he was chosen the first President of the United States, and immediately entered on the duties of that office; on the 4th of March, 1793, he entered on the second period of his official tenure; on the 15th of September, 1796, about six months before the expiration of that term of duty, he published his farewell address; and, in March following, he took a final leave of political life. On the 2d of July, 1798, when an open rupture with France was believed to have become inevitable, he was nominated commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and was unanimously confirmed by the senate on the following day. He immediately entered on the duties of this appointment, and engaged with great devotion in the establishment of an army. But the close of his career was nigh. On the 12th of December, he took cold from exposure on his farm, grew rapidly worse,

and expired, at Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening, December 14th, 1799.

In military subjects, the abilities of Washington were, unquestionably, of a high order, and they were various and complete. In their character, they were fitted to the circumstances and the time in which he was called upon to act. The wisdom of his system was vindicated, sometimes in the success of his counsels, and sometimes in the disasters of those who departed from them. The peculiar nature of the contest—the slight and frail military establishment over which he presided—the infinite political and social difficulties with which his operations were complicated, rendered a profound caution the first dictate of policy. The object to be accomplished was, in effect, a revolution of opinions—a change of national relations. Until that was realized, the revolutionary war could not be at an end. The most brilliant victory in the field would not have gained the purpose of the Americans; a single complete defeat would probably have frustrated it for ever. It must be remembered that Washington was in a situation in which time was his most important auxiliary; the war was in its nature a prolonged one; and, to maintain a military resistance, which should be always respectable in its force, and occasionally formidable in its operations, was all that a wise mind could have proposed to itself. The plan of the campaign which preceded the loss of New York, cannot, in a military point of view, be considered as judicious; but, as Napoleon observed with regard to his delay at Moscow, it was more important at that time to act upon political than upon military considerations. The operations in New Jersey, in 1776-7, exhibit the highest range of military science. The movements of Washington, from the moment when Fort Lee was abandoned, and he extricated himself by a series of prompt retreats from the dangers into which he was thrown by the advance of Lord Cornwallis, till, at the opportune moment,

he fell upon the enemy, in their divided state along the Delaware, and, soon after, struck a part of Lord Cornwallis's army at Princeton, and delivered himself from the peril of the other part—the whole campaign of that month—may be set beside any campaign that is recorded in history. The promptness with which the plan against Cornwallis, at Yorktown, was conceived, and the energy with which it was executed, entitle the commander-in-chief to the highest commendation.

In moral qualities, the character of Washington is the most truly dignified that was ever presented to the respect and admiration of mankind. He was one of the few entirely good men in whom goodness had no touch of weakness. He was one of the few rigorously just men whose justice was not commingled with any of the severity of personal temper. The elevation, and strength, and greatness of his feelings were derived from nature; their moderation was the effect of reflection and discipline. His temper, by nature, was ardent, and inclined to action. His passions were quick, and capable of an intensity of motion, which, when it was kindled by either intellectual or moral indignation, amounted almost to fury. But how rarely—how less than rarely—was any thing of this kind exhibited in his public career! How restrained from all excess which reason could reprove, or virtue condemn, or good taste reject, were these earnest impulses, in the accommodation of his nature to "that great line of duty" which he had set up as the course of his life. Seen in his public duties, his attitude and character—the one elevated above familiarity, the other purged of all littlenesses—present a position and an image almost purely sublime.

> No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quelled
> Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;

As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

But when viewed in the gentler scenes of domestic and friendly relation, there are traits which give loveliness to dignity, and add grace to veneration; like the leaves and twigs which cluster around the trunk and huge branches of the colossal elm, making that beautiful which else were only grand. His sentiments were quick and delicate; his refinement exquisite. His temper was as remote from plebeian, as his principles were opposite to democratic. If his public bearing had something of the solemnity of puritanism, the sources of his social nature were the spirit and maxims of a cavalier. His demeanour towards all men illustrated, in every condition, that "finest sense of justice which the mind can form." IN ALL THINGS ADMIRABLE, IN ALL THINGS TO BE IMITATED; IN SOME THINGS SCARCE IMITABLE AND ONLY TO BE ADMIRED.

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE.

It was one of the fortunate results of the American Revolution—apart from those great national and human interests, which its successful prosecution was calculated to promote—that it furnished the proper occasion for those exhibitions of individual greatness and endowments, which might otherwise have "died and made no sign." If it was a time which was particularly calculated to try the souls of men, it was also a period calculated to bring forth souls worthy of, and competent to, every trial. Of this class was the subject of this memoir.

Nathaniel Greene was born at Warwick, in the then colony (now state) of Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1742. He was the second of six sons by a second marriage. His ancestors were of good English extraction, and were among the first settlers on the banks of the Providence, under the charter of Charles II. His mother died while he was yet young. His father was a Quaker preacher, and a very strict one. His pecuniary resources were slender, and young Greene, in turn with all his brethren, was kept at the plough and anvil, in very constant exercise. The education accorded him was small, but the boy had natural gifts which demanded knowledge. He found his way to books without the knowledge of his Quaker sire; and, at an early period in his career, made the acquaintance of Dr. Styles and Lindley Murray. From these persons his mind took something of its direction, and found some of its advantages. A youth named Giles, whom he accidentally encountered, and who had enjoyed a college education, shared with him a portion of his intellectual possessions. He dipped slightly into the springs

of Horace, and contrived to make forced marches with Cæsar. These, it is supposed, that he knew better through an English medium, than at the original sources. In mathematics he was more thoroughly at home. He seems to have taken to Euclid *con amore*. He worked his problems over the forge, and found them quite as malleable as he did his iron. They were of more importance to his future career than all the odes of Horace. But he did not confine himself to the geometer. The logic of Watts, the wit and sagacity of Swift, and the metaphysics of Locke, proved equally acceptable to his understanding. His little library, furnished by the proceeds of his labours at the forge, underwent frequent additions; and, at the opening of the great conflict with the mother country, he was prepared to take an active part in the political discussions of the time and neighbourhood.

But, with all this love of books and study, young Greene possessed other tastes and propensities which were scarcely so agreeable to the old man, his sire. His frame was one of great vigour and elasticity, and his temperament shared largely of the general characteristics of his frame. He loved field sports, and society. Rural games were always attractive to his spirit, and he had a most unquakerlike relish for dancing, which he kept as long as possible from the knowledge of his father. But such a secret it is not possible always to conceal; and, at length discovered, and anticipating the horsewhip at the hands of the sober Quaker sire, our hero betrayed an admirable readiness at military resource, in guarding against the danger, by lining his jackets with strips of shingle, which effectually screened his epidermis from the severity of the blows.

His love of amusement did not retard his progress. It did not enfeeble his character. Of the strength of his resolution he gave an admirable proof, while yet a boy, in causing himself to be inoculated for the small-pox, at a time when the fears and prejudices of the whole country

were opposed to the experiment. He passed safely through all the stages of this terrible disorder, his courage and calm decision, in all probability, contributing greatly to his escape. At the age of twenty, with a mind at once bold and judicious, with habits simple almost to severity, an understanding tolerably informed by books, a frame vigorous and well developed, a spirit eager and energetic, he began to take an interest in the new field of national politics. He had picked up a little law through the help of Blackstone and Jacobs' Law Dictionary, and the circuit court at a neighbouring village yielded him an occasional opportunity of mingling with lawyers, and listening to their disputations. He did not listen with indifferent senses. It was here that he gathered some of those first lessons which subsequently prepared him for the councils of the nation.

The passage of the Stamp Act decided his choice of party. In 1770, he was elected to the General Assembly of the colony, where, though always speaking briefly, it was always to the point. As the controversy between the mother country and the colonies increased in heat, he gradually directed his attention to military studies. Turenne's Memoirs, Cæsar's Commentaries, Sharpe's Military Guide, and Plutarch, became his companions; and it was not long before the youth who, when a boy, had made himself a corselet of shingle to defend himself from the heavy blows of a Quaker father, put himself in iron armour to encounter those of a much more tyrannous parent. But, before this was done, and as if still more to enhance the merits of his patriotism, by increasing his sacrifices and responsibilities, he took to wife a damsel of the name of Littlefield, and, for a brief season, gave himself up to the sweet enjoyments of domestic life. But this was for a season only. His marriage took place in July, 1774. In the spring following he was on his way to Lexington, where the first blood had been spilled upon the altar of American liberty.

This conflict called upon the colonies to exhibit all their energies. Rhode Island nobly responded to the summons of her suffering sister. Sixteen hundred men were promptly voted as an army of observation, and our young Quaker was intrusted with its command, with the rank of major-general.

His people had thus shown themselves not insensible to his merits. But the distinction gave no pleasure to the father of our hero. The military propensities of young Greene had already brought down upon him the censure of the sect. He had shown an offensive lack of sympathy with their doctrines of non-resistance. They had addressed themselves to the task of bringing him back to a more pacific philosophy, but had failed. The work of remonstrance was forborne, after a patient struggle to convince him of the error of his ways; and, finding him inflexible in his principles and purpose, he was formally expelled from the society. It was in May, 1775, that Greene assumed his command of the troops of Rhode Island. He was now thirty-three years of age, in the prime of manhood, with a face pleasing and full of power, and a figure distinguished by command and dignity. His complexion, naturally florid, was somewhat darkened by exposure; his features were full of decision; his eyes blue, and remarkable for vivacity and fire; and a face, the expression of which was usually thoughtful and benevolent, was yet possessed of such a flexibility of muscle as readily to express the varying emotions of his mind. In other words, the countenance was that of an ingenuous and sanguine temperament,—a frank heart and fearless spirit.

Greene entered with proper ardour upon the prosecution of his duties, and what was wanting to his early training was soon supplied by his industry and genius. He soon showed himself to be a soldier. His drill was vigilantly urged, his discipline was worthy of a veteran. The battle of Bunker Hill drew his command to Cambridge. Here

he gained the confidence and esteem of Washington which he retained through life. Washington's quick eye soon discovered the superior qualifications of Greene; the latter had long been the profound admirer of the great Virginian, whose career and conduct before and at the defeat of Braddock, had greatly interested his affections and his thoughts. The American army, placed on the continental establishment, reduced Greene from the rank of major-general to that of brigadier. To this he cheerfully submitted. The service now was one of patient drudgery. The war languished, and, in the absence of actual conflict, the troops suffered from inactivity and cold. Boston was at length evacuated by the British, Washington drew his forces towards New York, and—no bad proof of his progress in public confidence—Greene was selected to command on Long Island, which, it was momentarily expected, was to abide the assaults of the enemy. He made his preparations to receive them with becoming civilities. Establishing his headquarters at Brooklyn, he commenced the study of the ground which might probably become the field of conflict. The roads and woods were explored, the passes and the pathways examined and guarded, the more accessible points were fortified, and every precaution was adopted which military prudence could suggest, as important to safety and success. In the midst of these employments, Greene was seized with bilious fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave. While he still lay prostrate and incapable, having barely escaped in a protracted issue between life and death, he heard the booming of the enemy's cannon. Unable to partake the peril, or attempt the prize, he lay agonized with doubt and mortification. Bitter were the tears which he shed at those reverses of the American arms, which, it was commonly thought, were due mostly to his absence from the field.

As soon as he could take the saddle he was at his post.

Meanwhile, his merits were acknowledged by Congress in his promotion to the rank of major-general. The fate of New York was now in question. It was resolved to hold it as long as possible—to evacuate only when forced to do so. A brilliant stand was made at Haarlem; here Greene enjoyed his first regular battle. He fought bravely, and justified the confidence of his admirers. A portion of the British forces was stationed at Staten Island, whence they threatened the Jerseys and the American line of retreat. He was detached to watch their movements. His head-quarters were at Bergen, or Fort Lee, according to circumstances. Fort Washington, feebly defended, was taken by the British, who, encouraged by their successes, pushed forward against Fort Lee with a strong force under Cornwallis. His object was to cut off the retreat of the garrison towards the Hackensack. By dint of immense exertions Greene succeeded in throwing himself across the path of the enemy. Here, at the head of the stream, he contrived to keep them at bay until Washington came up. Yielding the command to his superior, he hurried back to the fort, and withdrew the garrison in safety across the Hackensack. He was destined to thwart, in subsequent trials of strength, by similarly brilliant manœuvres, the designs of the famous British captain to whom he was opposed.

The memorable retreat of the Americans through the Jerseys followed this event. In all this retrograde progress, Greene was the companion of Washington. He must be permitted to share with him the glory, as he endured with him all the trials and mortifications of that Fabian warfare of which both were the acknowledged masters. On the night of the 26th December, 1776, Greene crossed the Delaware in command of the left wing of the army, which in the surprise of Trenton, seized the artillery of the enemy and cut off their retreat to Princeton. He assisted in planning this brilliant movement, commanded the

division with which Washington marched in person; and was one of the few to counsel as bold a warfare against all the other British posts in New Jersey.

The winter of 1777 found the headquarters of the American army at Morristown, New Jersey. Greene had command of a separate division at Baskingridge. A war of skirmishes, by which the Americans mostly profited, was maintained throughout the winter. But the preparations were slowly made for the reorganization of the army, and the opening of the next campaign. To hasten the action of Congress in regard to these vital subjects, Greene was despatched to Philadelphia. No one had so perfectly the confidence of Washington; no one was so intimate with his plans and objects; no one was better able to succeed in influencing the decision of the difficult body with which he had to deal. Returned from this mission, he was sent with General Knox to examine and report upon the passes of the Highlands of the Hudson, and take measures for fortifying and defending them. With the opening of spring the camp of Washington was broken up at Morristown, and a stronger position was taken at Middlebrook. To draw him from this position and bring on a general engagement was the object of the British general. In the many manœuvres for the attainment of this object, Greene, at the head of a strong detachment, having orders to hang upon the British rear, made a combined movement with General Maxwell, to cut off the rear guard. The desertion or the capture of an express to whom a portion of the plan was confided, defeated their scheme, which had otherwise been entirely successful. As it was, the prey had a narrow escape. The pursuit was kept up as far as Piscataway, and, in its prosecution, the troops, under the immediate lead of Morgan and Wayne, made the most intrepid demonstrations upon an enemy secured by redoubts and in superior numbers. The British general, failing in his objects, retreated to Staten Island, where, after a course of

manœuvres which left his real purposes for some time in doubt, he embarked with his forces for the Chesapeake.

This led Washington to a concentration of all his strength with the view to meeting them. Departing from his usual policy, he was resolved to try the chances of battle. Greene was sent forward to reconnoitre and choose a place for encampment. This he did within six miles of the post taken by the British. A council of war, anticipating his report, had chosen another spot for the encampment, to which his opinion was adverse. His judgment was sustained by the result. The advance of the British compelled the Americans to retire. A few skirmishes only followed, and on the 10th of September, the latter planted their standards on the banks of the Brandywine. Early next morning the enemy advanced to the attack. The passage of the ford, where lay the chief strength of the American force, was stubbornly resisted; but, in the mean while, a strong detachment, led by Howe and Cornwallis, making a circuitous march, had crossed the river, and were rapidly gaining the American rear. Washington had foreseen the possibility of the event, but, deceived by conflicting intelligence, forbore the policy which prompted an attack upon that portion of the enemy's force which had been left upon the right bank of the river. He now recalled the detachment which had crossed, and when the fire was heard upon the right, rapidly hastened in that quarter, leaving Greene with two brigades so posted as to enable him to turn his arms upon that point where they might seem to be most necessary. The policy of this disposition of his troops soon asserted itself. It was, at the moment when all was confusion in the American line—when the ranks were broken, and the fugitives darting off in flight and fear on every side, that Greene, with his fresh brigades, threw himself between them and the exulting enemy, who pressed forward, shouting, as with a triumph already sure. A sharp and well directed fire from his field pieces arrested

their advance. Opening his ranks to the fugitives, he covered them with his closing wings, and, in this manner, reduced to order that retreat which before had been mere flight and panic. Reaching a narrow defile which commended itself to the military eye, as a proper place for a second trial of strength, he halted and drew up his men for battle. Flushed with victory, the British rushed headlong to the strife, and were made to recoil under the close and well-directed fire which sent death throughout their ranks. The position which Greene had taken was not to be turned. Repeated attempts of the enemy proved that it was not to be forced. The struggle lasted till night closed upon the combatants, when the British failing to overcome the stubbornness of their foes, and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, drew off, and left our hero to retire, with equal honour and composure, from the ground which he had maintained with such a noble firmness.

Howe, the British general, was not disposed to let the Americans escape. Advancing upon Goshen, he was once more within striking distance of the camp of Washington, who directed Sullivan, as senior major-general, to draw up the troops for action. The ground chosen by Sullivan was of such a nature that, in the event of defeat, retreat would be impossible. The quick eye of Greene detected the error at a glance, drew the notice of Washington upon it, and a new position was taken. A violent storm coming on prevented the engagement, and the Americans moved towards Reading while the British continued their advance. Washington vainly endeavoured to baffle or retard their progress. Howe's manœuvres and superior resources enabled him, in spite of opposition, to make his way to Philadelphia, which he at length entered as a conqueror.

But the Americans were not without their successes, and the gain of Philadelphia did not contribute to the security of the invader. Washington determined upon a daring enterprise, by which to compensate himself for its loss. The

main body of the British were quartered at Germantown, within six miles of Philadelphia. Another force was within the city, and other bodies were sent in other directions. To attempt these in detail was the obvious policy of the American general. He turned his columns upon the force stationed at Germantown. His left wing was confided to Greene, who was ordered to attack the British right. The right of the Americans, led by Sullivan, was accompanied by Washington in person, who advanced against the enemy's left and centre. It was at the break of day on the 4th October, that Greene, with his own brigade, supported by those of Stephens and McDougall, moved to the attack. A heavy fog overspread the scene. Objects were invisible at fifty yards. The army made its way slowly and with difficulty towards the foe. The right of the Americans was the first in action. Their cannonade apprized Greene of their progress, and stimulated the enthusiasm of his men, who rushed into the embrace of battle with a shout. The fog still lay densely over the field; the darkness increased by the volumes of smoke that now rolled upward from the guns. The flash of fire from the foe, as it gleamed suddenly like a stream of lightning from the cloud, was the only mark, by which to guide the answering fires of the American marksmen. But this was enough. They answered with effect, and, rushing forward, pressed their way into the village, at the point of the bayonet. The cloud lifted at this moment, and afforded the first clear glimpses of the field of battle. But the success of the Americans was not complete. Sullivan had made a brilliant swoop, had carried all before him for a moment, but had finally been forced back from his prey. His men were in confusion, and flying from the field. The division of Stephens, successful also in the first instance, in the midst of a charge, suddenly recoiled in unwonted panic which their leaders strove vainly to allay. This misfortune was probably due to the fog, and to the confusion caused by an accidental

entanglement of the latter with the left of Sullivan's division. It was such a misfortune as might defeat the efforts to recover, of the most experienced soldiers. It was one from which the raw troops of the American general could not well extricate themselves. To prevent a worse disaster, it was necessary to draw them off with as much coolness and promptitude as possible. This was no easy task, particularly when, in addition to the force of the enemy which had been assailed, the retreat was to be conducted in the face of a fresh body of troops, under Cornwallis, which the first sounds of battle had brought from Philadelphia. Greene conducted the retrograde movement, under the continued and persevering pressure of the foe. The conflict was unremitted for nearly five miles, and was closed at last by a succession of warm volleys, which compelled the British to forego pursuit. The day had been one of reverses and disappointment, but it sufficed to prove the generalship of Greene. The Americans had been unfortunate, but if they had not gained the victory, they had won experience and other lessons of strength, which were to insure them future victories.

The forts on the Delaware were now threatened by the enemy. Cornwallis was advancing against Fort Mercer. Greene was sent forward to encounter him. He was to effect a junction with another body of troops; but, before this could be done, the British general was reinforced. But this accession of strength on the one hand, and the lack of it on the other, did not encourage the former to persevere in his attempts. To what his forbearance is to be ascribed may not be said. The aspect of Greene's command, his proximity and position, in all probability discouraged the British general from any thing involving peculiar hazard. He recrossed the river without employing his advantages, and Greene returned to Washington. The American army now went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, and the active operations against the enemy

ceased with this event. But this cessation of arms did not imply repose in the American camp. It was during this memorable winter, that the intrigues commonly known as the cabal of Conway, designed for the overthrow of Washington, first found their public expression. Greene shared, as a matter of course, in those calumnies which assailed his friend. He was honourably distinguished by his great intimacy with the commander-in-chief, and, did he lack all other means of distinction, it would be the sufficient boast of his monument to bear the inscription, "He was the friend of Washington!" The conspiracy, as we know, failed utterly of its object; but it was not without its baneful and mortifying influence upon the character and feelings of those whom it assailed. We may destroy the viper, but, though his venom may fail to poison, it will still rankle, and his slaver will always be sure to offend. Greene was among those who were destined to suffer for years from prejudices and a wretched hostility which this cabal had engendered. The winter at the log huts of Valley Forge was not one of repose and quiet. In addition to the persecutions of the malignant, were the extreme cares of the army. Its organization, particularly in the departments of the commissary and quartermaster-general, were sadly defective. To the cool judgment, the quick eye, the sagacity and providence of Greene, the commander-in-chief turned to remedy their deficiencies. At his urgent entreaties and "those of Congress," he consented to undertake the duties of this laborious office. Slow to accept, he was quick to perform, the duty being once undertaken. He repaired the evils of the system. He brought order out of chaos—restored harmony, soothed discord, and found means, where his predecessor seemed only to have prayed for them.

The British having evacuated Philadelphia, the Americans crossed to the eastern branch of the Delaware. Clinton's march was evidently to be taken through the

Jerseys. Six of the American brigades were put forward to retard his motions; and an American council of war was assembled to consult upon the expediency of seeking battle. Lee and a majority of the officers opposed this design. Greene counselled it with all his might, and Washington concurred with Greene. He exercised a right which Congress had conferred upon him, and determined upon fighting on his own responsibility, against the opinions of the majority. This decision led to the battle of Monmouth. Lee, sent forward to bring on the action, was found in full retreat, as Greene, at the head of the right wing, approached the enemy. His orders to gain the British rear were rendered useless by this event. He promptly decided upon a different measure, and, taking a strong position on the enemy's left, drew their column upon him. Their assault was met with admirable firmness and vigour. Greene's artillery was well served, and his infantry plied their small arms with a rapidity and accuracy which soon thinned the advancing files of the assailants. Their line was driven back in confusion and with great loss; and, secure in his position, Greene was at liberty to use his artillery in enfilading that body of the British troops which was opposed to the American left. The advance of Wayne with a strong force of infantry, finished the combat. The enemy was driven from the field at the point of the bayonet. Greene's toils, as quartermaster-general, were not over with the conflict. Help for the wounded, food for the more fortunate who escaped from hurt, were to be provided, before he could wrap himself in his cloak and snatch, at the foot of a tree, the repose of a few hours, rendered absolutely necessary by the incessant toils and fatigues of four-and-twenty hours of fight and exercise.

The British retreated in the night. With the dawn, the Americans resumed their march towards the north. A French fleet had reached the coast. A combined attack of the Americans and their allies was designed against the

British forces in Rhode Island. Lafayette was ordered to Providence with one detachment, and Greene soon followed him with another. The whole was confided to Sullivan. Preparations were made for an assault upon Newport. Greene with one division took up his quarters upon the high grounds of Tiverton. On the 8th August, the French fleet forced its passage into Narragansett bay, under a heavy fire from the English batteries. The morning of the 10th was selected for the attack on Newport. The British general abandoned his outposts and concentrated his forces within his lines. All things promised success to the assault, but the appearance of a British fleet, at the mouth of the harbour, beguiled D'Estaing with the French fleet from it. He left a certain for an uncertain triumph. The Americans, left to themselves, were not in force to attempt assault. A siege was resolved upon. This design was arrested by a storm which lasted for three days and nights, and which ravaged the face of the country, destroying army equipments, ammunition, and, in numerous instances, human life. The return of D'Estaing completed the misfortunes of the Americans. He too had suffered from the hurricane. His ships were shattered—his resources diminished—his officers discontented, and his troops dispirited. He could do nothing. It was in vain that the American officers protested against his determination. The enterprise was abandoned. The American forces were drawn off in the night, Greene covering the retreat. With their disappearance, the enemy's force was set in motion. By three o'clock in the morning, the former had reached their redoubts at the end of the island, and at seven the British were upon them. Greene, believing that they had pursued in detachments, counselled that they should be met boldly; but his opinions were overruled. The troops were kept on the defensive. Sharp was the skirmishing that followed. From adjacent eminences the American redoubts were cannonaded. An

attempt was made to turn their right under cover of several vessels of war; and, for a while, the whole pressure of the British was upon this wing of the army. It was strengthened accordingly. Greene was here in person. His coolness and judgment were conspicuous. He was fighting in the very eye of his homestead. He was ministering to freedom at the family altars. The enemy were repulsed after a terrible struggle. They were driven off with great slaughter. The cannonade was renewed next day, but with no effect, and no farther attempt was made to impede the retreat of the Americans. They crossed over to the main that night, without loss or interruption.

Greene had now held the office of quartermaster-general for two years. It was an onerous and unthankful one. A discussion in Congress, as to his mode of administering it, and the mutilation of all the valuable features of a scheme which he had devised for its better organization, afforded him an opportunity of resigning, of which he promptly availed himself. His letter to this effect gave great offence, but his merits saved him from his enemies. The army and the country knew his value, though a party in Congress still angrily denied it. The events of the war silenced the controversy. Greene was at Springfield, N. J., with the Jersey militia, and two brigades of continentals, while Washington, watching the movements of Clinton, who threatened West Point, moved with the main army towards the north. While such was the position of the several opponents, Greene was advised of the landing of the enemy at Elizabethtown, and of his advance towards him, with a force fully trebling his own. Expresses were sent to the commander-in-chief, and, with all proper precautions taken, Greene so disposed his little army, by extending his front, as to cover two of the bridges by which the enemy's approach could be made. Forced from this position, it was in his power to contract his wings, and retire to a strong position in the rear of the village. Lee,

supported by Ogden, was posted at Little's bridge, on the Vauxhall road; while that in front of the town was confided to Angell, whose command was strengthened by several small detachments, and provided with one piece of artillery. Their retreat was covered by the regiment of Shreve, which took post at the third bridge,—a short distance behind them. The remainder of the army, consisting of two brigades, occupied some higher grounds still farther in the rear. The flanks were guarded by the militia.

The action was begun by a sharp cannonade which lasted for two hours, the enemy manœuvring as if resolved to turn the American flanks. Their right, meanwhile, was advancing upon Lee, who disputed the passage so handsomely that, but for the fact that his position was commanded by a neighbouring hill, which the enemy, by crossing at a ford above, had succeeded in gaining, it would have been scarcely possible to dislodge him. While these events were in progress on the left, Angell, on the right, was engaged hotly with another body of assailants. His single fieldpiece and small force, did famous execution against four times their number, maintaining the conflict with undaunted valour for more than half an hour. They yielded only to superior numbers, and retired to the bridge in the rear, carrying off their wounded, and saving their artillery. The British pressed the pursuit, but were repulsed by Shreve. Greene now contracted his front, drew in his regiments, and retired slowly and safely to the strong position which he had chosen with reference to this emergency, among the hills in the rear of the village. From this point, commanding both roads, he effectually checked the pursuit. Here he awaited for the renewal of the conflict. But the stubborn defence which had been already made, discouraged the assailants. Clinton found it a more pleasant and less perilous employment to give Elizabethtown to the flames. The burning houses were

the signal to Greene to change his tactics. He descended from the hills, but the enemy was already in full retreat, and beyond the reach of the avengers.

An interval of anxiety followed, which was not action. The war languished. The sluggish nature of events, however, was suddenly broken by the treason of Arnold, and the arrest of André. Greene was called to preside over that court of inquiry to which the case of the British spy was confided. The world knows the decision of the court. Painful as was the duty before them, it was too obvious for evasion. André was convicted on his own confession. The fate of armies, the safety of states and nations demanded that he should be the sacrifice of that treachery in which he shared, and which he may have prompted. In all the proceedings connected with this affair, Greene approved himself equally the man and the warrior—at once true to humanity and duty—yielding his tears to the necessity which he was yet sternly commissioned to obey. The post which Arnold had abandoned, was confided to his keeping. He had, however, scarcely entered upon its duties, when he found himself appointed to the armies of the south.

Gates, the victor at Saratoga, had yielded his laurels to Cornwallis, at the fatal fight of Camden. The war needed a more prudent and not less courageous warrior. The *debris* of Gates' army awaited Greene at Charlotte, North Carolina. Here he found it, but it was a wreck indeed;—few in number, feeble in spirit, and wanting every thing necessary to proper performance. To examine into the nature of the country he designed to penetrate,—to ascertain the objects and resources of his enemy,—to find or make the resources essential to his own troops, and to discipline them for active and immediate service, required and received his instant attention. His people were dispirited; his enemy exulting in repeated conquest. To avoid precipitate conflict with the latter, without still farther de-

pressing the *morale* of the former, required the talents of superior generalship. Greene brought these to the work before him. It was fortunate that he was admirably sustained by his own officers, and the peculiar abilities of the partisan captains which the south furnished for co-operation with him. With Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, of the Carolina troops; and Morgan, Williams, Howard, Lee, and Carrington, of the regular service, he might well found his hopes upon a resource which would scarcely fail him, the material of war being still so greatly wanting. He soon entered the region of bloody debate and peril. A detachment, under Morgan, was sent across the Catawba, while Greene, with the main army, encamped upon the Pedee.

His presence and proceedings were very soon productive of the most admirable effects. His appearance in Carolina was hailed by results of the most encouraging character. Marion and Lee carried Georgetown by surprise, though they failed to hold it; and Morgan, after some small successes against the tories, met and defeated Tarleton, in the bloody and brilliant battle of the Cowpens. Greene soon appeared in the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba. Meanwhile, Cornwallis had destroyed his baggage, to facilitate his movements, and was preparing to cross the same river. His objects were unknown; but Greene endeavoured to anticipate them. He drew his army together, and hastened its march towards Salisbury. "There is great glory ahead," he writes, in one of his letters; "and I am not without hopes of ruining Lord Cornwallis, if he persists in his mad scheme of pushing through the country." The aim of the British general was not long doubtful. The waters of the Catawba, by which the two armies were separated, swollen by recent rains, now began to subside. The fords were practicable. Greene determined to dispute the passage with his militia, and to retard and harass the progress of the enemy, with

whom he was not yet sufficiently strong to engage in equal battle. Cornwallis effected the passage of the Catawba, in a rain storm, and under the American fire. A sharp conflict ensued. The British suffered severely; but the death of General Davidson, who commanded the militia, had the effect of dispiriting and dispersing them. Greene retreated upon Salisbury. On his route, an anecdote occurred, which admirably illustrates the uniform patriotism of the American women. Greene's despondency did not escape the eyes of the landlady, at whose house he stopped for repose and refreshment. He alighted from his horse, in rain and storm, through which he had ridden all the day. His garments were soaked and soiled,—his limbs were weary,—his heart was sad; and, when asked about his condition, he answered that he was "tired, hungry, and penniless." Scarcely had he procured refreshment, when the good woman drew him to a private apartment, and placed in his hands two bags of specie,—all her little hoard,—the treasure of years, and, possibly, all the earnings of her life. "Take these," said she; "I can do without them, and they are necessary to you."

Cornwallis urged the pursuit with vigour, sending General O'Hara forward to prevent the Americans from passing the Yadkin. But the providence of Greene, by which boats had been secured in advance, enabled them to effect the passage before the British appeared in sight. The whigs of Salisbury were bringing up the rear, when O'Hara's advance broke upon them. A sharp skirmish followed, in which both parties claimed the victory. But the Americans gained their object. They threw the river between them and their pursuers, without loss to themselves; baffled the efforts of O'Hara to seize upon their boats, and, in the delay thus caused to the pursuit, the Yadkin, swelled by successive rains beyond its bounds, effectually saved the Americans from farther annoyance. It was in vain that the British opened with a fierce cannonade upon

the camp of Greene. Their bullets tore the shingles from the roof of the cabin in which he sat, writing his despatches, but without disturbing his composure or injuring his person.

Cornwallis continued the pursuit, as soon as he could cross the river, in the hope of cutting off his adversary from the upper fords of the Dan. The manœuvres which followed from this chase have been justly considered among the most masterly that had been exhibited during the American war. Greene's great merit was that Fabian policy which had so frequently saved Washington. On the 10th of February, the two armies lay within twenty-five miles of each other. Nearly one month had been consumed in this protracted pursuit, and the eyes of the nation were drawn upon the rival armies. To crush his adversary without impediment, Cornwallis had destroyed his baggage. This showed a rare and stern resolution, at all hazards to effect his object. But one river lay between the British general and Virginia. This crossed, and the south must be detached from the confederacy, certainly for the time, possibly for ever. Greene felt the vast importance of the trust; and his genius rose with its pressure, and proved equal to its exigencies. We cannot pursue these beautiful details of progress, as exquisitely nice and as admirably calculated as any work of art, by which a series of the most masterly manœuvres, and occasional skirmishes of great spirit, placed the Americans in safety on the northern banks of the Dan, and finished this remarkable retreat and pursuit. "Your retreat," said Washington, "is highly applauded by all ranks." Tarleton, an enemy, writes—"Every measure of the Americans, during their march from the Catawba to Virginia, was judiciously designed, and vigorously executed." And the retreat, thus made in the immediate presence of a far superior foe, was made by troops many of whom had never seen battle,—raw militia, in fact,—without adequate cloth-

ing, without supplies, in the depth of winter, and under inclement skies. The genius of their commander supplied deficiencies, soothed discontent, encouraged hope, and converted a dispirited militia into confident and veteran soldiers.

Greene soon obtained supplies and reinforcements. Recrossing the Dan, it was now the turn of Cornwallis to retreat. Pickens advanced with a strong body of militia on the left flank of the enemy. Caswell, with a subsidy from the North Carolina militia, made a similar demonstration from the opposite direction. The two armies lay sullenly watching each other, when the British columns suddenly began their retreat from the banks of the Dan. Bodies of picked men from the American army followed his movements, at once to harass his progress, and ascertain his objects. These were doubtful. At one moment he seemed to threaten Pickens, at another the magazines on the Roanoke; but, suddenly turning his back upon the Dan, he moved towards Hillsborough, a region filled with loyalists, whence he issued his proclamation calling upon the faithful to repair to his standard. But the time had come when, as he himself expressed it, the friendly had grown timid, and the hostile inveterate. Greene watched and followed all his movements, determined to prevent his flight to the coast—a purpose which his proceedings seemed to indicate. The delay of a few days, he well knew, would be fatal to the British. The American partisans were closing around them. The army of Greene was receiving daily accessions; and several smart skirmishes, in which the British suffered great losses, had encouraged their adversaries with fresher hopes. Greene was not yet strong enough to give battle to Cornwallis; but circumstances made it necessary that he should keep the field, and exhibit equal boldness and activity. His light troops were continually employed in beating up the British quarters, harassing their

march, cutting off their supplies,—doing every thing, in short, but pitching their standards before them in the plain. It became the policy of Cornwallis to force him to retreat or fight. A war of manœuvre followed, which our limits will not permit us to describe. The result of this struggle, at length, brought Greene to Guilford Court-House within fourteen miles of the British position. A battle was now nearly inevitable, and, yielding somewhat to popular opinion, Greene was prepared to wait for it, if not to seek it. It was on the 15th of March, 1781, that he drew up in order of battle. The ground was chosen with regard to the nature of the American troops. It was broken and irregular. The first line of Greene was drawn out on the skirts of a wood, and at right angles with the road, by which the enemy was approaching. It consisted of raw and untrained militia from North Carolina, who had never crossed arms with an enemy. But they were practised marksmen. They were commanded by Generals Butler and Eaton. The second line, arranged about three hundred yards behind the first, consisted of raw troops also, Virginians, led by Stevens and Lawson. Both of these lines extended across the road. About four hundred yards behind the second line, the continentals were placed under Huger and Williams. They presented, in conformity with the aspect of the ground they occupied, a double front,—two regiments of Virginia regulars, under Greene and Rudford, on the right, and the first and second Maryland on the left, under Gunby and Ford. A corps of observation, composed of the dragoons of the first and third regiments, Lynch's riflemen, and a detachment of light infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington, covered the right flank. Lee, with his legion, supported by detachments of light infantry and riflemen, increased the securities of the left, and both of these corps occupied the woods at the extremities of the first line. The artillery, with the exception of two pieces, under Cap-

tain Singleton, which were pushed forward, commanding the enemy's first approaches, was posted with the regulars on the hill, near the Court-House.

The van of the British army came under the fire of Singleton's pieces about one o'clock in the day. A brisk cannonade from the royal artillery answered them, until the British had formed their line of battle. They were ranged in a single line, and without a reserve. They advanced under cover of the smoke from their artillery, and the militia yielded to the charge of the bayonet, delivering a partial fire only. The enemy, pressing forward upon the second line, were suddenly checked by a sharp fire from the corps of Washington and Lee. To dislodge these was necessary to the British progress. Concentrating a sufficient force for this object, Cornwallis drove them slowly before them, suffering severely under their fire, and making his way only with the bayonet. The battle now began with double spirit. The Virginia militia met the tide of conflict manfully, undismayed by its torments, and the bad example of the North Carolinians. Their fire told with deadly effect upon the assailants, whom nothing saved but the flight of the first line of the Americans, and their own admirable discipline. The right wing of the Americans gradually yielded, but with ranks still unbroken. The British followed up their advantage with the bayonet, and the retreat of the wing, which still held together, became general throughout the line. Retreating to the third line, they took post on the right of the Marylanders. On the left, where the militia was supported by the corps of Lee and Campbell, the action still continued. The eye of Greene was cheered by the prospect, with all its disadvantages. By this time the whole of the British army, with the exception of its cavalry, had been brought into action. It had suffered to considerable degree, in all its divisions, from the American fire. The line was dismembered, some of its corps were scattered; and, with his third line

fresh, and as yet untouched, the American general had every reason to think that the victory was within his grasp. The veteran regiment of Gunby was the first to feel the British fire, as General Webster, with his division, flushed with the successes already won, advanced upon the third line of the Americans. Discipline met discipline. They were received by a steady blaze of fire, general and well-directed, under which they reeled, stunned and confounded, and before they could recover from the shock, the Americans were upon them with the bayonet. The rout was complete. Had the cavalry of Greene been present, or could he have ventured to push forward another regiment to follow up the blow, the conflict would have been finished in victory. But he dared not peril his line with such a hope, particularly as the battle was still raging on the left, and had assumed an aspect unfavourable to his fortunes. Stevens, who commanded the left wing of the Virginians, had been disabled; his militia, after a gallant struggle, had at length yielded to the push of the veteran bayonet, and, still delivering their fire from tree to tree, as they withdrew, were winding through the woods to the rear of the continentals. Their retreat left the column of Leslie free to hasten to the support of that of O'Hara, who was now hurrying to the assault upon the second regiment of Maryland. It was their shame and Greene's misfortune, that this latter body failed to follow the brilliant example just given them by that of Gunby, —failed in the moment of trial, and, breaking at the first rude collision with the enemy, scattered themselves in confusion through the field. Gunby's regiment again interposed to check the progress of the British. Wheeling to the left upon the advancing guards of the enemy, they compelled a renewal of the contest. Fierce and wild was the encounter. Gunby's horse shot down, Howard succeeded to the command. At the moment of greatest peril, when the strife was at its worst, Washington with his

cavalry dashed through the British ranks, smiting terribly on every side. The charge of the bayonet, led by Howard, rendered the shock irresistible, and Stuart, the commander of the guards, being slain, they sought safety in flight, suffering dreadfully under the close pursuit of Howard and Washington, who gave them no breathing moment to reunite their broken ranks. Cornwallis beheld the peril of the day. The field could be saved only by an expedient, at once bold and terrible. He did not scruple to use it. The ground was covered by his favourite but flying troops. The Americans were close upon their footsteps. All was about to be lost, when the stern but sagacious Briton commanded his artillery to open upon the mingling masses, though every bullet told equally upon friend and foe. "It is destroying ourselves," remonstrated O'Hara. "Very true," was the reply of Cornwallis, "but it is necessary that we should do so, to arrest impending destruction." The expedient was successful; the pursuing Americans paused from the work of death; but one half of the British battalion was cut to pieces by their own artillery. As the British rallied, Greene seized the opportunity to recall his troops, and retire from a field at once of defeat and victory. The laurel had been within his grasp more than once during the conflict. The premature flight of the first line, before their fire had well told upon their assailants—the unhappy panic of the second regiment of Maryland—had lost him the day. But for these events the victory was beyond all question. To Cornwallis, who had narrowly escaped captivity in the conflict, it was such a victory as that of Pyrrhus. It left him undone. The fruits of the battle of Guilford enured to the Americans. The remaining force of Cornwallis showed a diminution of one fourth of its strength, and its progress was encumbered by his numerous wounded. It soon became necessary that he should retreat from the barren field that he boasted to have won. Greene pressed upon his retreating footsteps. But

the flight of Cornwallis was too precipitate; and, after having contributed, by an eager pursuit, to precipitate his movements, Greene forbore the chase, and prepared to contemplate a new enemy and another field of action. He determined once more to penetrate the territories of South Carolina, and to attempt, in detail, the distraction of the several British posts, by which they held that state in subjection.

His appearance in Carolina—his approach to the British post at Camden—was not long concealed from the enemy whom he now sought. The departure of Cornwallis for Virginia left Lord Rawdon in command of the British forces in the extreme south. Rawdon was a bold, cool, and vigilant commander. He prepared for the enemy whom he had been taught to respect. Greene advanced to a position within half a mile of the British lines, but failed to beguile Rawdon from their shelter as was his object. Advices of approaching reinforcements to the latter, prompted the American general to withdraw from this position, after a demonstration sufficiently long to encourage his troops. He then, in a sudden movement, by a circuitous route, proceeded to throw himself across the path of the advancing reinforcements of the British. Satisfied, finally, to leave these to the interposing forces of Marion and Lee, Greene returned to the post at Hobkirk's Hill, which he had before taken, in proximity to the lines of Rawdon. It was while his troops, fatigued by a long and rapid march, and almost famished by twenty hours of abstinence, were preparing a hasty breakfast, that a fire from his vedettes, and a rapid roll of the drum announced the approach of the enemy. In a few moments all was in order for battle. The line occupied a long low ridge, the left wing resting upon an impassable swamp, the right in air, and stretching away into the forests. The field was one unbroken tract of wood. The high road to Camden ran through the centre of the encampment, dividing the

two wings and leaving a space for the artillery. The continentals were too few to form more than a single line of nine hundred men. The Virginians formed the right, led by Huger. The left, which included the veteran regiment of Gunby, and Ford's second Maryland, was committed to Williams. Harrison, with the artillery, held the centre, while the reserve, consisting of only two hundred and fifty militia, was posted with Washington's cavalry. The approach of Rawdon was well arrested by the picket guard, under Benson and Morgan, who disputed the ground inch by inch. Kirkwood, with the remnant of the noble regiment of Delaware, next encountered him with a sturdy spirit that could not be surpassed; but they could only delay and not arrest or baffle the superior forces that came against them. As Greene beheld the front of the British line, he was struck with its narrowness, and the keen eye of military genius at once seized upon the advantage which the fact suggested. To outflank the British was his prompt decision. "Let Campbell and Ford turn their flanks," was his cry—"the centre charge with the bayonet, and Washington take them in the rear." The battle opened from right to left in an instant; the American fire soon declared its superiority to that of the enemy. Right and left, the regiments of Ford and Campbell were gallantly pressing forward upon the British flanks; and all things promised well for victory, when the former fell by a mortal wound, and a momentary confusion followed in his ranks. It was at this critical moment that the regiment of Gunby, the favourite corps of the army—the only veterans which it had to boast, and to which all eyes turned for example—faltered in the advance, recoiled in panic, and, mistaking a precautionary order of their leader for an order to retreat, wheeled about and hurried in confusion to the rear. Their officers strove in vain for their recall. Panic, in war, is a loss of all the faculties. They were deaf and blind to all things but danger, and the impulse of

terror proved irresistible. Their retreat isolated the regiment of Ford. The pernicious example spread. The raw troops under Campbell had been playing well their parts until this disaster, but they soon fell into confusion. The second Virginia regiment still held their ground. Greene, heedless of all the risk, led them on in person, and periled himself as freely as a captain of grenadiers eager to pluck distinction from the bloody shrines of a first battle-field. But the day was irretrievable. It was in vain that he spurred his horse through the thick of conflict, and stood upon the loftiest places of the field, indifferent to its swarming bullets. His eyes opened only on disaster. To draw off the army, to cover the fugitives with the troops that still held together—to do all to lessen the aggregate of loss and mischief—was now the obvious policy. The artillery was about to be lost. Greene himself seized upon the drag-ropes. His example was irresistible. His men gathered about him; but they began to fall fast beneath the assaults of the enemy. Of forty-five that had rushed to his side, but fourteen remained. All would have been lost, but for the timely charge of Washington's cavalry. This charge arrested the pursuit. The day closed, and, returning like a wounded tiger to his jungle, Greene paused within two miles of the scene of conflict to draw together his shattered forces.

Deep was the mortification of the American general;—but he did not despair. He had his consolations. Two days after this event saw the garrison of Fort Watson yielded to Marion. That of Fort Motte soon shared the same fate, in spite of all the efforts of the British general. Orangeburg was yielded to Sumter, and Rawdon began to tremble lest he should be cut off from his communication with the coast. He evacuated Camden; thus acknowledging, that, though successful in a pitched battle, the necessary effect of the manœuvres of the American general had been to give him the superiority. And these results were the

fruits of a single month of activity. The strong post of Ninety-Six, or Cambridge, was still held by the British under Colonel Cruger. The garrison consisted of near six hundred men, more than half of whom were regulars. The rest were loyalists, practised warriors, men of deadly aim with the rifle, and most of whom fought with a halter round their necks. The post was one to be defended to the last, at every hazard. Greene's resources in the *personnel* and *materiel* of warfare, were equally deficient, but he was resolved to make the most of his possessions. He planted his standard before Ninety-Six, and began the leaguer. The defences were strong. They consisted of a redoubt consisting of sixteen salient and returning angles in the form of a star. It was surrounded by a dry ditch, frieze, and abatis. On the opposite side, at a distance of one hundred and eighty yards, a stockade fort, strengthened by two block-houses, stood upon a gentle eminence. This fort was separated from the town by a small valley. A stream which ran through the valley supplied the garrison with water. A covered way kept up the communication between the two places; and, as a defence on the right—the left being protected by the fort—an old jail had been converted into a citadel. The place thus strong, was still farther strengthened by the garrison, as the tidings reached them of Greene's approach. The whole force which the American general could bring against them did not much exceed a thousand men. His chief engineer was the famous Kosciuszko. The leaguers continued to advance. Day and night the labour was carried on. The skirmishes were incessant. The besieged made frequent sallies. The spirit of both parties continued to rise. A second parallel was at length completed—a mine had been begun—the enemy was summoned, and returned a defiance, and a third parallel was in progress. The British guns were silenced—their works were overawed—and the siege was drawing to a close. It had continued eighteen days.

The garrison was dispirited. Despairing of relief, Cruger must soon have yielded the post, when he received tidings of the approach of Lord Rawdon. Greene was already in possession of this knowledge. It was by means of a woman who had a lover in the British garrison, that Cruger received the tidings also. This strengthened his resolution; and nothing now was left to the American general but to attempt by assault, what he now could not hope to effect by the tedious process of the leaguer. Rawdon, eluding Marion and Sumter, was at hand with an overwhelming force. Not a day was to be lost. The assault was made on the 18th June, at noonday. Lee, with the legion, with a detachment of Kirkwood's Delawares, was charged with the attack of the right. His forlorn hope was led by Major Rudolph. Campbell, with his own regiment, the first Virginia, and a detachment of Marylanders, was to attempt the redoubt. Duval of Maryland, and Seldon of Virginia, commanded his forlorn hope. A constant fire from the forts and towers was to cover the assault, and sweep the parapet for the attacking parties. The party commanded by Lee, and led by Rudolph, soon succeeded in their object, and captured the fort. The attack on the redoubt was a far more serious matter. At the signal of battle, the batteries and rifle tower opened their fire, and the several parties rushed forward to the murderous struggle amid the smoke and thunder of artillery. Duval and Seldon, with their devoted bands, soon made their way into the ditch of the redoubt, and began to throw down the abatis. They were welcomed with a blaze of lightning on every side. Through every loophole and crevice did the fatal rifle pour forth its swift and certain death; and the very overthrow of the abatis, which went on steadily before their efforts, only the more exposed them to the deadly aim of the defenders. The battle raged fiercely, but not long, in this quarter. The ranks of the assailants were soon terribly thinned, as they

strove in the narrow pathway, hemmed in between two walls of fire, and met, whenever they strove at the walls above them, by a glittering array of pikes and bayonets. Duval and Seldon were both stricken, but not mortally. Armstrong had fallen dead at the head of his company. But the survivors struggled on. The curtain was won; and this was all. The conflict was too unequal to be continued. Greene dared no longer cripple his army, with an enemy's force, like that of Rawdon, so near at hand. His troops were withdrawn—his wounded, even, brought off under a galling fire—and the leaguer was abandoned. There was no good fortune to co-operate with the labours of the American general. Again was the victory plucked from his enjoyment when almost in his grasp.

He had not simply to forego his prize;—he had now to fly before the superior forces of his enemy. But Rawdon soon discontinued pursuit, and it was not long before he withdrew the garrison from Ninety-Six. The necessities of the British army rendered it necessary that they should concentrate in the neighbourhood of the seaboard. Greene wheeled about, at the first show of retreat on the part of Rawdon. The latter continued on his progress to Charleston. Orangeburg became the rendezvous of the British army. The Americans were encouraged by several small successes. A force of the enemy's cavalry were captured by Lee, within a mile of their camp. A large supply of British stores were cut off; the patriots were rapidly crowding to the ranks of the partisan commanders; and Greene once more pushed forward to try his fortunes in a pitched battle. He was now at the head of two thousand men; most of whom were militia indeed; but they were led by Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, under whose eyes they always knew how to fight. But the oppressive heat of a southern summer interfered to check the arm of war, and a brief respite from toil was found among the salubrious hills of Santee. Still, the light troops and the parti

san militia were occasionally busy. Pickens was employed to punish the Indians, whom he overcame in a manner new to their experience, by invading them in their fortresses by mounted riflemen. Sumter, Marion, and Lee had shaken their flags in the faces of the British garrison, at Charleston; and the spirit of American valour was never more lively and enterprising than when the army was lying quiet, during the dogdays, in the camp of repose. It was during this period that the British executed Colonel Hayne, in Charleston, as a spy. Greene threatened a terrible retaliation for this crime; and, but for the termination of the war, would have executed his resolve unsparingly. He writes to Marion—"It is not upon tory officers that I will retaliate, but upon the British." He felt the necessity—never so obvious as in time of war—of making himself feared by his enemy; if necessary, by the adoption of any practice of severity by which the wanton severities of the foe may be restrained. It was fortunate for humanity that fate interposed to arrest a warfare in which revenge was fast becoming a principle of common action.

On the 22d of August, the camp of Greene was broken up. He had grown impatient of repose. "It must be victory or ruin," was his language; and he crossed the Wateree to seek his enemy, who lay at the Eutaw Springs. But he had been disappointed of supplies and reinforcements. His resources were still very inferior. But something must be periled, and he moved forward with equal silence and celerity. Stewart, who commanded the British, lay at Eutaw in a pleasant security, never dreaming of a foe. On the night of the 7th of September, Greene slept beneath the green shadows of an olive oak, within seven miles of the British camp. The Americans were in motion at daybreak, the next morning. Stewart was thinking that morning of feeding, rather than fighting. His foraging parties, laden with sweet potatoes, which they

had been gathering in the contiguous plantations, were suddenly surprised at this agreeable occupation by the advance of the Americans. The British were awakened from a pleasant slumber, to prepare for a struggle which might conduct to one infinitely more profound. The position taken by Stewart was one of considerable strength. On his right was the Eutaw creek, which issued from a deep ravine, thickly fringed with brush and underwood. The only open ground was an old cornfield, through which the public road now ran. This was commanded by a strong brick house, two stories high, the garret-windows furnishing a third story, from which the sharp-shooters could wing their murderous missiles to advantage. A garden in the rear of the building, surrounded by a strong palisade, extended to the edge of the creek. A barn and sundry other outbuildings, furnished defensible places for temporary refuge and retreat. The country was well wooded all around. The British camp lay in the field, under cover of the house; and, in marching out for battle, such was the unexpectedness of that event, their tents were suffered to remain standing.

Stewart, with these advantages, naturally made a skilful disposition of his troops. His force was somewhat superior numerically to that of Greene. They had been trained by an admirable discipline, though a portion of them consisted of European recruits, who had never been in action. He drew them out, with a large confidence in their capacity to keep their ground, occupying the skirt of the woods in front of the camp, and fully covering the Charleston road. A detachment of infantry, with one fieldpiece, was pushed forward, about a mile in advance of his line, to skirmish with and retard the American approach. The army of Greene advanced in two columns, each containing the material of a line of battle. The first was composed of the militia of South and North Carolina, led by Marion, Pickens, and Malmedy. In the second, came the continentals,

—contingents chiefly from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. General Sumter commanded on the right; Colonel Campbell led the centre, composed of Virginians; and the left, consisting of Marylanders, was committed to Williams. Lee, with his legion, and Henderson, with the state troops, were charged with the protection of the flank. Washington, with his cavalry, and the *debris* of Kirkwood's command of Delawares, formed the reserve. The artillery, four pieces in all, was equally divided between the columns of attack, and moved with them.

About four miles from Eutaw, Lee and Henderson encountered a detachment of the British cavalry, who, mistaking the advance for a party of militia, only rushed upon their ruin in rushing to the attack. They were dispersed, leaving several dead, and forty prisoners to the Americans. Believing this to be the advance of the enemy, Greene proceeded to display his first column, moving slowly forward in order of battle. Lee and Henderson, supported by Williams, and the two pieces of artillery confided to his column, soon came in conflict with the British van, which was quickly driven in upon its main body, the American line pressing forward, and firing as it advanced, until halted by the presence of the enemy's whole array. Stewart, finding himself as yet opposed to militia only, was disposed to take the struggle coolly and with indifference. His men were ordered to keep their ranks and repel the assailants by their fire only,—which, from regulars, was supposed to be quite enough for the dispersion of mere militia. But these were not mere militia;—they were the partisans of Marion and Pickens; and, under such leaders, had a confidence in their strength and securities which made them quite as stubborn as veterans. Fire answered to fire, and Marion's men always made their mark. They held their ground unwavering. The legion infantry of Lee was engaged with the British sixty-third, on the right; while on the left, Henderson, with the state troops, was compelled to

endure a galling fire from a neighbouring thicket, where Majoribanks was posted with a battalion of light infantry. Never did militiamen do better duty than on this occasion. They yielded only to the whole weight of the British army, enforced by the forward movement of the bayonet, but not till they had delivered seventeen rounds a man. Their places were supplied by the troops under Sumner, composed of new levies also. Greene was holding back his regulars—the continentals of Williams and Howard—for the last grand effort. Sumner brought his men handsomely into action. The battle soon raged with renewed violence; and the British gave back, unable to withstand the galling severity of the American fire.

Stewart felt that every thing was at hazard. The second line of the Americans had only partially engaged in the action. Their cavalry and reserve were still fresh, while, with the exception of the reserve, the whole of the British army had been breathed by the battle. Without loss of time, bringing up his reserve, he condensed his line, and, posting his cavalry under Coffin, on the left, for its better protection from Washington's horse, he opposed a new and firmer front to the fierce fire of the Americans. The latter were now overbalanced by this accession to the British force. Henderson was wounded, and the centre yielded. At this sight the British pressed forward with a shout, deeming the field already won. This was the moment for Greene's unemployed battalion. "Let Williams and Campbell sweep the field with their bayonets," was the order which the two brigades hastened to obey. At the same moment, observing that the American right now extended beyond the enemy's left, Lee ordered Rudolph to turn their flank, and pour in a destructive fire. The air rang with opposing shot and shout. The brigade of Maryland rushed upon their foes without pulling trigger. The Virginians, less practised in action, returned the fire of the British, and their gallant leader, Campbell, received

his mortal wound at this pregnant moment. But the ardour of the Americans was unchecked by these misfortunes. Their bold assault and eager firing inspired a panic on the British left which soon extended to the centre. They shrunk, with the exception of the Buffs, from the searching thrust of the bayonet; and these opposed themselves to the rush of the Americans in vain. Pressing forward in a compact line upon the ranks already disordered by the bayonet, they delivered a sheet of fire which swept the opposing masses from the path. The rout promised to be complete. The British seemed to be dispersed. Their fugitives hurried off madly upon the Charleston road, carrying the news of their defeat to the metropolis, and filling their friends every where with terror. The Americans pressed the pursuit until they fell in with the British tents, as they had been left standing, and filled with such creature comforts, ready to their hands, as they had not for a long season been permitted to enjoy. The temptation was too great for discipline. Their ranks were broken. They crowded the tents, and in the conviction of a victory completely won, gave themselves up to the gratification of their appetites. The dainties and strong drink of their enemies achieved what their weapons and valour had not done; and the British general, peculiarly fortunate in the post which he had taken, and in his own and the coolness of certain of his chiefs and soldiers, prepared to take advantage of the disorder among his foes. The British camp was commanded by the brick house already described, into which Major Sheridan had thrown himself with a large body of the fugitives. He had gained this shelter with difficulty, some of the pursuing Americans having nearly succeeded in entering along with him. But the point once gained was a fortress, upon which the fugitives could still fall back, and find protection. Majoribanks, with his battalion, still held his ground in the close thicket, by which the Eutaw creek was covered. It was in vain that the

Americans struggled to dislodge him. Attempting to penetrate the dense forest fastness of *blackjack*, Washington spurred forward with his cavalry; but a destructive fire received his command, spread death and confusion among them, brought down all but two of his officers, and his own horse having been slain, he himself was made a prisoner. The Delawares advanced with the bayonet, and, supported by the remains of the cavalry led by Hampton, renewed the effort to dislodge this stubborn enemy. The attempt was made in vain. The position was too strong, and too firmly maintained. Majoribanks was at length enabled to fall back upon the house which Sheridan occupied, and to take a new position in the picketed garden in its rear. Coffin drew up his cavalry across the Charleston road; and, thus supported, Stewart once more proceeded in the effort to reform his line of battle.

Greene, meanwhile, pressing forward to complete his victory, brought up his artillery against the house. But the weight of metal was too small for his object, the pieces were brought unhappily too closely within the range of the building, and the artillerists were swept down before the incessant fire of its musketry. Seizing this moment to charge and trample down the Americans, who had so rashly scattered themselves among the British tents, Coffin with his cavalry from one side, and Majoribanks with his light troops from the other, hurried forward. Eggleston, with a portion of the legion cavalry, vainly opposed himself to this movement. Coffin pressed forward, and the half inebriate soldiers would have been massacred to a man, but for the timely arrival of Hampton, who had succeeded to the command of Washington's horse. He drove back the British cavalry, but the pursuit brought him within the range of the fire of Majoribanks, under which his troop was again broken and repulsed. As they retired to the woods, Majoribanks seized the moment to snatch the two pieces of American artillery from the field, where it had been

brought forward to batter the house. Dragging this trophy off in triumph, he was not diverted from the more substantial service of scattering and destroying the Americans, who still lingered among the tents. Under these auspices, the British line was formed anew, and put in order of battle. Greene rallied his forces in the wood. The battle was not renewed. It was only not a victory. The advantages all lay with the Americans. In a few hours, the British decamped for Charleston. Seventy of their wounded were left to the care of Greene, who made five hundred prisoners. Stewart destroyed his stores, his surplus materiel of all kinds, and succeeded, though at great cost of life, in eluding the pursuit of Marion and Lee, who hung upon his rear, and harassed his retreat. Greene's losses were severe. The battle had been fought in one of the hottest days in September, and his weary and wounded soldiers, thirsting for water, plunged headlong into a neighbouring pond which was soon turbid with their blood.

At no time adequately supplied with men and munitions, Greene found himself at this moment much more feeble than ever. Weary marches, inferior food, want of water, continued and arduous service, a sickly climate, with the intense heat of the season, rendered repose absolutely essential to safety. He could achieve nothing, could attempt nothing. Reinforcements from Virginia and Maryland were cut off, in consequence of the call for troops in those states, rendered pressingly necessary by the presence of Cornwallis. The months of September and October wore away slowly without bringing help or encouragement. The British army, more than two thousand in number, posted near Nelson's Ferry, were plundering the country through their light armed troops. Against these, the American general could only operate through the partisan generals, whose troops generally lessened in number, as the militiamen were required to superintend the gathering of their harvests. To tend the fields and fight the

enemy was the twofold duty of a class of troops, whom it has been the too frequent habit to disparage.

On the 9th November, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and this event brought reinforcements to the army of the south. Greene instantly proceeded to put his troops in motion. They had lost no heart by their sufferings—had learned, on the contrary, to feel their strength, and to estimate, without exaggeration, that of the invader. The latter had suffered in *morale*, after the affair of the Eutaws. Their cavalry no longer waited for that of the Americans; and, though still inferior in numbers to the British force, Greene determined to attempt his post at Dorchester by surprise. His approach was communicated to its commander in season to enable him to draw in his detachments, destroy his stores, and retreat to Charleston. By a corresponding movement, Stewart fell back from Goose creek, upon the same point. The manœuvres, by which these results were produced, would require details which our space will not allow. Enough that Washington, speaking of Greene, remarks of them as affording "another proof of the singular abilities which that officer possesses." The Americans were gradually contracting the limits of their enemies. The *cordon militaire* grew daily more and more rigid. Marion and Lee guarded the district lying between the rivers Cooper and Ashley, the communication being kept open by Hampton of the state cavalry; and the activity of these commands soon cooped up the British within the immediate precincts of Charleston and its tributary islands along the sea. Within these limits, looking daily for assault, they proceeded to arm the negroes—a desperate measure which declared equally their feebleness and fears.

Greene, unhappily, was not prepared to attempt either assault or siege. The leaguer of a walled city was beyond his numbers and artillery. He had neither tents, nor ammunition, nor axes, nor kettles, nor canteens, except in

such small quantity as better to display his deficiencies than his possessions. Meanwhile advices reached him of a British fleet from Ireland with three thousand troops on board, within two days' sail of Charleston. Reinforcements were also reported to be on their way from New York. These were alarming tidings. Fortunately, they were grossly exaggerated. Sixty artillerists from Ireland, a couple of regiments, and a hundred and fifty dismounted dragoons from New York, was the total of the increase of British force in Charleston. But the anxiety of Greene, while in the belief that the report was true, kept him in constant activity and exercise. Supplies, which had been promised months before, had failed to come; troops under St. Clair and Wayne, which, a year before, had been ordered to his assistance, had not yet shown themselves; and the prospect that presented itself to the American commander in the south, was that of the loss of all that he had gained, and a second painful retreat such as he had been compelled to make when Cornwallis pursued him to the Dan. But though mortified, doubtful, and apprehensive, Greene had lost no nerve in considering his melancholy prospects. His soul was rather strengthened than subdued by what he saw before him. His resolution, deliberately taken, was "to fight, and fight hard, too, so that, if beaten, the wounds of his enemy should at least prevent his pursuit."

The more agreeable news, which showed the exaggeration of former tidings, encouraged the American general to newer enterprises. To complete the recovery of the country around Charleston, nothing remained but to drive the enemy from the position which they held upon John's Island. To Lee and Laurens it was entrusted to effect this object, by an attack conducted in the night. But the attempt was only partially successful. One of the columns lost its way. But the scare was enough. Apprized of the attempt, and anticipating its renewal, the British post was

withdrawn to the city. With the exception of Charleston, the whole of South Carolina was once more in possession of its people. The campaign of 1781 closed, leaving it so. The assembly of the state was called together, at the opening of 1782, at the little village of Jacksonborough, on the Edisto, and within striking distance of the British. In the assembly, the governor paid a high compliment to the "great and gallant General Greene—his wisdom, prudence, address and bravery"—to which the assembly with one voice responded. The senate voted him an address of thanks for "the distinguished zeal and generalship which he had displayed on every occasion"—and the house of representatives rendered the acknowledgment more memorable and emphatic, by vesting in him "ten thousand guineas." These compliments and this appropriation were of grateful and large importance to his feelings and his interests. He had been bitterly reviled by slanderous tongues, and his private resources were exhausted.

The improved prospect of the war did not lead to any relaxation of the vigilance of the American general. He projected a night attack upon Charleston, by floating down the Ashley; but the scheme was reluctantly abandoned as impracticable. The winter wore away in quiet, broken only by the occasional appearance of small parties from the city, who seldom lingered to be embraced. Towards the opening of spring, there was bustle in the enemy's lines denoting movement. Little did Greene anticipate their present schemes, or the hopes upon which they were grounded. They were fortunately discovered in season. Failing to conquer in the field, the British had resorted to a similar agency with that which was to have given West Point to their keeping. There was discontent in the American camp of which they availed themselves. The Pennsylvania line, which was already notorious for revolt, had joined the army, and the ancient spirit revived in a new form. Some of the old mutineers were ready to sell the

army and their commander to the British general. The day was appointed, the snares laid, and the British troops were set in motion agreeable to the plan of action. But the fidelity of a woman defeated the treacherous scheme. Gornell, a serjeant, was hung as the principal traitor, while four others were sent in chains into the interior, and there kept safe from farther mischief. Twelve other conspirators deserted to the enemy the night of Gornell's arrest.

This bold conspiracy, thus crushed in the moment of performance, put the finishing blow to the hopes of the British. As Greene drew nearer to the metropolis, General Leslie, commanding in Charleston, proffered a cessation of hostilities, in view of an approaching peace; but, though unable to decide upon a proposition which wholly lay with Congress, Greene saw that the war was virtually at an end. The summer was passed in inactivity, but with no relaxation of vigilance. In July, the camp of the Americans was within sixteen miles of Charleston. The garrison grew straitened for provisions, and the attempts to supply them resulted in a skirmish in which the gallant Laurens, the Bayard of the American army, was killed. This was the closing event in the bloody struggle. The evacuation of Charleston followed, of which place Greene took possession on the 14th December, making a triumphant entry, under a mixed civil and military escort, and with the governor by his side. The war was over. The southern army was dissolved, though not before some unpleasant controversies had arisen between the civil and the military arm within the state of South Carolina, in which Greene took the part of the soldiery, but without losing the affections of the people. The last days of his public career were consumed in cares and anxieties. Imprudently, he became security for an army contractor, which involved him in pecuniary loss and difficulty, by which the closing hours of his life were embittered. Yielding his command, he returned to Newport, where he first began to discover

alarming symptoms of suffering and debility. His private affairs called him to Charleston. Banks, the man by whose obligations he had been ruined, and whom it was important he should see, fled at his approach. Greene pursued him on horseback for more than four hundred miles, over routes which he had frequently traversed at the head of his army. He overtook the fugitive only to see him die. The miserable man had fled from the city with a mortal fever in his veins. He had fled from his creditor to find security in death. The event was fatal to Greene's fortunes. He was forced to sacrifice his estates in Carolina for half their value. His friends counselled an appeal to Congress which he offered in a memorial entreating indemnity in case of final loss. It does not appear that the application was successful.

Meanwhile, he removed to Georgia, establishing himself on a plantation, at Mulberry Grove, on the Savannah. He had scarcely done so, when he was challenged by Captain Gunn, of the army, who deemed himself wronged by a decision, in regard to the taking and capture of a horse, which Greene had made, while his superior officer. Greene declined the meeting, refusing to sanction, by his example, a proceeding which would be fatal to all discipline and all subordination among the several grades of an army. He consulted the opinion of Washington, who justified his course.

The peace and repose afforded by plantation life, so different from the turmoil and strife of the preceding eight years, were productive of the happiest effects upon the mind of Greene. He possessed a lively sympathy with the aspects of the natural world,—rejoiced in the songs of birds, and the sight of flowers,—the peace and glory of the woods, and the growth of plants and fruits. An unhappy exposure to the intense fervor of a southern sun, shooting its piercing arrows amid the humid atmosphere which overhangs the fertile but rank and unwholesome limits of

the rice region, put a fatal termination to this brief period of enjoyment and repose. He sank under the pestilential influence, on the 19th June, 1786, in spite of the most assiduous care, and the best ability of his medical attendants. The melancholy event called forth the lamentations of the country. The people of Georgia and Carolina assisted at his burial with the profoundest demonstrations of respect and grief. He was in the prime of manhood,—but forty-four years of age,—when he was thus suddenly snatched from his country and friends. His reputation, great at the time, has since been constantly on the rise. His moral character and genius were not unlike those of Washington. He was a man of method, industry, of calm, equable temper,—capable of bearing reverses without complaint, and of enjoying victory without exultation. He was a wise man, who could think in advance of the exigency, and thus provide against it;—a brave man, who could not be forced to fight, except when he thought proper;—a good man, against whom no reproaches survive;—a great man, who served his country with success and fidelity, and has not yet received his proper acknowledgment at her hands.

ANTHONY WAYNE.

Anthony Wayne was born on the 1st of January, 1745, in the township of Easttown, Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania. His father, Isaac Wayne, was a native of Ireland—a country whose sons and their descendants have contributed largely to the prosperity and honour of America. It is said that his early thoughts were tinged with a military feeling; and his exclusive devotion while at school to mathematical science, and afterwards to engineering, was the result of his desire, at some future day, to adopt the army as his profession.

The occupation of Mr. Wayne, from the time of his marriage, in 1767, to the year 1774, was that of a farmer, and land-surveyor, in his native county. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, of 1774–5; and in the summer of 1775, was a member of the Committee of Public Safety. The approaching contest revived the strong inclination of his earlier years; and he began a course of military study, the aid of which he was soon called upon to bring to the service of his country. Having resigned his seat in the legislature, he raised, in September, 1775, a regiment of volunteers; and on the 3d of January, 1776, received from Congress the commission of colonel of one of the regiments to be raised for Pennsylvania. His popularity enabled him speedily to raise his regiment, and at the opening of the campaign of 1776, he was ordered with it to New York, and from thence to Canada. Under the command of the unfortunate General Sullivan, his regiment joined the expedition to

Canada which was defeated at Three Rivers. Great distinction was the result of Colonel Wayne's good conduct on this occasion, and he received a wound in the course of his successful efforts to effect the retreat of the troops, who were, after the evacuation of Canada, concentrated at Ticonderoga, the care of which was committed to him by Gen. Schuyler. On the 21st of February, 1777, Congress appointed Colonel Wayne a brigadier-general, and in May of that year joined the army of Washington, in New Jersey, where in a short time his brigade exhibited the discipline and energy which so eminently, on future occasions, distinguished the Pennsylvania Line. The public testimonial of the commander-in-chief to "the large share of bravery and good conduct" of General Wayne, in driving the enemy from the state of New Jersey, was followed by his official report to Congress, in June, 1777, in which he repeated his approbation. The British army having left New York, and their destination having been ascertained, General Washington directed General Wayne to proceed to Chester, in Pennsylvania, to organize the militia force which were ordered to assemble there, while the commander-in-chief, with the whole army, proceeded to the neighbourhood of the Brandywine, where an action was fought on the 11th of September, 1777, in which,—though the day was against America—the valour of many of the corps of her soldiers sustained her honour. The most conspicuous were the brigades of Wayne and Weedon, the third Virginia regiment commanded by Colonel Marshall, and the artillery commanded by Colonel Proctor of Pennsylvania. Though defeated, and inferior in numbers, the American army was not disheartened or broken, but advanced, on the 16th of September, to give the enemy battle near the Warren tavern on the Lancaster road; and the action was actually begun by General Wayne,

who led the advance, with great resolution, when a sudden and violent tempest, and a drenching rain, rendered it impossible for either army to maintain the contest, and they separated. The main body of the American army having retired up the Schuylkill, the division of General Wayne was directed by General Washington to move forward on the enemy, and if possible to cut off their baggage. He took a well-selected position, about a mile to the south of the Warren tavern; but the neighbourhood being inhabited by many traitors, his arrangements became known to the British, who marched to attack him on the night of the 20th September, and reached his encampment, through by-roads under the guidance of persons familiar with the country. About eleven o'clock at night, Major-General Gray assaulted the pickets, and drove them in at the point of the bayonet, and thus gave intimation of his near approach. The division, however, was quickly formed by its general, who was not unprepared for the occurrence; and while its right gallantly sustained a fierce attack, a retreat was directed by the left, and the whole were again formed not far from the ground, on which the action commenced. Very different accounts of this affair are given by the American and English writers;—the remarks made in the army on the subject of it induced General Wayne to demand a court of inquiry, which, after a careful investigation, were unanimously of opinion, "that he had done every thing to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer," and "acquitted him with the highest honour."

Philadelphia having fallen into the possession of General Howe, who encamped a considerable portion of his army at Germantown, the vigilance of the American commander-in-chief enabled him to ascertain that three of the enemy's regiments were detached to keep open the land communication with Chester, until the forts on Mud Island and Billingsport could be reduced, and the navigation

opened to the British fleet to move up the Delaware to the city, and that four other regiments were there stationed to do garrison duty, the idea of falling upon, and destroying the camp at Germantown quickly suggested itself to his energetic mind. A careful reconnoitring of the enemy's position having been made, Washington moved to the attack on the 3d of October, 1777, at seven o'clock in the evening. The force employed was divided into two columns, of which Wayne's and Sullivan's divisions, and Conway's brigade formed the right, and took the Chestnut Hill road, Stirling's division following in reserve. Greene's and Stephen's divisions, with M'Dougall's brigade, and about fourteen hundred Maryland and New Jersey militia, formed the column of the left, and moved along the Old York and Limekiln roads; while a division of Pennsylvania militia, under Armstrong, proceeded by the Ridge road. The plan of attack assigned the left flank of the enemy's right wing to the troops under Wayne, Sullivan, and Conway; those under Greene, Stephen, and M'Dougall, were to fall upon its right flank, while Armstrong was to assail the western portion of the British camp.

Bravely and effectually was the duty committed to Wayne performed. The picket at Mount Airy was fiercely charged upon, and though reinforced by the fortieth regiment, and a battalion of light infantry, the position was carried, and the enemy driven more than two miles, and into the village of Germantown. No better account of his share of the engagement can be furnished than is given in his own letter, written on the 6th of October, describing the battle.

"*Camp, near Pawling's Mills, October 6th*, 1777.

"On the 4th instant, at the dawn of day, we attacked General Howe's army at the upper end of Germantown; the action soon became general, when we advanced on the enemy with charged bayonets; they broke at first, without waiting to receive us, but soon formed again,

when a heavy and well-directed fire took place on each side. The enemy gave way, but being supported by the grenadiers retured to the charge. General Sullivan's division and Conway's brigade were at this time engaged to the south of Germantown, whilst my division had the right wing of the enemy's army to encounter, on the north of the town; two-thirds of our army being too far to the north to afford us any assistance. However, the unparalleled bravery of our troops surmounted every difficulty, and obliged the enemy to break and run in the utmost confusion. Our people, remembering the action of the night of the 20th of September, pushed on with their bayonets, and took ample vengeance for that night's work. Our officers exerted themselves to save many of the poor wretches who were crying for mercy, but to little purpose; the rage and fury of the soldiers were not to be restrained for some time—at least, not until great numbers of the enemy fell by their bayonets. The fog, together with the smoke occasioned by our cannon and musketry, made it almost as dark as night, and our people, mistaking each other for the enemy, frequently exchanged shots before they discovered their error. We had now pushed the enemy near three miles, and were in possession of their whole encampment, when a large body of troops were discovered advancing on our left flank, which being taken for the enemy, our men fell back, in defiance of every exertion of the officers to the contrary, and after retreating about two miles, they were discovered to be our own people, who were originally intended to attack the right wing of the enemy. The fog and this mistake prevented us from following a victory that in all human probability would have put an end to the American war. General Howe for some time could not persuade himself that we had run away from victory, but the fog clearing off, he ventured to follow us with a large body of his infantry, grenadiers, and light horse. At this time being in the rear, with

the view of collecting the stragglers of our retreating army, and finding the enemy determined to push us hard, drew up in order of battle and awaited their approach. When they advanced sufficiently near, we gave them a few cannon shot. Not being pleased with this reception, our pursuers broke and retired—thus ended the action of that day, which continued from daylight until near 10 o'clock. I had forgot to mention that my roan horse was killed under me, within a few yards of the enemy's front, and my left foot a little bruised by a spent ball, but not so much so as to prevent me from walking. My poor horse received one musket ball in the breast and one in the flank, at the same instant that I had a slight touch on my left hand, which is scarcely worth noticing.

"Upon the whole it was a glorious day. Our men are in high spirits, and I am confident we shall give them a total defeat the next action, which is at no great distance.

"My best love and wishes to all friends.

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

It is not one of the objects of the present sketch to discuss the causes which turned the tide of victory, and rendered a retreat necessary;—they were various, and confusion and difficulty is encountered in estimating them. But, it was the good fortune of General Wayne to cover the retreat, and to save a portion of the greatly fatigued troops from capture by the enemy. The fire of a battery established by him, on a rising ground, near Whitemarsh church, was so effective, that it obliged the pursuing troops to retire, and give up further pursuit.

The privations and misery endured by the American army, during the winter of 1777, at Valley Forge, can hardly at this distant time be realized. It was exposed to dissolution from almost actual starvation; and a large portion of it was unable to do duty, being so nearly naked as to be obliged to keep in the huts, which were constructed

as protection against the severity of the weather. The commissariat alone was unable to afford relief to such a state of destitution, and recourse was had by the commander-in-chief to military forage over an extent of country surrounding his position. As this could not last, however, it became necessary to obtain supplies from a greater distance, and to combine with the operation that of preventing the enemy from converting to his own use the subsistence so much wanted by the continental army. General Wayne was assigned to this duty, which was commenced about the middle of February, in very severe weather, and carried into complete effect, in the district of country extending from Bordentown to Salem, in New Jersey, then within the lines of the enemy. Some hundreds of fat cattle, many excellent horses for the cavalry, and a great quantity of forage, were the fruits of this most opportune expedition, which returned to camp in less than a month; not, however, without some serious encounters with the enemy, in which the bravery of "the line," at a distance from any support from the main army, well seconded the energetic and rapid dispositions of its general. The relief afforded to the suffering at camp was of the most important character.

General Howe, after spending the winter of 1777–8 in Philadelphia, in a state of extraordinary inactivity, resigned the command of the British army, and was succeeded by Sir Henry Clinton, who arrived there early in June, 1778, and, in obedience to a positive order, immediately began to evacuate the city. For some time doubts were entertained as to the course of the enemy's retreat; but, so soon as it was ascertained that it was through New Jersey, to reach New York, the American army was put in motion, and, having crossed the Delaware at Coryell's ferry, moved on towards Cranberry in pursuit of him. Morgan's corps, and detachments under Generals Maxwell, Scott, and Cadwalader, were pushed forward to harass the

rear of the retreating force. On the 17th June, a council of war was held, and, of the seventeen general officers present, Wayne and Cadwalader alone were for battle, to which opinion Lafayette inclined. The council was again convened on the 24th June, but their opinion was not substantially different from that given on the 17th. Wayne, however,—Cadwalader being absent,—dissented, and retained his first opinion.

On the 25th June, it was ascertained that Clinton had taken the Monmouth road to New York, and Washington, whose anxious inclination to engage the enemy derived support from the opinion of Wayne, resolved to do so on his own responsibility. To carry his views into effect, General Wayne was directed to join the detachments already made; and the whole force, thus increased to four thousand men, becoming a major-general's command, was placed under the orders of Lafayette, with directions "to lose no favourable opportunity of attacking the enemy's rear." Proceeding at once to execute the orders, Lafayette, on the 26th June, took a position on the Monmouth road, in the rear of the British camp, from which he was distant about five miles; but, as the main body of the American army was not yet sufficiently advanced to support him, his corps moved back to Englishtown, on the 27th, and Lee's division formed a junction with it, the command of the whole devolving on him, as the senior major-general. The British army began to move, about daybreak, on the 28th, and Lee was ordered by Washington to advance, and fall upon its rear, "unless prevented by powerful reasons;" and assurance was given him that he would be supported by the main body of the army. The error of Lee, in supposing that the British rear guard was but about two thousand men, led him to order Wayne to advance upon them, with seven hundred men, and two pieces of artillery, while he endeavoured to gain their front, and cut them off from the main army. His decep-

tion was only removed by his personal reconnoissance of the enemy's force, which revealed to him the fact that he was advancing upon, and was within striking distance of their main body. Sir Henry Clinton had ascertained that there was an increasing force hanging on his rear, and, fearful that an attack might be made upon the baggage and provision train, reversed the order of march which he had heretofore observed, and, having sent Knyphausen to the front with them, collected the flower of his army in the rear. His object was soon developed,—upon the advance of Lee from the heights of Freehold, Clinton suddenly turned upon him, intending to crush him before he could be supported by Washington. A severe action was the result of the movement, which was repulsed by the steadiness and good conduct of the troops of Wayne, who, being unsupported, were obliged to fall back upon the rest of Lee's corps, then, by that officer's order, in full retreat. Difficulty was experienced in joining them, when the arrival of the commander-in-chief, with reinforcements, changed the face of affairs, and extricated Lee. A severe action immediately took place between the two armies, which ended in the discomfiture and retreat of the British. The best concise account we have seen of the part General Wayne bore in it, is in the following characteristic letter.

Spottswood, July 1st, 1847.

"On Sunday, the 28th of June, our flying army came in view of the enemy, about eight o'clock in the morning, when I was ordered to advance and attack them with a few men, the remainder of the corps, under General Lee, was to have supported me; we accordingly advanced, and received a charge from the British horse and infantry, which was soon repulsed. Our general, however, thought proper to order a retreat, in place of advancing, without firing a single shot, the enemy following in force, which rendered it very difficult for the small force I had to gain the

main body, being hard pushed and frequently nearly surrounded. After falling back almost a mile, we met his excellency, who, surprised at our retreat, knowing that officers as well as men were in high spirits, and wished for nothing more than to be faced about and meet the British fire, accordingly ordered me to keep post where he met us, having a body of troops with two pieces of artillery then under my command, and to keep the enemy in play until he had an opportunity of forming the main army and restoring order.

"We had just taken post, when the enemy began their attack, with horse, foot, and artillery; the fire of their united force obliged us, after a severe conflict, to give way; after which a most severe cannonade, accompanied by small arms, was opened by our left wing on the enemy, which gave them an effectual check. During the interval, which this occasioned, every possible exertion was made use of by his excellency and the other generals to spirit up the troops, and prepare them for another trial.

"The enemy began to advance again in a heavy column, with the view of turning our left flank, but in this they failed. They then made a similar effort on our right, and, whilst our artillery was handsomely playing on them, I advanced with a strong body of troops,—we met the enemy,—the contest was exceedingly warm and well maintained on each side for a considerable time; at length victory declared for us; British courage failed, and was forced to give way to American valour.

"After retreating some considerable distance, the enemy took a strong position. General Washington, although many of our men were falling with thirst, heat, and fatigue, resolved to renew the action, and made his disposition for that purpose, but night prevented their final execution.

"We encamped on the field of battle, with a view of recommencing the action in the morning; but Sir Henry deemed it prudent to evade this, by retreating in the dead

of night; after having interred many of his killed, yet leaving us to bury some of his distinguished officers, and two hundred and forty-five of his soldiers, besides taking charge of a great number of his wounded. Our loss in this affair consists of a few gallant officers killed and wounded, and many brave soldiers in a similar state.

"Every general and other officer (one excepted) did every thing that could be expected on this great occasion, but Pennsylvania showed the road to victory.

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

Great credit and honour was accorded to General Wayne for his conduct on the occasion, by the country and the army; and the commander-in-chief in his official report to Congress, said, "The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear to mention Brigadier-General Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery throughout the action deserves particular commendation."

We approach the most brilliant incident of the "hot, bloody trial" of the revolution—the storming of Stony Point. It was an enterprise peculiarly suited to "Pennsylvania's General," and the manner of its execution and success do credit to the selection made by the commander-in-chief for the service. Stony Point was a strong post on the Hudson, which commanded King's Ferry, the usual communication between the Eastern and Middle States, and was of great importance to the enemy should they desire to strike at the posts on the Highlands. It was strongly fortified, was protected by the river on two sides, by a deep morass on a third, which the tide overflowed, two rows of *abatis* surrounded the hill, and breastworks and artillery rendered the summit, in the opinion of its defenders, impregnable. The garrison consisted of six

hundred infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston.

On the 15th July, 1779, the troops were put in motion at Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles from the post to be attacked, and arrived near it at eight o'clock in the evening. They were formed into two columns as they came up. Febiger's and Meigs' regiments and Hull's detachment formed the right column, and the left consisted of Butler's regiment, and Major Murfree's two companies. The van of the right column was composed of one hundred and fifty volunteers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury; that of the left of one hundred volunteers, under the command of Major Stewart—they were preceded by two forlorn hopes of twenty men each, led by Lieutenant Gibbon of the sixth, and Lieutenant Knox of the ninth Pennsylvania regiments. The assault was to have taken place at midnight, on each flank of the works, but the nature of the ground retarded the approaches until twenty minutes after twelve o'clock, when it began. The advanced parties rushed forward with fixed bayonets and unloaded arms; and the general, placing himself at the head of Febiger's regiment, gave the troops the most pointed orders to place their whole reliance on the bayonet; and he was literally and faithfully obeyed. "Neither the deep morass, the formidable and double rows of *abatis*, nor the high and strong works in front, could damp the ardour of the troops, who, under a most tremendous fire of shells, grape, and musketry, forced their way with such unity of movement, that both columns met in the centre of the works at the same instant." Such was the celerity of the attack, that the assailants lost but about one hundred men killed and wounded, though the forlorn hope of Lieutenant Gibbon had seventeen men killed and wounded of the twenty of which it consisted. In this attack, the general received a wound in the head, not serious in its consequences, but which caused him to fall at the moment—

determined, if it were mortal, to die in the fort, he continued at the head of the column, supported by his aids, Captain Fishbourne and Mr. Archer, and entered the works with the troops.

The public and private demonstrations of the sense entertained of this most distinguished achievement, by the nation and illustrious individuals, were numerous and gratifying to the sensibility of one so high minded as General Wayne. The unanimous resolve of Congress, "presenting thanks to General Wayne for his brave, prudent, and soldierlike conduct, in the well-conducted attack on Stony Point," was followed by that of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, who resolved, unanimously, "that the thanks of this House be given to General Wayne, and the officers and soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, for the courage and conduct displayed by them in the attack on Stony Point, and the honour they have reflected on the state to which they belong," &c. The congratulatory letters received from the general officers of the army, and his friends in civil life, were warm and laudatory—not the least so was that of General Charles Lee, of whom, only six months before, General Wayne had demanded satisfaction for the severe strictures he had made on his testimony before the court-martial which followed the battle of Monmouth.

Bergen Neck, in New Jersey, between the Hudson and the Hackensac, had been selected by the refugees as the place for an establishment from which an organized banditti could at all times lay the surrounding country under contribution. They had constructed a very strong blockhouse, well furnished with the means of defence, and a numerous garrison, whence they issued to steal cattle, and plunder the inhabitants. The necessity of breaking up such a dangerous horde was imperious; and, on the 20th of July, 1780, General Wayne was detached, with a competent force, to effect the object. His

own report of the affair exhibits the result so well, that it is inserted entire.

"*Totoway, 22d July*, 1780.

"DEAR GENERAL,—In pursuance of the plan which your excellency was pleased to approve, the first and second Pennsylvania brigades, with four pieces of artillery, took up the line of march the 20th, at three o'clock, P. M., and arrived a little in rear of New Bridge at nine in the evening. We moved again at one in the morning, in order to occupy the ground in the vicinity of Fort Lee, and the landing opposite King's Bridge, by the dawn of day, agreeably to the enclosed order. We advanced towards Bull's Ferry, General Irvine, with part of his brigade, along the summit of the mountain, and the first brigade, under Colonel Humpton, with the artillery and Colonel Moylan's horse, on the open road. About ten o'clock the first brigade reached that place. Colonel Moylan, with the horse and a detachment of infantry, remained at the forks of the road leading to Bergen and Powle's Hook, to receive the enemy if they attempted any thing from that quarter. On reconnoitring the enemy's post at Bull's Ferry, we found it to consist of a blockhouse, surrounded by an abatis and stockade to the perpendicular rocks next North river, with a kind of ditch or parapet serving as a covered way. By this time we could discover a move of troops on York Island, which circumstance began to open a prospect of our plan taking the wished effect. General Irvine was therefore directed to halt in a position from which he could move to any point where the enemy should attempt to land, either in the vicinity of this post or Fort Lee, where the sixth and seventh Pennsylvania regiments were previously concealed, with orders to meet the enemy, and, after landing, with the point of the bayonet to dispute the pass in the gorge of the mountain, at every expense of blood, until supported by General Irvine and

the remainder of the troops. The first regiment was posted in a hollow way on the north of the blockhouse, and the tenth in a hollow on the south, with orders to keep up an incessant fire into the portholes, to favour the advance of the artillery covered by the second regiment. When the four field pieces belonging to Colonel Proctor's regiment arrived at the medium distance of sixty yards, they commenced a fire which continued without intermission from eleven until quarter after twelve, at which time we received expresses from Closter, that the enemy were embarking their troops at Phillips', and falling down the river. We also saw many vessels and boats, full of troops, moving up from New York, which made it necessary to relinquish the lesser;—i. e. drawing the enemy over towards the posts already mentioned, and deciding the fortune of the day in the defiles, through which they must pass before they could gain possession of the strong ground.

"In the mean time, we found that our artillery had made but little impression, although well and gallantly served, not being of sufficient weight of metal to traverse the logs of the blockhouse. As soon as the troops understood that they were to be drawn off, such was the enthusiastic bravery of all officers and men, that the first regiment, no longer capable of restraint, rather than leave a fort in their rear, rushed with impetuosity over the abatis, and advanced to the palisades, from which they were with difficulty withdrawn, although they had no means of forcing an entry: the contagion spread to the second, and by great efforts of the officers of both regiments, they were at length restrained, not without the loss of some gallant officers wounded, and some brave men killed. Happy it was that the ground would not admit of a further advance of the tenth, and that the situation of General Irvine's brigade prevented them from experiencing a loss proportionate to those immediately at the point of action, as the same gallant spirit pervaded the whole, which would have been

the means of frustrating our main object by encumbering us with wounded. The artillery was immediately drawn off and forwarded towards the wished-for point of action; the killed and wounded were all moved on, excepting three that lay dead under the stockades. During this period Colonel Moylan's dragoons drove off the cattle and horses from Bergen, whilst a detachment of the infantry destroyed the sloops and wood boats at the landing, in which were taken a captain with a few sailors; some others were killed in attempting to escape by swimming. Having thus effected part of our plan, we pushed forward to oppose the troops from Voluntine's hill, where we expected to land at the nearest point to New Bridge, which, if effected, we were determined either to drive back the enemy, or cut our way through them; but in the doing of either were disappointed. The enemy thought proper to remain in a less dangerous situation than that of the Jersey shore. We therefore passed on to New Bridge, and by easy degrees we have returned to this place.

"Enclosed are copies of the orders of the 20th, together with a return of the killed and wounded, sixty-four in number, among whom are Lieutenants Crawford and Hammond of the first, and Lieutenant De Hart of the second; the latter mortally wounded.

"I cannot attempt to discriminate between officers, regiments and corps, who with equal opportunity would have acted with equal bravery. Should my conduct and that of the troops under my command meet your excellency's approbation, it will much alleviate the pain I experience in not being able to carry the whole of our plan into execution, which, from appearance, could only have been prevented by the *most malicious* fortune.

"I have the honour to be your excellency's most obedient servant,

"ANTHONY WAYNE.

"*His Excellency, General Washington.*"

An important event, in the history of the army and the country, whose safety was in great danger, is next in order. The revolt of the "Pennsylvania line" was the result of a want of attention, on the part of the government, to the duties of punctuality and justice, and a disregard of complaints well founded, and eventually redressed. A braver or more faithful body of men than the troops of Pennsylvania never existed. They had always, when present, to use the words of their general, "led the way to victory;" but human nature could not withstand the complicated distresses, by which they were oppressed. The ready and resolute quellers of the mutiny of the Connecticut line, desperation drove them to become mutineers themselves. They were stationed at Morristown, New Jersey, where, on the night of the 1st of January, 1781, the first symptoms of departure from duty were shown, which soon spread throughout the line, and set all control at defiance. With the exception of three regiments, the whole turned out under arms, under the charge of the noncommissioned officers. The commissioned officers endeavoured to repress the disorder, and to force the men to their duty, and several were wounded, and one, Captain Bitting, was killed in the attempt. The influence of Wayne over them seemed to have given way before the misery they endured, and his exertions to bring them to terms were without success. A body of them, amounting to thirteen hundred, marched away from Morristown to Princeton, taking with them their arms and six fieldpieces. Their conduct, however, was regular and peaceable—they committed no destruction of property, and they professed to be true to their country, and to have no object in view, but that of obtaining a redress of their grievances. A committee of Congress was sent to them; and General Reed the President of Pennsylvania, and General Potter, were appointed by the council of that state, to bring about an accommodation with the mutineers, and finally succeeded, by redressing the just complaints of

the soldiers. So soon as the revolt of the line was known to the British at New York, Sir Henry Clinton endeavoured to take advantage of it, and made offers to the soldiery of every thing which they thought themselves entitled to at the hands of their country; but, as has been well said, "their patience, but not their patriotism was exhausted." They refused to listen to the offers of the enemy, who put in motion a body of troops to receive and support them—offered to General Wayne to march under his orders to repel them—and seized upon two spies or emissaries sent by the British general with propositions, and delivered them to General Wayne, by whom they were handed over to a board of officers, who tried and condemned them to death, a sentence which was speedily executed. Tranquillity was restored, and a general amnesty terminated the unhappy affair.

Early in the spring of 1781, the southern portion of the United States became the theatre of a devastating war, carried on by the army in Carolina, and detachments under Phillips, Lesley, and Arnold, who invaded Virginia, and extended their predatory excursions from the seaboard to the interior of the state, and captured the capital and many of the principal towns. To repel these incursions, General Washington, in the month of April, sent the Marquis de Lafayette with twelve hundred continental infantry, and soon after ordered Wayne with the Pennsylvania line, now reduced to about eleven hundred rank and file, to join them, which he did on the 7th of June. Lord Cornwallis, whose movements towards the force of Lafayette had created some uneasiness, fell back upon learning the junction of the two corps, and retreated to Richmond, and afterwards to Williamsburg, from whence, on the 5th of July, he reached Jamestown Ferry, and prepared to cross. Information was given on the 6th to Lafayette, who had hung on the rear of the retreating enemy, that "the main body of the British army" had effected a pas-

sage to the northern bank of the river, leaving only a rear guard of the ordinary force behind. The idea of annihilating this portion of the enemy's force, induced him to order General Wayne to attack it with about seven hundred men. In the execution of the order the pickets were driven in, and the assailants found themselves advancing not upon the rear guard, but upon the whole British army, already within less than a hundred paces, in order of battle, and extending their flanks to enclose him. To retreat was the last resource that ever suggested itself to Wayne under any difficulty; and his course was at once sagacious and energetic. He ordered a charge with the bayonet on the nearest body of the enemy, which was executed with the well known gallantry and vigour of "the line," and with such decisive effect upon the enemy as to put a stop to his movements. Wayne immediately retreated with great rapidity, and the whole proceeding had so much the appearance of a manœuvre, that, impressed with the idea that the attack and retreat were intended to draw them into an ambuscade, the British made no attempt to pursue the troops, whose conduct on the occasion received great commendation, and the tribute of glory to their general was fully accorded. The enemy continued their retreat towards Portsmouth, from which they finally moved to Yorktown, rendered subsequently memorable in the annals of America, by the second surrender of a British army.

Arrived at Yorktown, General Wayne was actively engaged in the duties of the investment and subsequent capture of the post. On the 6th of October, 1781, the first parallel was opened by Generals Wayne and Clinton, with six regiments; and on the 11th, the second parallel was commenced by the Pennsylvania and Maryland troops, covered by two battalions under the command of General Wayne. The attacks on the two detached redoubts of the enemy, which were made on the 14th, a little after dark

by the Marquis de Lafayette, at the head of the American light infantry, and the French troops, under the Baron Viomenil, was supported by two battalions of the Pennsylvania line, under General Wayne; and the second parallel was completed by detachments from it and the Maryland line, under Colonel Walter Stewart. Yorktown was surrendered on the 17th of October, 1781, and the attention of the country was turned to the enemy who held possession of the more southern portion of the Union. General Wayne was detached to the army of General Greene, the object being to receive his aid in bringing the state of Georgia within the authority of the confederation. The means afforded him were exceedingly limited, being the remains—about one hundred—of Moylan's dragoons, some three hundred undisciplined Georgia militia, to which was subsequently added three hundred continentals, under Colonel Posey of the Virginia line. In little more than a month he had, by boldness, vigilance, and activity, driven the enemy from the interior of the state, defeated his Indian allies, who sought to succour him, and confined him almost entirely to Savannah. "We are cooped up," says an intercepted letter, "within the town of Savannah, by about three hundred rebels, while we can muster twenty-five hundred men fit for duty."

The efforts of General Wayne, in the ardous duties confided to him, were not confined to mere exertions in the field. He brought back to their allegiance many of the disaffected,—"Made," to use his own phrase, "*Whigs* out of *Tories*;" and embodied them into two corps, and contrived to produce a spirit of discontent which extended to the British army itself. The British general in command—Clark—applied at this period to the Creek and Choctaw tribes of Indians, and invited them, with success, to join him. Two bodies of these savages marched early in May for Savannah, and the latter had actually reached its neighbourhood, where, owing to the foresight and

adroitness of Wayne, they were made prisoners. Two or three of their chiefs were retained by him as hostages, but he permitted the rest to return home, with a very significant recommendation not again to take part in a war which was not their own, in aid of a power not able to protect them. On the 20th of May, 1782, General Clark ordered Colonel Brown to meet the approaching Creeks at Ogechee, and accompany them into the city. This arrangement became known to Wayne on the same day; and, certain that the combined party must pass a long and narrow causeway over a swampy ground, he determined to strike it there. He reached the defile about twelve o'clock at night, and found the enemy already arrived. Without a moment's hesitation, and relying on the darkness to conceal the inadequacy of his force, which consisted of one section of dragoons and a company of infantry, he ordered an immediate charge on the enemy's column, which was made with "a vivacity and vigour, which, in a moment, and without burning a grain of powder, defeated and dispersed the whole of it." Colonel Douglass and forty men were killed, wounded, and taken in the action. The whole of the Creek force, however, was not in the engagement. Gueristasego, sometimes called Emitasago, with a strong party, amounting to five hundred warriors, had not arrived, on the 20th of May, at Ogechee; and having escaped the disaster of Brown conceived the idea of revenging his defeat. He struck into the woods and swamps, and, on the 24th of May, had approached the picket guard of Wayne's force, and, having slain the sentinel, reached, undiscovered, the light company of Lieutenant-Colonel Posey's corps, upon which so furious an attack was made that it was compelled to fall back a few paces; and the artillery, for whose protection it had been stationed, was, for a moment, in the possession of the enemy. The corps, however, immediately rallied, and, with Captain Gunn's company of dragoons, advanced

to the charge with such vigour, that the savages were entirely routed and dispersed, and their leader slain. The conflict, for a short time, was severe; but a free use of the bayonet and sabre proved the superior character of the troops of Wayne, whose military character was rather increased than diminished by the surprise, from which his promptness and coolness recovered them.

The hope of continuing the contest against America with success, was now abandoned by the British cabinet, and orders were given to their troops to evacuate Georgia. The British garrison left Georgia on the 12th of July, 1782, and very soon afterwards the small force under Wayne was ordered by General Greene to South Carolina. Charleston was soon after evacuated by the enemy, and on the 14th of December, was taken possession of by Wayne—his last military service during the war of the Revolution.

In July, 1783, after an absence of seven years, General Wayne returned to his native state, and to civil life. He was elected a member of the General Assembly, from Chester county, in 1784, and served for two sessions, taking a deep interest in all the measures of importance of the day. His time was much occupied with domestic concerns, arising out of the grant to him of a landed donation by the state of Georgia; an unfortunate gift, by which he was involved in great embarrassments, from which he was only relieved by parting with it at a sacrifice.

The call of his country again reached him—an arduous service was required at his hands, and he was ready. In the month of April, 1792, General Wayne was nominated by President Washington, to the command of the army of the United States. The particular object of this appointment arose from the refusal of some of the Indian tribes, the allies of England, to cease hostilities, when the treaty of peace of 1783 was made between the United States and that power. The treaty, indeed, did not extend to

the tribes, and their hostilities between 1783 and 1791, produced an immense loss of life and suffering to the American settlements on the Ohio.

Attempts were made, by all pacific means, to terminate such a state of affairs, but without success, and in September, 1791, recourse was had to force. General Harmar, with fifteen hundred men, of whom three hundred were regulars, entered the country of the Miami and Wabash tribes, and succeeded in accomplishing the object of the expedition. The Indian villages were burned, and their fruit trees and corn destroyed; but during the return home of the troops, some expeditions were planned, which were not attended with success; and though no fault was found at the time, it has been usual, in latter times, to attribute want of success to an excellent officer, and the expedition of 1790 has generally been termed "Harmar's defeat." The disastrous defeat of General St. Clair, on the 4th of November, 1791, increased the confidence of the savages, and vigorous and effectual measures became necessary to restore peace and tranquillity to the frontier. President Washington had selected General Wayne, as the commander-in-chief of the army, from his knowledge of the prudence and military skill, as well as bravery which he possessed—he knew also that he was acquainted with the peculiar mode of warfare of the enemy he was to oppose. The army which was to be placed at his disposition, for this arduous service, was to be recruited, and, what was more important, disciplined. Many circumstances conspired to retard the enlistment of the troops, and the addition of drafts from the volunteers and militia of Kentucky, still left the force to be employed much less than the exigency required. Negotiation, which to savages has always the air of weakness and timidity, was tried without any other effect than that of producing an apparent tranquillity, the precursor of the storm that was rising. It was soon found that negotiation was useless, and the orders which

restrained General Wayne from offensive operations during its progress, were withdrawn, and about the 1st September, 1793, he formed an encampment on the banks of the Ohio river, between Mill Creek and the then village of Cincinnati, where the troops were subjected to a steady and careful drill, adapted to the peculiar service they were about to encounter. Having in October taken up its line of march, in an order which was very different from that pursued in traversing an inhabited, cultivated country, but which enabled it to avoid surprise, and to be formed in line of battle immediately, the army arrived at the site chosen by General Wayne for his winter quarters, on one of the streams of the Stillwater branch of the Big Miami river. The encampment was called "Greeneville," a name which the stream on which it was laid out still retains. So soon as his camp was properly fortified, General Wayne turned his attention to the organization and military instruction of his troops, and remained till near midsummer of 1794 in his quarters, and then, upon the arrival of a body of mounted volunteers from Kentucky, marched into the Indian country to chastise the tribes and their British allies. Intelligence was received that the savages were in force at the Rapids, where they had been joined by a body of the Detroit militia, and a detachment of the British army. The spot they chose on which to meet the American army, was an elevated plain, near the foot of the Rapids, where the ground, from the effect of a recent tornado, was much strewn with fallen timber, and therefore less practicable for cavalry. Previously to engaging them, General Wayne sent an address to the enemy which was conciliatory, but firm and positive; the alternative was offered to them of war or peace. An evasive answer was returned, which the experienced leader to whom it was addressed knew was intended to gain time, and treated it accordingly.

The American army having erected a temporary work to protect their provisions and baggage, the enemy's posi-

tion was reconnoitred, and they were discovered encamped on Swan Creek, in the vicinity of a British fort, towards the foot of the Rapids. One reason for selecting the spot was, undoubtedly, the fact that this fort was a regular work, with sufficient artillery and a strong garrison, and had been recently constructed, contrary to the treaty with Great Britain, within the limits of the United States.

On the 20th of August, the army was put in motion, a battalion of mounted volunteers, commanded by Major Price, forming the advance. This corps was attacked, after marching near five miles, and received so hot a fire from the enemy, who were concealed in the high grass and woods, as to compel it to fall back. The army was immediately formed by General Wayne in two lines, in a close thick wood, while the savages were drawn up in three lines, near enough to support each other, at right angles with the river. "I soon discovered," says the General, in his account of the engagement, written to General Knox, "from the weight of the fire, and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favourite ground, and endeavouring to turn our left flank. I gave orders for the second line to advance, and directed Major-General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the mounted volunteers, by a circuituous route. At the same time I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet; and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, so as not to give time to load again. I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy, next the river, and which afforded a favourable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge of the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from their coverts in so short a

time, that, although every exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, yet but a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action,—the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their numbers. From every account, the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants; the troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed, with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the British garrison, as you will observe by the enclosed correspondence between Major Campbell, the commandant, and myself."

The correspondence referred to was sufficiently pungent in its tone; and the British commander having taken occasion to give notice to General Wayne "that his army, or individuals belonging to it, should not approach within reach of his cannon, without expecting the consequences attending it," the answer he received was, the immediate destruction by fire of every thing of any value within view of the fort, and up to the very muzzles of the guns. The fort was carefully reconnoitred within pistol-shot, and it is easy to perceive, that nothing would have gratified the feelings of the successful soldier more than an act of hostility on the part of the British commandant which would have justified him in carrying the works by storm.

This victory was followed by the treaty of Greeneville, the result of which was a long peace with the Indians, and a considerable accession of valuable territory to the United States; and it accelerated Jay's treaty with Great Britain, by which the posts so unjustifiably held by that power were surrendered. General Wayne did not, however, long enjoy the

honours which the nation and his native state were eager to bestow upon him. After a visit to Pennsylvania, he returned to the west to fulfil his duties as commissioner to treat with the north-western Indians, and to receive the surrender of the military posts yielded up by the British government; and, while descending Lake Erie from Detroit, died from an attack of the gout, at Presque Isle, on the 15th of December, 1796, in the fifty-first year of his age. His remains were removed from their burial-place, on the shore of the lake, by his son, in the year 1809, and conveyed to the burial-ground of Radnor church, in Chester county, where the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati erected a monument to his memory, with the following inscriptions.

The south front of the monument exhibits the following inscription.

In honour of the distinguished
Military services of
Major-General
ANTHONY WAYNE,
And as an affectionate tribute
Of respect to his memory,
This stone was erected by his
Companions in arms,
The Pennsylvania State Society of
The Cincinnati,
July 4th, A. D. 1809,
Thirty-fourth anniversary of
The Independence of
The United States of America;
An event which constitutes
The most
Appropriate eulogium of an American
Soldier and Patriot.

The north front exhibits the following inscription:

Major-General
ANTHONY WAYNE
Was born at Waynesborough,
In Chester County,
State of Pennsylvania,
A. D. 1745.
After a life of honour and usefulness,
He died, in December, 1796,
At a military post
On the shores of Lake Erie,
Commander-in-chief of the army of
The United States.
His military achievements
Are consecrated
In the history of his country,
And in
The hearts of his countrymen.
His remains
Are here deposited.

MAJOR-GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Israel Putnam was born at Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. He was a great-grandson of John Putnam, one of the Puritan Pilgrims, who came to this country under the banner of the venerable Endicot. His father, Joseph Putnam, married Miss Elizabeth Porter, and had by her twelve children. He was a farmer, and intended Israel for the same pursuit in life. At that time, none but persons selected for the liberal professions received any other than the education of common schools, in which the arts of reading and writing, and a slender proficiency in the rudiments of arithmetic, were the sole attainments to be acquired. In those good old days, a farmer was more desirous of leaving to his son an example of moral worth, habitual piety, and industrious habits, than heaps of gold, and restless aspirations for offices, for which his limited education in no wise fitted him. Such an example was the bequest of Captain Joseph Putnam to his son Israel, who was more indebted to nature for those endowments, and that undaunted courage, active enterprise, and untiring zeal for the cause he espoused, than to any influences of early mental culture. His constitution was vigorous, and he displayed in the beginning of life that insensibility to danger, and that bold daring, which subsequently signalized his name in the wars of his country.

Of his school days little is known. Here and there an incident has been preserved to prove these traits his own when still a boy, but our space forbids the recounting of them. In the year 1739, at the age of twenty-one, he married Miss Hannah Pope, daughter of Mr. John Pope

of Salem, by whom he had four sons and six daughters. In 1740 he removed from his native place to the town of Pomfret, in Connecticut, where he settled upon a tract of land he had then lately purchased. The habits and modes of life of farmers then were simple and economical, and enabled industry to secure its reward. Love of luxury and the artificial wants of the present day were unknown to the husbandman. His lands were well fenced and carefully cultivated, and his pastures soon exhibited a respectable stock of cattle. Finding certain portions of his property well adapted to grazing, he turned his attention to the cultivation of sheep, and carried on a successful business in the sale of his wool. But he found, in common with his neighbours, that there were other enemies of his flocks than the stubborn winters of that region, and the natural diseases that sometimes thinned their numbers. Wolves prowled about the country, and committed so many depredations that the farmers determined to act in concert to drive them off. It was discovered that a she-wolf was the formidable foe, and against her their united efforts were directed. The story of the pursuit of this wolf, and her subsequent capture and destruction by Putnam, is too well known to require repetition here. It exhibits the fearless daring of our hero, and gives promise of those acts which subsequently illustrated his character and fame.

During the years from 1740 to 1755, Putnam devoted his time and attention to his farm, and by a steady industry succeeded in securing to himself a handsome independence. During this period his benevolence, his frank and candid manners, his courage and integrity, had won for him the most unbounded confidence and esteem. Upon the breaking out of the war between England and France, known as "The Seven Years' War," he was intrusted, without any previous military experience, with the command of a company in the regiment of Connecticut Provincials

He soon found his compliment of men, for his companions and friends willingly flocked to his standard, and they were the flower of the Connecticut yeomanry. It was true they had had no more experience in military matters than their captain; but his known judgment and courage, and their reliance in him and willingness to obey his commands, secured discipline and made them of inestimable value in service.

The regiment to which this company belonged was commanded by General Lyman, but so often was it detached on special and peculiar service that it operated more like an independent corps than a regular company of the regiment. The duty performed was that of rangers, although they were not drafted as such: but it was a duty well suited to the adventure-loving spirit of its captain, who would have pined under the dull routine of camp-service. In the active and perilous enterprises of rangers, in reconnoitering the enemy's camp, surprising their pickets and outposts, capturing detached parties and convoys of supplies, he found himself in a sphere peculiarly suited to his talents, taste and genius. In this contest, wherein the English and French were disputing the mastery of the western continent, we find the Indian tribes, with few exceptions, enlisted on the side of the French. These allies were vexatious and dangerous foes. Familiar with the vast forests, plains, lakes and river banks of the country, accustomed to a wily and stealthy mode of warfare almost unknown to the English, who were also unacquainted with the country in which they were to fight their battles, these Indian tribes became formidable enemies. It required to oppose them men of ingenious, intrepid and unflinching character. Captain Putnam was such a man, and his men were worthy their commander.

The war commenced with vigour in 1755, with General Braddock's unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne, and General Shirley's similar expedition against Fort

Niagara; while on the other hand, Sir William Johnson achieved his brilliant victory over Baron Dieskau at Fort Edward. By the time these enterprises had been ended the season had drawn to a close, and the colonial troops having been enlisted only to serve during the campaign, were entitled to their discharge. Captain Putnam returned to his family. It was during this period that he became acquainted with Major Rogers, the celebrated New Hampshire partisan, whose life he preserved in a moment of extreme danger. Notwithstanding such an obligation, and their having been often detached upon the same duty, in his journal, subsequently published in London, (in 1765,) Major Rogers studiously avoids the mention of Putnam's name. The reason for such marked neglect of his companion in arms and the preserver of his life is not stated, but the mind naturally suggests envy or the fear of being himself eclipsed by his noble friend, as the natural and only cause for this unpardonable slight and such base ingratitude.

The campaign re-opened in 1756, when the commission of Captain Putnam was renewed. But the general military operations were even less fortunate than those of the former year. The entire failure of these campaigns must be ascribed to the inaction of the British generals who conducted them. The important fortress of Oswego fell into the hands of the French, nor was there a single attempt to dispossess them of their outposts at Ticonderoga, so that all the expensive and laborious preparations of the British were wholly lost. Yet amid this inactivity and misconduct on the part of the generals, the duties assigned to the rangers gave opportunities for personal adventures that form a relief to the picture.

Captain Putnam on one occasion was ordered to reconnoitre the position of the enemy at the Ovens near Ticonderoga. He took with him his lieutenant, Robert Durkee, a gallant officer, who afterwards distinguished himself in

the revolutionary war. The two partisans proceeded to their duty, but unacquainted with the French custom of setting camp-fires in the centre of the camp instead of in a circle around it, as the English did, they found themselves suddenly in the midst of the enemy, who discovered their approach and immediately saluted them with a discharge of muskets. Durkee received a bullet in his thigh, but notwithstanding this, he was able to join in a precipitate retreat, in which he was very near being killed by his friend. Putnam had fallen into a clay-pit, and Durkee came tumbling in after him; when, supposing him one of the enemy, he raised his knife to stab him, but recognising his voice in time, sheathed it in his scabbard instead of his comrade's body. Amid a shower of bullets they succeeded in reaching a spot of safety, but when Putnam came to offer his canteen of brandy to his wounded companion he discovered that one of the enemy's balls had pierced and emptied it, and his blanket presented no less than fourteen bullet holes received during their escape.

The bold spirit evinced by Captain Putnam in recapturing the baggage and provisions, which had been intercepted at Halfway Brook, between Fort Edward and Lake George, by six hundred of the enemy, exhibits more forcibly the character of the services rendered by him in this war than any other incident. When the news of the disaster was received, he and Rogers were ordered off in pursuit of the enemy. They took with them two wall-pieces and two blunderbusses, with about one hundred men in boats. Their intention was to proceed down the lake, thence to take a line across the land to the narrows, and thus cut off a retreat. They succeeded in reaching the spot before the French with their batteaux, now laden with plunder, had gained it. Unexpectedly they opened a tremendous fire upon them, killed many of the boatmen and sank several of the boats. The rest by a strong wind were swept into South Bay, and thus escaped, to bear the news to

Ticonderoga. Anticipating their return with reinforcements, Putnam and Rogers hastened to their boats, and at Sabbath-day Point they found their expectations had not deceived them, for the French, about three hundred strong, were fast approaching on the lake. When the enemy, expecting an easy victory if not an immediate surrender, had come within pistol shot, the wall-pieces and blunderbusses were unmasked and opened upon them, aided by musketry, producing the most dreadful carnage, and leaving the further retreat of the rangers unmolested.

By such services Putnam became generally known. His insensibility to danger, his caution and sagacity, his presence of mind and ingenuity of stratagem, which gave him power to command his resources at a moment when most needed, made him essential to the operations against the French and their allies. His cheerful spirit, and his readiness to share the hardships and perils of service with his soldiers; his submission to all privations, and his willingness to lead in every adventure of danger, won the hearts of all his subalterns, while he secured by strict obedience to his superiors their esteem and confidence. Although such services were of infinite importance to the protection and support of the cause, they were unfortunately rendered in a sphere, to which general history can allot no place.

In 1757 the legislature of Connecticut conferred on Putnam a major's commission. At this time the Earl of Loudoun was at the head of the military forces of the colonies, and he proved himself one of the most inefficient and imbecile of the British generals who served in America. Although the colonists with a generous effort had supplied him with a numerous force, and enabled him, had he seen fit to avail himself of the means placed at his command, to operate effectively against the enemy, about midsummer he left the scene of action, and with about six thousand troops sailed for Halifax, for the alleged

purpose of joining the reinforcement of five thousand troops brought out by Lord Howe, with which he intended to reduce Louisburg in Cape Breton. Learning however that this place had obtained an augmentation to its garrison, he returned to New York, where he reposed in disgraceful idleness. He left in command at Fort Edward the timid General Webb, and the unfortunate Colonel Monroe at Fort William Henry. The latter post was attacked by the French under the Marquis de Montcalm, and notwithstanding repeated entreaties from Colonel Monroe, General Webb refused to send reinforcements, and recommended him to surrender. The brave but devoted Monroe at last yielded to the necessity of his defenceless position, and while leaving the fort his little band was attacked by the Indians and inhumanly slaughtered. At one time General Webb consented to allow a reinforcement of such of his garrison as would volunteer; but when Major Putnam's rangers offered to fly to the rescue, the imbecile general repented of his permission, and, amid expressions of indignation and grief on the part of this gallant band, had them recalled. Afterward General Lyman was placed in command of Fort Edward, and immediately undertook the improvement of its defences. A small party under Captain Little was at work for this purpose on a tongue of land, bounded on one side by a morass, and on the other by a creek. Major Putnam also commanded a detachment, similarly engaged, on an island near by. A party of Indians had stealthily concealed themselves in the morass near Captain Little's station, and at an unsuspected moment attacked him. The alarm was given, and the labourers, deserting their work, fled towards the fort, where Captain Little by a close and well-timed discharge of musketry arrested the progress of the enemy. But his position became now embarrassing. General Lyman, instead of sending a reinforcement, called in his outposts, and closed the gates of the fort,

leaving Captain Little and his small force to contend against fearful odds. Major Putnam learned the precarious situation of his friend. Leading his men onward to his rescue he plunged into the creek, followed by his rangers who waded gallantly after him. They passed near enough to the fort to hear the commander's peremptory orders to return, but unwilling to have his friend sacrificed Putnam hurried on to his assistance, and soon drove the Indians back into the morass. Although this disobedience to orders was unpardonable in military discipline, yet General Lyman never made mention of it, ashamed, as he probably was, of his dastardly conduct.

The British arms were blessed with better fortune in almost every other quarter of the country, yet in the region of Lake George and Lake Champlain disaster still attended them. The appointment of Mr. Pitt to the ministry inspired new hopes and gave a better spirit to the people, and they were enabled during this season to supply, from Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, a force of fifteen thousand men. General Abercromby was placed at the head of military affairs, and proposed to undertake expeditions against Louisburg, against Fort Duquesne, and against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In this last expedition Major Putnam again exhibited those peculiar traits of strategy and foresight which had already secured to him a prominent position in the army. During the campaigns 1757 and 1758 he was ever called upon to command and execute the most difficult and hazardous enterprises; and he seldom failed to add by his cool daring, presence of mind, and firmness, fresh laurels to those he had already won. At Woodcreek, near the point where it flows into South Bay, with fifty men he attacked a party of the enemy vastly superior in numbers, and by keeping his companions concealed behind a temporary parapet, succeeded in destroying many of them. In his retreat his party were mistaken by a reinforcement sent

to his aid for the enemy and were fired upon, but Putnam, springing forward, made them aware of their error, and reprimanded the detachment for the little execution they had done under the circumstances! as only one man had been wounded. The expedition against Ticonderoga was undertaken in July. It was during the attack on this post, that Lord Howe fell. He was a young nobleman in the prime of life, of eminent virtue, and manly courage, universally esteemed and beloved. His death was severely felt. The whole expedition was unsuccessful, and was attended with great loss to the English. Never was an enterprise so badly conducted or more unfortunate.

During the summer, Major Putnam was surprised while lying in his batteau on the Hudson, near the rapids at Fort Miller, by a party of Indians who suddenly appeared on the shore. To land would have been certain death to the little party, which consisted of but five men. Putnam seemed at once to comprehend the danger of his position, and without a moment's deliberation put his batteau in motion, guiding it towards the rapids. The Indians stood amazed at his temerity, for it seemed certain destruction to descend the stream at this point. Calmly watching the current, Putnam with a firm hand guided his frail bark amid the rocks that every instant threatened to shatter it, and in a few moments it was seen gliding over the smooth waters below, much to the relief of his breathless companions, one of whom had of necessity been left behind and was killed by the Indians. This undertaking inspired the savages with awe, and for a time they believed Putnam to be favoured of the Great Spirit.

In August of this year, however, his good fortune forsook him. In executing the perilous duty of watching the enemy at Ticonderoga, a detachment headed by the French partisan Molang surprised him. He stood his ground manfully, but his fusee, while pressed to the breast of a powerful In-

dian, having missed fire, he was taken prisoner and tied to a tree. Here he was forced to remain inactive, his victor having returned to the battle. After a long and warmly contested struggle, (during which he had been unhappily subjected to the cross-fire of both parties, tied as he was, halfway between the combatants,) the provincials retained possession of the field. The French and their savage allies retreated, taking with them their prisoner. He was dragged onward by his foes, who stripped him of his clothes, his shoes and hat, and forced him to bear the most cruel burdens, while his flesh was incessantly lacerated by the thorns and briers of the woods. One of these savages had struck him with the but-end of his musket, and fractured his jaw, causing excruciating pain, and another had wounded him with a tomahawk in the neck. His sufferings were not ended with this treatment. He had been destined to perish at the stake, and the brutal conquerors had already determined upon inflicting the most cruel torture to add to the bitterness of death. They bound their victim to a tree, naked and covered with wounds, and had already lighted the faggots that were to consume him, when one of them, more humane than the rest, informed Molang of his danger, and this officer rushed to his rescue. Reprimanding the Indians for their barbarity, Molang delivered the prisoner to his captor, that being his right, who now treated him with comparative kindness, though with sufficient cruelty to have overcome a less vigorous constitution. Putnam was carried to Ticonderoga, where he was made known to Montcalm, who had him transferred to Montreal. In this city there were several American prisoners, and among them Colonel Peter Schuyler. This gallant officer, when he heard of Putnam's presence, hastened to visit him, and was so overcome at beholding the noble soldier, without coat, vesting, or stockings, with his body exhibiting marks of cruel violence, that he could hardly contain his indignation. By con-

cealing the major's rank and importance, he succeeded in getting his name included in the cartel when the exchange of prisoners took place, and thus enabled him to return to his home. He took with him the famous Mrs. Howe, whose interesting history is so well known, and in whose welfare Colonel Schuyler took the deepest interest.

The campaign of 1759 again found our hero in the army, now raised to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. The expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point was successfully executed under General Amherst, under whom Putnam served. The victory of Wolfe, and his death under the walls of Quebec, are known. While the arms of the Provincials were crowned with glory, they were shaded by the loss of this gallant soldier. The war terminated in 1760, leaving the French in possession of Montreal, as their only important post. This was subsequently rescued from their hands, and in the enterprise Putnam's ingenuity and daring were again conspicuous.

Although the treaty of Paris, in 1763, had concluded the hostilities between the French and the English, yet the western Indians were not disposed to remain quiet, and an expedition was undertaken against them, in which Putnam commanded the Connecticut troops. The savages were soon overawed, and a treaty was concluded with them.

In 1762, when war was declared between England and Spain, Lieutenant-Colonel Putnam was sent with the Connecticut regiment to Cuba, whence, after suffering shipwreck and the ravages of disease, having successfully, in conjunction with the English, conquered the fortifications of Havana, he returned with a remnant of his army to his country.

Thus ended a war of nearly ten years, during which, by a bravery as unostentatious as it was valuable, and by a combination of qualities rarely met with in one man, Putnam won a name that secured to him in the Revolution the high rank he enjoyed.

In 1764 the stamp-act severed the ties which bound the colonies to the mother country. Putnam was among the foremost in opposition to this odious measure, and had the gratification to see that opposition effective. On the 19th of April, 1775, he was laboring in the field, when news of the battle of Lexington was brought to him by a man who rode through the country, attracting attention by tapping the drum at his side and announcing the commencement of hostilities. Leaving his plough, Putnam detached his horse, mounted, and galloped off to Cambridge, where on the 21st he attended a council of war. The Assembly of his state being then in session, he was summoned to wait upon it for consultation. It bestowed upon him the commission of a brigadier-general, and he immediately returned to Cambridge, leaving orders that all troops enlisted should follow as speedily as possible.

On the 21st of May General Ward was commissioned as major-general and commander-in-chief of the troops of Massachusetts. The head-quarters were at Cambridge: the right wing of the army was at Roxbury, under command of Brigadier-General Thomas; at Medford was the left wing, to which the commands of Colonels Stark and Reed were attached. General Putnam was stationed at Inman's farm, in command of three regiments. The British army consisted of ten thousand men.

During the month of May General Putnam undertook to remove the cattle from the islands in the harbour of Boston, in order to cut off the enemy's supplies. General Warren accompanied him, and the enterprise was successful. This gave the American troops confidence, and infused a good spirit throughout their ranks. The committee of safety, on hearing of the intention on the part of the British to occupy the heights of Dorchester and Charlestown, recommended to the council of war to occupy Bunker Hill, at Charlestown, as speedily as possible. For this purpose, a thousand men under the command of Colo-

nel Prescott assembled at Cambridge on the 16th of June, and proceeded at night to take possession of these heights. General Putnam accompanied the detachment.

The plan was to occupy Bunker Hill, but Breed's Hill, the most easterly height, having command of the former, it was resolved, under advice of General Putnam, to fortify that position. Whatever may have been said of General Putnam's supervision of these fortifications, and of his not even having been present on the 17th of June, it seems now, after a full investigation of the facts, that with Colonel Prescott he superintended them in person, oftentimes taking the spades and pickaxes from the men, to work with his own hands; and that he performed a very distinguished and perilous part in the battle which succeeded. After the full accounts given of this event, it is needless to enter into details. General Putnam was there, and General Warren volunteered his services, and even offered to receive the orders of Putnam, who recommended him to the redoubt where Colonel Prescott was stationed. In this most important conflict, in which the brave and lamented Warren fell, Putnam was the only general officer in command, and the battle seems to have been conducted under his guidance; nor is it too much to say, that most of the influence exercised by its results may be ascribed to his courage, zeal, and indefatigable efforts.

On the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the American army by Congress, and Ward, Lee, Schuyler, and Putnam, were elected major-generals. Washington reached Cambridge on the 2d of July, and then first became acquainted with Putnam, of whom he subsequently ever entertained a high opinion, declaring that he was "a most valuable man, and a fine executive officer." On the evacuation of Boston by the British, Putnam was placed in command of the city, where he remained until the 29th of March of the next year, when he was ordered to take command of

New York, and to complete the defences of the city, commenced by General Lee. It was believed that the British would attack this point and endeavour to get control of the Hudson to open a communication with Canada. General Putnam, with an assiduity and perseverance peculiar to his vigorous mind, devoted himself to the preparations necessary to preserve the post, and in such a manner as to win the confidence of Washington. As the safety of New York depended on the possession of Long Island, fortifications were marked out and commenced under the supervision of General Greene, who had made himself well acquainted with the routes, roads, and posts by which the British would advance on Brooklyn.

This important knowledge was known only to Greene, but when the British landed and commenced their advance, that officer was suddenly taken ill, and the command devolved on General Sullivan. General Putnam, on the 23d of August, was ordered to the chief command; but it was too late for these officers to make themselves acquainted with the whole plan of fortifications and positions, and when on the 27th the battle actually commenced, the left wing of our army was suddenly outflanked at Bedford by General Clinton, and the rear of it gained before any knowledge of the danger could be imparted to General Sullivan, who was repelling the attack made by De Heister on the centre. When, however, the movement of General Clinton became known, the troops under Sullivan finding themselves liable to be attacked in the front and rear at the same moment, broke and fled, leaving their commander a prisoner. Our army now fell back on Brooklyn, whence it was withdrawn without the knowledge of the British during the night of the 29th of August, to the city of New York. General Putnam again resumed the command of the city, but on the 12th of September, it being no longer tenable, it was

resolved to evacuate it. Soon after this some British ships ascended the Hudson, as far as Bloomingdale, while Sir Henry Clinton landed four thousand troops on the eastern side of the island at Kipp's bay. General Putnam now saw that if these two forces should form a communication across the island, his division would be sacrificed. Sir Henry Clinton put his men in motion, while Putnam was urging on his troops by the Bloomingdale route. It was a moment of peril, but Putnam's strategy again came to his aid. The enemy were obliged to pass under Murray Hill, where resided a Mrs. Murray, a Quakeress, but devoted to the cause. Sir Henry Clinton having the start, Putnam knew that unless he could detain him his retreat must inevitably be cut off. He sent his aid to Mrs. Murray, requested her to offer Sir Henry and his troops some refreshment, and detain them as long as she could. This plot succeeded. The British, not aware of the proximity of Putnam's division, tarried an hour at the old lady's mansion, and when they proceeded on their way they beheld the Americans turning on the northern side of the hill, and winding their way into the Bloomingdale plains. The want of troops and means of defence, compelled Washington finally to withdraw through New Jersey, and on the 8th of December, 1776, he crossed the Delaware, to prevent the enemy from gaining possession of Philadelphia. It was of vital importance to our cause that this post should be defended, and no better proof of the confidence reposed in Putnam could be given, than his being placed in command at such a critical moment.

Washington now prepared for his attack upon the British at Trenton. It was his intention to order General Putnam to join him, but fear of an insurrection among the Royalists made his presence essential in Philadelphia, and he was deprived of any share in that victory. On the 5th of January, 1777, however, he was ordered to

New Jersey, where the British forces at New Brunswick and Amboy were in winter quarters. He passed the remainder of the winter at Princeton, having achieved his object in forcing the British to concentrate their forces. It was necessary to conceal his want of troops from the enemy, for he could only number a few hundred men in his command. This was no easy task, for he was but fifteen miles distant from their quarters. On one occasion he was sorely puzzled how to act. Captain McPherson, a Scotch officer, who had been wounded at the battle of Princeton, still lay in a precarious situation in the town. While his recovery was considered doubtful, he requested permission to send for a friend in the British army, at Brunswick, that he might confide to him some testamentary matters of great importance. To allow one of the enemy to enter his outposts would be to show the meagre extent of his force; and to refuse seemed cruel. He finally consented, but on the condition that this friend should come at night. An officer was despatched to Brunswick to conduct him to McPherson's chamber. It was after dark before they reached Princeton. General Putnam had the College hall and all vacant houses lighted up, and while the two friends were closeted had his men marched rapidly before the house, and around the quarters of the captain, with great pomp and bustle; and repeated this manœuvre several times, to give an impression of a strong force. It was afterwards reported to the enemy by the captain's friend, that our troops could not number less than five thousand, if he might judge of the number by what he heard and saw.

The purposes of the British generals, Burgoyne and Howe, not being known, it was impossible to prepare for any particular attack; but Washington deemed the points of Ticonderoga, Philadelphia, and the Highlands on the Hudson, all-important, and though our troops were inadequate to the task, yet the defence of these posts was un-

dertaken. Putnam was ordered to the Highlands, and stationed himself at Peekskill, where he remained from May until October. He devoted his attention to the different fortifications on the river, having his forces frequently reduced by orders to send detachments in different directions, as the movements of the British army became known. On the 5th of October Sir Henry Clinton, under the cover of a fog, succeeded in surprising forts Clinton and Montgomery, and gaining possession of them. In consequence of this disaster, forts Independence and Constitution were abandoned, and General Putnam retired to Fishkill. He succeeded, however, in regaining Peekskill and the mountain passes, and learned after the surrender of Burgoyne, that the British had retired again to New York.

Washington was at this time in the vicinity of Philadelphia, where the British were in possession with ten thousand men. Colonel Hamilton, Washington's aid, repaired to Putnam's camp, and ordered him to send forward a brigade which he had received from the north after Burgoyne's surrender. This order was not immediately obeyed, and gave rise to a severe letter from Hamilton to General Putnam, which the latter, deeming the tone improper, transmitted to Washington. The letter was approved of by Washington, and seems to be the only instance in which General Putnam met the displeasure of the commander-in-chief. After the withdrawal of the British, Putnam moved down the river, and took post at New Rochelle, on the west side of the Sound, about twenty-five miles from New York, but in December was ordered back to the Highlands, where he spent the winter. It was during this winter, that Putnam, in conformity with orders received from Washington, under date of January 25th, 1778, gave his attention to the rebuilding of the forts in the Highlands which had been destroyed by the British. West Point was the site selected

by him; and during the month of January the ground was broken for the erection of this fortification. During this year inquiry was made into the losses of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, but Putnam was relieved of all blame.

One circumstance should be mentioned here; we mean the wonderful escape at Horseneck. While General Putnam was visiting during the winter one of his out-posts at West Greenwich, Governor Tryon was undertaking an excursion against that post with about fifteen hundred men. Putnam had but fifty. With these few he stationed himself near the meeting-house on the brow of a very steep declivity. Here he received the attack of the British with a discharge from his artillery, but perceiving Tryon's dragoons about to charge, he ordered his men to retreat to the swamp behind the hill, where no cavalry could follow, while he urged his horse directly down the precipice, to the astonishment of the enemy, who followed him to the edge of the perilous descent. This declivity has since borne the name of Putnam's Hill.

General Putnam was superintending the new works in the Highlands until the winter of 1779, when he visited his family, but on his return was unexpectedly attacked by paralysis, by which he lost the use of his limbs on one side. He never recovered, although he lived till May 19, 1790.

The inscription upon his tomb, from the pen of his friend, Dr. Dwight, gives the best summary of his character. He speaks of him as a hero who dared to lead where any dared to follow; as a patriot who rendered gallant and distinguished services to his country; as a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, and who raised himself to universal esteem, and offices of eminent distinction, by personal worth and a useful life.

MAJOR-GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

Horatio Gates was born in England, in the year 1728. His tastes in youth impelled him strongly to the profession of arms, and at an early age he entered the military service of Great Britain. Although he was unaided by those advantages of birth and influence, which in too many cases supply the want of personal worth, yet he soon became favourably known. War is no pastime, and at this period in her history England needed men of merit for her service. The man who did his duty in the field and the council, seldom failed to gain his appropriate reward. Gates rose rapidly to the rank of major, and was looked upon by his superiors as one destined to a brilliant career in his chosen life.

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, a brief season of repose was enjoyed by the armies of France and Britain. But this treaty rested upon a foundation which would not long stand. It was dishonouring to England and tempting to her rival. Few men believed that it would be permanent, and the wise and peaceable regretted that a renewal of war had been rendered inevitable by the injudicious terms upon which peace had been settled. During this short season of tranquillity, Gates was stationed with his regiment at Halifax. America had become an object equally interesting to both of the contending parties, and as each felt that here must be the scene of the next great struggle for power, each endeavoured to maintain upon her soil a heavy force of armed men.

The first blood in the war was shed in Virginia, at the battle of the Great Meadows, and immediately afterwards Europe was once more engaged in a contest, in which,

as usual, England and France were the chief opposing actors.

When General Braddock's army landed in Virginia, and prepared for the memorable expedition against Fort Duquesne, Gates joined it with his regiment, and was present during all of its subsequent course. It would be painful to dwell upon the history of a march and a battle, among the most disastrous that a civilized army was ever engaged in. While the work of death was going on upon the Monongahela, the British officers were conspicuous for their gallantry and self-devotion. How many of them fell victims to their efforts to restore the fortune of the day, has often been told.

The Indians recognised them without difficulty, and made them special marks for their rifles. Sixty-three were either killed or wounded. During the heat of the contest, Gates received a severe wound, and was with difficulty brought off from the field, where so many of his comrades were left to die beneath the scalping-knife of the savages.

This wound was so dangerous that, for a long time, he was confined to his bed, and was unable to take part in the campaign which reflected so much honour upon the arms of his country. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he rejoined his regiment, and was present in, at least, one action of importance, before the peace of Paris. The West India Islands, held by France, had often been looked upon with eager eyes by the English ministry, and a strong naval and military force hovered around them, and threatened their capture. Martinico was the most important of these islands to the northern country. Its products were abundant, and merchant ships were in constant passage to bear them to ports in France. So much was its capture desired by the English, that in 1759 a fleet had approached its borders, designing to land troops to attack it, but the defences were then so heavy that the

attempt was abandoned. England has seldom resigned a prey upon which her gaze has once been fixed.

In January, 1762, a fleet of eighteen ships of the line approached the island, under the command of Admiral Rodney. The land forces were under General Monckton, to whom Major Gates was aid. The whole number of men engaged in this enterprise was not less than twelve thousand. The natural defences of the island were strong. It was mountainous in parts, and broken into deep and rugged ravines, covered with wood. The eminences were fortified with all the skill of French engineers, and besides a large force of regular soldiers the militia of the island were brave and well disciplined.

Two fortified hills opposed the strongest obstacles to the progress of the English. Morne Tortenson was nearest to the port of landing, and Morne Garnier, farther in the interior, defended the approach to Fort Royal and to St. Pierre, the capital of the island. These two eminences were to be carried before any decisive impression could be made. The English land forces advanced with steadiness along the beach, towards the first hill; the artillery covered the light troops, and a thousand sailors, in flat-bottomed boats, rowed close to the shore to aid the division. After a sharp struggle, Morne Tortenson was carried; but the greatest difficulty yet remained. Garnier was obstinately defended, and three days were employed in erecting batteries to drive the garrison from their post. But in the midst of these preparations, the impetuous courage of the French compelled them to hazard an attack. In solid columns they issued from Fort Royal, and poured down from Morne Garnier upon the advanced posts of the enemy. The assault was firmly received, but overpowered by numbers the outer guard gave way, and the French began to hope for victory. But the main body of the English army rushing forward to support their companions, bore down the advancing columns, and

repulsed them with much loss. The militia dispersed into the country—the regulars retreated into the town—all the redoubts were carried, nor did the British troops stop until they had gained the top of Morne Garnier, and driven the garrison from their guns. This advantage was decisive of the fate of the island. Without waiting for the batteries of the Mount to open, Fort Royal capitulated on the 4th of February, and a few days afterwards Martinico fell into the hands of the English. In this hazardous enterprise Major Gates rendered efficient service to his commander, and his reputation as a brave and prudent officer was considered as well established.

After the peace of Paris, in 1763, English armies again had a season of rest from active duty. It was at this time that many British officers settled in the American colonies, and became identified with their interests. We do not know with certainty in what year Major Gates came to Virginia, but long before the commencement of the Revolution he was an inhabitant of her soil. He purchased a fine body of land in the county of Berkeley, west of the Blue Ridge, and devoted himself with success to agricultural pursuits. He was respected and beloved by his neighbours. His manners were easy and courteous, and by frequent exhibitions of a generous disposition he gained the esteem of all. His person was remarkable for grace and dignity. In middle life he was a very handsome man, though afterwards a tendency to corpulency manifested itself. His services in arms were not forgotten, and an occasion only was wanted to call him again to the field.

When the revolutionary war was at length fully opened, he embraced the cause of his adopted country, and tendered himself to Congress as one willing to serve in the armies of America. In 1775, he joined Washington, at Cambridge, as his adjutant, and held also the rank of brigadier. It was at this time that the first symptoms

of dissatisfaction with the commander-in-chief were shown in the conduct of his subordinate. Ambition was the controlling power of the life of Gates. This quality may be truly said to be the characteristic of noble minds; when it is modified and restrained by virtue and patriotism it becomes the parent of great deeds and exalted success, but when it reigns paramount, it seldom fails to degrade its subjects by urging them to doubtful courses for gaining their ends. Gates was anxious to obtain a separate command as brigadier-general, but when he made known his wishes to Washington, that prudent chief thought it best to decline acceding to his request. He acted upon reasons not unjust to his aid, and satisfactory to himself, but his refusal inflicted a wound which was not soon healed. In the subsequent events of the war correspondence sometimes occurred between the two generals, and Washington felt that he had cause to complain of "an air of design, a want of candour in many instances, and even of politeness," in the missives received from his inferior.

Gates had many admirers in Congress, and friends were not wanting to bring him prominently before his country. After the death of the heroic Montgomery at Quebec, and the subsequent disasters which gradually drove the Americans from all the posts they had gained in Canada, their reduced army, under General Sullivan, was posted along the line of Lake Champlain between Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Privation, famine and sickness had caused their numbers rapidly to decline. From seven thousand and six effective men, they were speedily brought down to about three thousand, and these were very inadequately supplied with the munitions of war. General Sullivan exerted himself with commendable zeal in correcting the errors which had produced their misfortunes, and if he wrought nothing brilliant, he at least stopped the progress of disaster. In June, 1776, General Gates was appointed to the command of the Northern army. When he reached

the spot where most of the troops were concentrated, he found the small-pox raging among them, and daily reducing the number who could be relied upon for active service. The quantity of powder for use was unequal to the demands of a campaign, and pressed by these and similar difficulties, he adopted a measure, the expediency of which was soon called seriously into question. Withdrawing the whole American force which had been stationed at Crown Point, he concentrated his army at Ticonderoga. The effect of this was to leave the navigation of Lake Champlain almost undisputed to the English, and to expose the eastern border of New York to their invasion. Whether the exigencies of his condition required this step it is not now easy to decide, but it is certain that experienced officers condemned it, and Washington thought it highly injudicious. The enemy did not long hesitate to avail themselves of the advantages thus afforded to them. Their fleet traversed the lake undisturbed, and finding that his sources of supply were threatened, Gates determined to oppose a naval force to the English armament on Champlain. Arnold was appointed to the command of the American flotilla. The two fleets encountered each other, and though the republican leader and his half-trained mariners displayed desperate valour, they were overcome in the conflict, and only saved their principal vessels from capture, by running them ashore and blowing them up by means of slow matches, after their crews had abandoned them.

After a few months Gates again joined the commander-in-chief, and the Northern army was assigned to General Schuyler. And now commenced that memorable enterprise, in which England hoped to crush the spirit of America and reduce her to submission, but which, in its results, was destined to revive the hopes of every patriot heart. A splendid army was prepared, that it might descend from the lakes, and subduing all intermediate opposi-

tion, might finally establish communication with the English general in New York, and bind the northern colonies in military chains. General Burgoyne had been chiefly active in urging the ministry to commence this enterprise, and he was placed in its command with the entire concurrence of the ruling powers. Full British and German regiments, amounting in all to seven thousand men, engaged in the expedition. They were admirably disciplined, armed, and accoutred. Besides these, a train of artillery, more powerful and complete than any that had ever followed a similar army, contributed to its appearance and efficiency. Discarding the merciful policy of Sir Guy Carleton, Burgoyne invited the fiercest Indian tribes of the north to join his standard, and though, in his address to them, he urged them to abandon some of their savage practices, yet his proclamation to the people of Vermont and New York breathed a spirit of cruelty which roused rather than intimidated those who heard them. High in hope and courage, the British army advanced from Crown Point to Ticonderoga, and crossing to Fort Independence, commenced its descent into Vermont.

General Schuyler did all to oppose the progress of Burgoyne that his limited means and the wretched state of his troops would permit, but his efforts were vain. The advance of the enemy was steady. Post after post fell into their hands, nor did they meet even with a temporary reverse until a detachment of their army encountered the brave "Green Mountain Boys" at Bennington.

At this crisis, the eyes of Congress were turned upon General Gates. He was looked to as the man best fitted to inspire renewed confidence into the dispirited lines of the provincial forces, and to oppose, by his military skill, the veterans of the English army. He was appointed to the command of the North, and though General Schuyler was deeply mortified at being superseded at the very time

when his prudent measures were beginning to involve the enemy in trouble, yet he was too pure a patriot to spread discord in the army at a time so critical and dangerous. On the 21st of August, Gates arrived and assumed direction of affairs: new levies of militia were constantly reaching his camp at Stillwater, and each day added to the strength of his army and its confidence in its commander.

In the mean time, the situation of the British general began to grow perplexing. Having with immense labour brought forward thirty days' provisions from Fort George, he determined to cross the Hudson and fight his way to Albany, in order to open communication with New York. But he soon found that this step was one that involved him in difficulty, for which all his wisdom and courage could provide no remedy. Before him, was the army of Gates, now amounting to more than ten thousand men, well posted, high in spirit, and resolved to contest every foot of his progress. Behind him ran the broad Hudson, to cross which again, in the face of a powerful foe, would have subjected him to severe loss. The safety of his army required him to advance, and finding the enemy prepared to meet him, he formed for battle.

The conflict of the 19th of September was obstinate and bloody, the British retained their ground, but in the open field the patriots had met them, and by their unaided valour had prevented their farther progress. Early in October, Burgoyne found it necessary to lessen the rations of his men, and a careful calculation convinced him that he could not supply his army more than a few weeks longer. He determined to risk another battle at Saratoga. The 7th of October was as fatal to his hopes as it was exhilarating to the Americans. The British regulars, though successful in several desperate charges, were at last repulsed with much slaughter. Many guns were captured. General Frazer was mortally wounded, and so much were the

patriots excited by their successes, that they fiercely assaulted the camp, led on by the impetuous Arnold, and nothing but a wound received by their leader prevented them from achieving a complete victory.

Burgoyne was now driven to extremity. Hemmed in on every side, he could not make his escape without piercing the lines of the enemy, and repeated attempts had convinced him that this hope was vain. General Lincoln had reached the American camp with a reinforcement of two thousand troops from New England. The English were watched with ceaseless vigilance; each effort to obtain supplies was arrested; every movement to save themselves by retreat was the signal for a ruinous attack, which reduced their force and damped their courage. Submission became inevitable, but, to the last moment, Burgoyne persisted in acting upon the defensive. Nor until he found that bread for a single day was all that remained in his camp, did he consent to open negotiations for a surrender. General Gates determined to hazard nothing by undue confidence or delay. He was courteous but firm in his answers to the terms proposed, and on the 17th of October, he drew up his army in order, and informed General Burgoyne that he must either sign the articles or prepare for battle. The capitulation was then signed. It was entitled "Convention between Lieutenant-general Burgoyne and Major-general Gates." In accordance with its terms, the British troops marched out in the presence of the adverse army and laid down their arms upon the field. Five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one prisoners were thus gained by the Americans, besides forty-two splendid brass cannon, four thousand six hundred muskets, and an immense quantity of cartridges, bombs, balls, and other implements of war.

The news of this great event spread like an electric shock through the country. Joy and triumph pervaded every patriot bosom. It seemed at last as though the

cause of freedom were destined to success. When Colonel Wilkinson entered the Hall of Congress and in brief terms announced the result, that body immediately voted thanks to General Gates and his army. They voted also, that a gold medal should be prepared for him, bearing on one side the inscription, "Horatio Gates duci strenuo," and on the other, a representation of General Burgoyne in the act of delivering his sword. All hearts beat with emotions of gratitude to the man who had conducted their country's arms to a triumph so decisive.

It is at this point in his history that we behold with sorrow the gathering of that cloud which must always rest upon the fame of this distinguished man. There can be little doubt that he yielded to the whispers of ambition and the flattery of the injudicious, and at least connived at an attempt made to supersede Washington in the supreme command of the American army. It cannot give us pleasure to dwell upon this plot. General Conway was the prime mover, and Mifflin and Gates were the only other general officers intrusted with the secret. Through the firmness of some patriots, whose virtue was tempted, the cabal failed of success, and its disgrace speedily recoiled upon the heads of its authors.

But a strong party in Congress was favourable to the pretensions of Gates, and though they were unable to invest him with the highest command, they determined that he should occupy a position next in dignity and almost independent. After the capture of Charleston, the enemy overran the Carolinas with their armies. A general seemed needed, whose very name would inspire hopes of victory, and Gates was appointed to the southern command. As he passed through Fredericksburg in Virginia, it is said that he had an interview with General Charles Lee, and that after parting with him that eccentric officer uttered the well-known prophecy, "His northern laurels will soon be covered over with the southern wil-

low." He reached the camp on Deep River the 25th day of July. He found himself at the head of about three thousand six hundred troops, consisting principally of militia; the whole number of regulars not exceeding nine hundred, under the command of the brave Baron De Kalb. Lord Cornwallis had reached Camden, with an army of two thousand efficient soldiers, consisting of seventeen hundred infantry and three hundred cavalry. Not having certain information as to the force of the republicans, and depending upon the quality of his own men, he determined to advance and force Gates to battle. At the same time, by a strange coincidence, the American general had come to a similar resolve, and each army was put in motion at night with the hope of surprising its adversary. Before daybreak, the advanced squadrons met, and a sharp firing took place without decided effect. Finding themselves thus unexpectedly in contact, the two generals, by a common impulse, suspended the fight and waited for the morning. With the return of day the conflict was renewed, and in the very moment of closing, Gates unhappily directed a total change of position for a part of his militia force. Undisciplined troops can never with safety execute a lateral movement in the face of a foe pressing upon them. Lord Cornwallis availed himself of this error, and directed Lieutenant-colonel Webster to charge. The Virginia militia faltered for a moment, and then turning their backs shamefully fled. Vain were all efforts of their gallant general, Stevens, to restore them; the panic diffused itself through the ranks; the North Carolina troops followed the inglorious example, and in a short time the whole force of militia was in rout and confusion. Amid the rush of retreating hundreds, General Gates was borne from the scene. The English pressed upon the fugitives and cut down many in the flight, who by courage on the field might have turned the fortunes of the day.

Far different was the conduct of the Continentals on

this fatal day. They stood to their posts with invincible courage, and repulsed each attack of the enemy. Encouraged by the presence and the voice of De Kalb, they opposed their bayonets alike to the charge of infantry and the impetuous assaults of Tarleton and his dragoons. Could courage alone have gained the day, they would have won a signal triumph, but they were borne down by numbers. The hero who led them received eleven wounds and sank upon the field, which, though dishonoured by the defeat of Americans, is yet invested with sacred interest, when we remember that it was moistened by the blood of De Kalb.

The unfortunate battle of Camden terminated the military career of General Gates. He was removed from command and suspended from service until inquiry should be had as to his conduct. His sensitive disposition deeply felt the disgrace he had encountered, but his conduct under this afflicting stroke was dignified and manly. As he passed through Richmond in Virginia, the Legislature passed a resolution expressing their sympathy in his misfortune and their unabated confidence in his patriotism and skill. It was at this time, also, that he received a letter from Washington, which called from his heart expressions of the deepest feeling. He was seen to hold it open in his hand and often to press it firmly to his lips, while he repeatedly exclaimed, "Great man! Noble, generous procedure!" This letter contained assurances of the most sincere sympathy, and informed him that so soon as the favourable decision of the court of inquiry should be made, he would appoint him to the command of the right wing of the army.

He retired to his farm in Berkeley county, where for some years he remained an interested spectator of the closing events of the war. In 1783 he was restored to his command, but at this time the Revolutionary struggle was over. In 1790, he removed to the city of New York,

but before leaving Virginia he generously emancipated all his slaves, and made ample provision for those who, because of age or infirmity, could not support themselves. On reaching New York he was presented with the freedom of the city, and in the year 1800 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, although it is supposed he did not serve, his object having been fully accomplished by his election.

General Gates died on the 10th day of April, 1806, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was a man of warm and generous affections and of most courteous and fascinating manners. He was a fine classical scholar. His tastes led him to seek the society of the more refined, but he was friendly to all, and as a master he had no superior. If he was ambitious, and if his ambition betrayed him into one great fault, he dearly atoned for it, and we have reason to believe bitterly lamented it. He was a steady friend of independence, of which we find the strongest proof in his eloquent letter to the Earl of Thanet, written a short time after the surrender of Burgoyne, and in no one act of his life can we detect the slightest infidelity to that country whose cause he had adopted, and in gaining whose freedom he had borne a distinguished, and considering his abilities as a leader, on the whole a successful, part.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JETHRO SUMNER.

Jethro Sumner was among the most active inhabitants of North Carolina in preparing for the Revolution, which he on an early day perceived was inevitable. By the Provincial Congress, which met at Halifax on the 4th of April, 1776, he was appointed colonel of the third regiment, and on the 9th of January, 1779, he was appointed a brigadier-general in the continental service.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM, EARL OF STIRLING.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, better known by his title of Lord Stirling, was born at the city of New York, in the year 1726. His father, James Alexander, was a native of Scotland, who took refuge, in this country, in 1716, in consequence of the part he had taken in favour of the Pretender, the year previous. He seems to have joined the standard of that royal adventurer, rather from national than political predilection; for his family connections were Whigs, and it was through their interest that he obtained employment, on his arrival at New York, in the office of the secretary of the province. He had served in Scotland as an officer of engineers; and his mathematical acquirements, which were extensive and profound, recommended him to the appointment of surveyor-general of New Jersey and New York. His leisure he devoted to the study of the law, in the practice of which he attained, according to Mr. Smith the historian, "great eminence, from his profound legal knowledge, sagacity, and penetration." In 1720 he became a member of the provincial council, and proved himself, throughout a political career continuing until his death, a zealous, enlightened, and staunch adherent to liberal principles, and finally lost his life by repairing to Albany, when suffering from severe illness, to oppose a ministerial project oppressive to the colony.* He was not less eminent as a man of science, than as a lawyer and a patriot. With Dr. Franklin and others, he founded the American Philosophical Society; and he maintain[illegible] nomer royal at

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Greenwich, and with several learned mathematicians on the European continent, on subjects of their common pursuits. He died in 1756, leaving an ample fortune, the reward of his industry, talents, and integrity.

To his only son, the subject of this memoir, he gave the best education which the country at that time afforded, besides personal instruction in the exact sciences, in which the latter became almost as great a proficient as his father. The mother, also, was an extraordinary person. At the time of her marriage with Mr. Alexander, she was a widow, engaged extensively in commercial business, which she had pursued as the successor of her first husband, and continued on her separate account after her second marriage. The son, early in life, became first her clerk and afterwards her co-partner; and the firm having obtained a contract for the supply of the king's troops, the junior partner joined the commissariat of the army. The military spirit he displayed in the field, in addition to the punctual performance of his civil duties, attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, General Shirley, who invited him to join his staff, as aid-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served for three severe campaigns on the Canadian frontier, in the war, which, though not formally declared in Europe until 1756, commenced on this continent several years before.

Upon General Shirley's recall, his secretary accompanied him to England, to assist in the settlement of his accounts, and vindicate, by his testimony, the conduct of his commander. He was accordingly examined as a witness on his behalf at the bar of the House of Commons, in April, 1757; and his evidence tended materially to the justification of his former commander. By the candour and intelligence with which it was delivered, he won for himself the marked approbation of the House, which led to his introduction to several of the most conspicuous public characters in Great Britain. It appears from his correspondence

that he soon gained their esteem and confidence, as upon further intercourse they became convinced of the justice of his views, and the candour of his representations in regard to the mutual interests of the mother country and her colonies, as well as attracted by his personal and social accomplishments.

His father, when he quitted Scotland, was known to be the presumptive heir to the earldom of Stirling. On the death, however, of its possessor in 1737, without male issue, James Alexander forbore, not only from the circumstances under which he had quitted the land of his birth, but from his want of fortune and the ties he had formed in that of his choice, to prefer his claim to a title, which, under no circumstances, could have possessed much attraction for one of his moderate views and philosophical temper. With his son the case was different; his paternal inheritance had been increased by marriage,* so that independently of his expectations from his mother, his fortune was sufficient for the support of a Scotch peerage. But he was impelled by more prudential motives than the mere acquisition of a title, to substantiate his claim.

The estates in Scotland of a former Earl of Stirling had been sequestrated for the payment of his debts. But there remained large tracts of land in America, held under grants from James I. to the first earl, which, from their remoteness and inconsiderable value at that period, had escaped the sequestration. William Alexander was encouraged to believe that if he could establish his right to the succession, the family estates still in possession of the crown would be restored to him. Having obtained the opinion of Mr. Wedderburne† in London, and of the most eminent counsel in Edinburgh in favour of his claim,

* He had married Sarah, the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, proprietor of the manor of that name.

† Afterwards Lord Chancellor, and raised to the peerage, first as Baron Loughborough, and afterwards, on his retirement, as Earl of Rosslyn.

he repaired to the latter city and remained there a year, engaged in collecting, with the aid of an able solicitor,* the testimony requisite for its judicial assertion. In this he succeeded, by proving, before the proper local tribunal, his descent from John Alexander, an uncle of the first earl, and his collateral propinquity as next male heir to the last. By the Scottish law, which differs in this respect from the law of England, a grant or patent not expressly limited to heirs male in the direct line, inures to the benefit not only of collateral descendants from the original grantee, but, in their default, devolves on the nearest male-heir-general in the collateral line. The counsel of Mr. Alexander were of opinion that the legislative union between England and Scotland had wrought no change in this respect in the law of the latter kingdom, and that his right, therefore, to the peerage resulted from his having, in due form of law, proved his relationship as collateral heir-male-general to the late earl. By their advice he immediately assumed the title, and from that time continued ever after to use and receive it, not merely in the ordinary intercourse of private society, but in his correspondence with the ministers of the crown, and their subordinate officials, both in Great Britain and her colonies. But the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, conceived it proper that Lord Stirling should petition the House of Lords to recognise his title. To this, by the advice of his counsel in Scotland, seconded by the remonstrances against it by some Scottish peers of his acquaintance, he at first objected; but to avoid giving offence to those upon whose favour he depended for the restoration of his territorial rights, he eventually consented. He petitioned accordingly, but while the matter was pending, he was recalled to New York by the death of his mother.

* Andrew Stuart, the friend and associate of Adam Smith, Hume, Robertson, and other eminent literary characters in Scotland.

When he left England, it was his intention again to repair thither and await the issue of his petition; but the unusual length of his passage out rendered his return incompatible with the personal attention required by his affairs in America. The proceedings on his petition were suffered to languish, and the last heard of the subject was its postponement to the next session of parliament. Nothing, however, was ever done in relation to it then or since, and the peerage still remains vacant, although other claimants have appeared and failed to make good their pretensions.

We have dwelt longer on this subject than its importance may have seemed to require; but our purpose was to vindicate the memory of Lord Stirling, not merely from the aspersions of enemies, who have represented him as a usurper of honours to which he had neither title nor pretence, but from the tacit acquiescence of professing friends, who in their imperfect records even of his public services have failed to do justice to his private character. We gladly turn to the subsequent portion of a life devoted to objects more worthy of pursuit and of attainment.

Upon the return of Lord Stirling to his native country, he gave himself with new zeal to her concerns. He had succeeded his father as surveyor-general of New Jersey, and he now busied himself in collecting materials for a new map of North America. Further evidence of his scientific employments at this period is preserved in the library of the Historical Society of New York, in a manuscript account of an observation of a transit of Venus, which he made for the purpose of verifying the longitude of New York. As a governor of King's, now Columbia College, he exerted his influence with the Earl of Bute, Lord Romney, and others of his powerful friends among the patrons of learning in England, to procure an endowment for that institution, then languishing in its infancy. He had upon his arrival resumed his residence in New York. Not long afterwards he commenced building at

Baskenridge, upon an extensive property which his father had acquired as a proprietary of East Jersey. Upon the completion of his house, he made that place his summer residence, and eventually his permanent abode.

Soon after his removal, he was chosen a member of the Provincial Council, and continued to hold that office until the Revolution. In the public duties it devolved on him, in addition to those of surveyor-general—and in others assumed with the laudable object of adding to what was then known of the geography of this continent—he employed his time usefully to his country, and honourably to himself, whilst his leisure was spent in the enlightened efforts of a landed proprietor, solicitous at once to raise the value of his estates, and to promote the prosperity and happiness of all about him. He exercised a generous hospitality, and maintained an extensive correspondence both at home and abroad. Upon the appointment of the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, to preside at the Board of Trade and Plantations, Lord Stirling addressed to him a letter, containing an account of his occupations, and suggesting measures for promoting the welfare of the colonies, and rendering them more conducive to the mutual prosperity of the mother country and to themselves. "The wants," he observes, "of these provinces, and their increasing population, must at all events greatly increase the manufactures of the mother country. The suppression of such branches of trade as interfere with the importation from Great Britain, and the encouragement of such a cultivation in the colonies as will supply her with raw materials, for which she now pays millions to foreign nations, is a work that must render the value of this continent to Great Britain inestimable." He then alludes to his projects for the manufacture of iron, and the cultivation of hemp and introduction of the vine, and observes that "the maturing these plans, settling a farm in the wilderness, and

bringing to it some of the productions and improvements of Europe, are my present employments. They have taken place," he says, "of the pleasures of London, and I sometimes persuade myself that this is the happier life of the two. Yet," he continues, "there are some hours I could wish to have repeated. Those in which I was honoured with your lordship's conversation, I shall ever recollect with the greatest pleasure."

Whilst engaged in these useful and tranquil occupations, the even tenor of his life was interrupted by the attempt of a Tory administration to tax the colonies without the consent of their representatives in the local legislatures. Mr. George Grenville, the political adversary, although the brother-in-law of the elder William Pitt, had succeeded him as first minister of the crown, and had carried through parliament the ill-advised stamp-act. The indignation with which this offensive measure was received in America, was such as might have been predicted from the character of the colonists, descended, as most of them were, from the sturdy republicans who first settled New England, and inheriting their tenacity of civil rights with perhaps greater jealousy of religious, if not of political liberty. Lord Stirling was among the foremost and most efficient opposers of this rash and obnoxious policy. He encouraged a passive resistance to the execution of the act, by promoting an agreement to dispense with the stamp paper without prejudice to the contracts in which its use was required. By his influence in New Jersey, he procured the removal of the parliamentary agent of that province, who had failed to oppose the odious enactment, and obtained the appointment for the eminent solicitor who had acted for him in London.* A letter from this gentleman, announcing the repeal of the act, shows his

* Henry Wilmot, secretary successively to the Lord Chancellors Northington and Camden.

agreement in sentiment with Lord Stirling. "I entirely agree," he says, "with your lordship, that we should be content with your commerce, which, indeed, is all that is valuable in colonies; and if this commerce will bring every farthing of your money to Great Britain, we can have no more."

A Whig, not merely from education and early associations, but from the convictions of his maturer judgment, Lord Stirling was ever true to his principles. He had resisted the execution of the stamp-act, and assisted in procuring its repeal. With equal determination, he opposed the subsequent expedients, by which, in another form, it was sought to raise a revenue in America, by the authority of the British parliament. When resistance in Massachusetts was followed by the shedding of blood, he was among the first in the other colonies to take up arms in what he felt to be the common cause. The military experience he had gained under Shirley, with his local influence and personal popularity, led to his being chosen, in the summer of 1775, by the people of the county in which he resided, to the command of a regiment which he had been instrumental in raising. He exhibited his characteristic energy and activity in recruiting and organizing his regiment, supplying arms at his own expense, to such of his men as were unable to arm themselves. He had issued orders for a general review and muster, but before the day appointed for it to take place, he was transferred to the command of the first of two regiments, directed by Congress to be raised in New Jersey, for the continental service. Into this, he was followed by most of the officers and men from his militia regiment. Upon receiving this appointment, he repaired to Philadelphia, to confer with his friends in Congress. He then visited, in rapid succession, various parts of New Jersey, to procure recruits, collect arms and ammunition, and prepare barracks. He soon succeeded in completing

his regiment, and within one week from receiving his commission established its head-quarters at Elizabethtown. He then commenced preparations for defending any vessels that might take refuge in the adjoining waters, from molestation by the British cruisers in the bay and harbour of New York; and he asked and received from Congress authority to take for the public use from the merchant vessels in those waters, whatever ammunition they might have on board, upon payment of its value.

Early in January, 1776, he received orders from General Washington, then at Cambridge, to reinforce General Lee, at New York, with the troops from New Jersey. While preparing to execute these orders, information reached him that a British armed transport, laden with stores for the troops at Boston, was hovering off Sandy Hook in distress, waiting for assistance from the king's ships at New York. He immediately proceeded to Perth Amboy, seized upon a pilot boat, manned her with volunteers, and being joined by three smaller vessels with his recruits, and others from Elizabethtown, whom he had directed to follow him, he put to sea, and in the night fell in with the enemy's ship, nearly twenty miles from Sandy Hook, attacked and carried her with musketry alone, although she had on board six brass cannon, besides small arms and a crew of twenty men. The next day he conducted his prize safely into Amboy, while the Asia man-of-war and her tender lay in full view at anchor in the bay of New York. The promptness with which this enterprise was conceived, and the gallantry with which it was executed, at once established the character of Lord Stirling for zeal, activity, and good conduct, and gained for him one of the first votes of thanks granted by Congress.

On the 4th of February, he received orders from General Lee to march with his regiment to New York. He accordingly set out the following day, and crossing the

Hudson with difficulty through the ice, arrived there on the 6th. On the first of March he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general; and his commission was transmitted to him, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress.

General Lee being soon after ordered to the southward, Lord Stirling remained for a season in the chief command at New York. He immediately directed his efforts to cutting off the communication between the king's ships in the bay, and the inhabitants of Long and Staten Islands; and preparing quarters for the army under General Washington, who intended to march thither as soon as the enemy should have left Boston.

The American force at New York, including the volunteers from the city, did not amount to two thousand men. Lord Stirling, therefore, in expectation that the British fleet and army would proceed immediately to New York, called for additional troops from Connecticut and New Jersey, as well as for the full *quota* to be furnished by New York. Meanwhile he employed those he already had in fortifying the commanding points in the harbour. In this, the troops were assisted by the inhabitants of the city and its neighbourhood. In addition to other motives to exertion, they knew that their commander was stimulated by the assurance of General Washington, that "the fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends on you and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter."

For a short period Lord Stirling was superseded in his command, by the arrival at New York of his senior officer, Brigadier-general Thompson. He employed the interval in superintending the construction of additional works on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. General Thompson being soon afterwards ordered to the Canadian frontier, the chief command at New York once more devolved on Lord

Stirling, who again applied himself to the completion of its defences.

General Washington arrived there with his army on the 14th of April. The British commander-in-chief, Sir William Howe, instead of proceeding directly to New York, retired to Halifax, to await reinforcements from England. It was near the end of June before the fleet under the command of his brother, Lord Howe, on board of which was the army, entered Sandy Hook; and the latter was not disembarked until the day on which Congress declared the independence of the United States.

After a further delay of more than six weeks, during which the British army had landed on Staten Island, it was re-embarked, and again landed under cover of the fleet, at Gravesend on Long Island. General Washington, unwilling to hazard a general and decisive battle with a force in many respects superior to his own, attempted no more than the temporary check and annoyance of the enemy. He remained, himself, with the reserve of the army within the city, intrusting the chief command on Long Island to General Putnam, who had under him Generals Greene, Sullivan, and Stirling, the former of whom was confined by severe illness to his bed.

On the night of the 25th of August, the British general, Grant, with five thousand men and ten pieces of cannon, was reported to be advancing from the Narrows, along the shores of the bay. Lord Stirling was directed by Putnam to oppose this formidable force with the two continental regiments nearest at hand. Soon after day-break on the 26th, he came within sight of the enemy before whom our advanced parties were retiring. These he rallied, and being joined by some artillery, made the necessary disposition of his men, and commenced skirmishing when within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy. The firing was kept up briskly on both sides for two hours, when the British light troops retired, though the cannon-

ading between the parties continued for some time afterwards.

Another body of the enemy, under Lord Cornwallis, now gained the rear of Lord Stirling, who at once perceived that an immediate retreat could alone save his detachment. Ordering the main body of his force to make the best of their way through the Gowannis Creek, he placed himself at the head of four hundred of Smallwood's regiment, and attacked Cornwallis, who was advantageously posted in a house at Luqueer's mills, near which the remainder of Lord Stirling's troops was to pass the creek. The attack was maintained with so much intrepidity and perseverance, that the British general was about being driven from his station, when he received a reinforcement which compelled his assailants to draw off. Lord Stirling had, however, secured the retreat of the main body of his detachment; and his object now was to provide for the safety of the gallant remnant he had retained with him. In this attempt he was met by fresh bodies of the enemy in every direction, but he had himself succeeded in turning the point of a hill covering him from their fire, when he was intercepted by a corps of Hessians under General de Heister, to whom he was compelled to surrender. General Washington bore the strongest testimony to the bravery, skill, and pertinacity with which Lord Stirling had attacked the enemy, and by the sacrifice of himself saved his detachment; and he took the earliest opportunity to effect his exchange: while Congress, in acknowledgment of his conduct, promoted him to the rank of major-general.

In this capacity he joined the army on its memorable retreat through New Jersey, and took part in the operations on the Delaware, where he again signalized himself by the successful defence of Coryell's Ferry. When the army went into winter quarters at Morristown, General Washington selected Lord Stirling to command on the lines immediately opposite to the enemy. Here he was

frequently engaged with strong parties of the British and Hessians detached on predatory and other more important expeditions into the country. On one of these occasions, his old antagonist, Cornwallis, had marched out in great force from Perth-Amboy, and advanced as far as the "Short hills" near Springfield, with the view, as it was supposed, of breaking up General Washington's winter quarters at Morristown. Lord Stirling put himself at the head of the few regular troops he had with him on the lines, encountered the advance of the British detachments with great gallantry, and at length, when compelled by superior numbers to retreat, took so advantageous a position as to arrest the progress of the enemy, and frustrate his design.

Upon the opening of the campaign of 1777, he again encountered a formidable party of the enemy under the same commander, and after sustaining an attack with his usual courage and constancy for some time, he was compelled by their superior strength to retire from the open country, with the loss of three of his field-pieces; but gaining an advantageous position among the hills near Middlebrook, he made so obstinate a stand as to arrest the further progress of the enemy. This and similar checks induced Sir William Howe to abandon his attempt to reach Philadelphia by land.

Lord Stirling was now detached with his division to the Hudson, to reinforce the army intended to operate against Burgoyne. But when he had reached the highlands, he was recalled, in consequence of intelligence of the embarkation of the British troops at New York, with the probable design of proceeding to Philadelphia. The American army now took up a position on the Brandywine, to oppose the advance of the enemy upon the seat of the continental government, and General Washington determined to hazard a battle for its protection. In the action which followed, Lord Stirling threw himself, with Sullivan

and La Fayette, personally into the conflict, while the division of the former was retreating; and they maintained their ground until the American force was completely broken, and when the enemy were within twenty yards of them they made good their retreat into the woods. At the battle of Germantown, fought soon afterwards, Lord Stirling commanded the reserve, composed of the New Jersey and North Carolina regiments, and was actively engaged at the close of the action, when Brigadier-general Nash, who commanded the North Carolina troops, was slain upon the field.

Encouraged by the good conduct of his troops in this engagement, General Washington meditated an attack upon Philadelphia. He submitted the subject to the consideration of a council of war, a majority of which were against the proposal. Lord Stirling, who was in the minority, was requested by the rest to draw a plan for the attack, which they submitted to the commander-in-chief. Upon receiving it, General Washington proceeded in person to reconnoitre the defences of the enemy; but he came to the conclusion that the works were too strong to be carried without great loss, and the design of assaulting them was reluctantly abandoned. The army then went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

The winter of 1777–8 was rendered memorable by the discovery of a plot for superseding General Washington in the chief command of the army—known, from its prime mover, as the "Conway Cabal." Emboldened by the success of Gates at Saratoga, and encouraged by some symptoms of hostility which had been manifested towards Washington in Congress, some restless spirits in the army, the principal of whom, besides Gates himself, were Generals Conway and Mifflin, engaged in an intrigue with some of the disaffected in Congress to substitute their chief in the place of Washington. They relied of course upon the eclât Gates had acquired from the surrender of

Burgoyne. But they forgot that his good fortune on that occasion was more owing to the previous dispositions of General Schuyler, who had preceded him in the command, than to his own military skill, and they failed to make allowance for the constitutional weakness and irresolution of a leader upon whose vanity they had practised with success. This conspiracy was defeated principally through the instrumentality of Lord Stirling. It was brought to his knowledge through the *convivial* indiscretion of Wilkinson, one of the minor parties, who was aid-de-camp to General Gates, and had been despatched by him to Congress with the account of his success. Wilkinson, on his way to Congress, stopped at Lord Stirling's head-quarters, at Reading, in Pennsylvania, and dined at his table on the day he arrived. After Lord Stirling had withdrawn, Wilkinson repeated to Major McWilliams, an aid of Lord Stirling's, the well-known passage in the letter of Conway to Gates: "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." McWilliams considered it his duty to communicate the affair to Lord Stirling, who in his turn felt bound by private friendship as well as public duty to inform General Washington. For this, an effort was made by the conspirators to disparage his character, by charging him with a breach of hospitality; but the attempt recoiled upon the heads of those who were themselves parties to a treacherous intrigue, and secretly engaged in circulating the grossest calumny.

The army remained at the Valley Forge until the evacuation of Philadelphia, by Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Sir William Howe in the command of the British forces. As soon as he was apprized of that movement, General Washington started in pursuit of the enemy, with the intention of hanging on his rear, harassing him on his march, and in case of a favourable opportunity bringing him to action, which at length was accomplished

at Monmouth Court-house. In the battle that ensued, Lord Stirling commanded the left wing of the American army, and at the crisis of the engagement produced by the unexpected retreat of General Lee, he brought forward a detachment of artillery which played with such effect upon the enemy as to prevent his profiting by the advantage he had gained. To retrieve the day, a British column then attempted to turn Lord Stirling's left flank, but were repulsed by the infantry of his division.

In the October following, he was ordered to Elizabethtown, to command the troops engaged in watching the British fleet and army at New York. Upon the opening of the campaign of 1779, he was directed to take post at Pompton with the Virginia division, and cover the country towards the Hudson. Major Henry Lee, who, with his light horse, formed part of Lord Stirling's command, having learned that the advanced party of the enemy at Paulus Hook was remiss in keeping guard, formed the project of surprising it. His suggestion being approved, Lord Stirling furnished the necessary force, and took part in person with a strong detachment in covering Lee's retreat. The enterprise was successful; and, for the part he had taken in the affair, Lord Stirling received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, and of Congress.

When the army again went into winter quarters at Morristown, Lord Stirling was detached at the head of two thousand men to attempt the surprise of the British posts on Staten Island. He succeeded in crossing to the island on the ice, but failed in taking the enemy by surprise. The enemy's works were too strong to be taken by assault, and the communication by water with New York, from which the enemy might be reinforced, was unexpectedly found to be open. The attack, therefore, was abandoned; but some sharp skirmishing took place on the retreat, a charge on the rear by the enemy's cavalry was repelled, and a few prisoners were brought off by the Americans.

The campaign of 1780 was not distinguished by any important event in the northern states, and Lord Stirling, after a long absence, was enabled to visit his family, and look after his concerns at Baskenridge.

The next year he was ordered to Albany, to take command of the army collecting there, to resist another threatened invasion from Canada. He assembled the main body of his troops at Saratoga, and prepared to defend the passage of the Hudson at Fort Miller. The invading army, under St. Leger, had advanced as far as Lake George, when its commander was deterred by the severity of the weather from proceeding further, or determined by intelligence of Cornwallis's surrender to retrace his steps. Having ascertained that he had reached Ticonderoga in his retreat, Lord Stirling dismissed the militia of his command, left his regular troops at Saratoga, under command of General Stark, and returned himself to Albany.

He afterwards resumed his command in New Jersey, and established his head-quarters for the winter at Philadelphia, which was within his military district. Early in the next summer, there were rumours of another expedition being on foot from Canada, and Lord Stirling was once more ordered to Albany. The favourite object of forming a junction between a British army from Canada, and that in New York, was again revived, but no real movements for effecting it was made, and Lord Stirling had only to remain on the alert, and keep himself informed of the intentions of the enemy.

His useful and honourable career was now brought suddenly to a close. The fatigue of body and mind to which he had been subjected, during his command on an important and exposed frontier, added to the arduous and unremitting service in which he had been engaged from the commencement of the war, brought on a violent attack of the gout, to which he was subject, and which now

proved fatal. He died at Albany, on the 15th of January, 1783, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and within one week of the solemn recognition by treaty of his country's independence. His death was scarcely less deeply lamented by the troops he had commanded,* than by his nearest connections and most attached friends. He was indeed regretted by all who had known him, and by many who, unacquainted with him personally, lamented the loss to the public of the influence of his character, and the benefit of his services. No stronger evidence can be given of the estimation in which he was held, than the manner in which his death was communicated to Congress by the commander-in-chief, the resolutions passed by that body on receiving the intelligence, and above all by the touching letter of condolence addressed to his widow by General Washington.

Both his public and private character are illustrated by his letters, and by his acts. The former have long been accessible to all who feel an interest or curiosity in the events of his life and times,† and of the latter it may emphatically be said—

"*Actis*, ævum implet non segnibus annis."

When these states were colonies, he endeavoured to promote their growth by enlightened suggestions to their rulers in the mother country; by his own example and his advice to others he sought to multiply the objects of agricultural production among his countrymen, and to develop the mineral wealth of the state in which he was born, and of that in which he resided; he aided in founding a library for diffusing knowledge among the inhabitants

* It so happened that he had had under his command, at different times during the war, every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia.

† In the collections of the Historical Societies of New York and New Jersey.

of his native city, and fostering in its infancy a literary institution* that has sent forth numerous bands of ingenuous youth, fitted for a career of usefulness and honour. An ardent lover of his country, an unflinching defender of her liberty, he resolutely opposed the first attempts to subjugate the one and assail the other. When the ordinary means had failed to obtain redress from a stubborn king, and equally obstinate parliament, he encouraged and promoted measures, rendering their illegal schemes of taxation nugatory; and when it was attempted to put down constitutional resistance by military force, he was among the first to take up arms; and he never laid them down until he died on the eve of his country's triumph. Amid the various discouragements that perplexed the struggle, he never wavered or despaired of success. In equal disregard of the high rank in the parent state, and of the large territorial domain in the colonies, which a contrary course would have insured to him, he persevered to the last in support of that cause for which he had pledged his life and fortune, and in which he literally lost them both. His private fortune was sacrificed in the contest, and he left nothing to his descendants but what he bequeathed to his country and mankind:—"AN HONOURABLE EXAMPLE OF A MAN, COUNTING NOTHING OF VALUE IN COMPARISON WITH THE SACRED MAINTENANCE OF HIS PRINCIPLES, AND SINKING EVERY SELFISH CONSIDERATION IN THE ONE STRONG AND CONTROLLING FEELING OF AN ARDENT PATRIOTISM."†

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* King's, now Columbia College.

† North American Review, No. cxxxv., April, 1847.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

The earliest mention we have of Philip Schuyler is from the pen of Mrs. Grant, daughter of an officer in the British army, who spent much time in the family of Mrs. Schuyler, (or "Aunt Schuyler," as she was called in affectionate reverence,) while the future American general was yet a youth. He had been adopted into this well-ordered family early in life, and shared largely the affections of the household. She describes him as a handsome youth, of most engaging manners; resolute, persevering, and singularly prudent in all matters of business. His subsequent history fully justifies the opinion thus early formed; for such was the cleverness and efficiency, the despatch and energy with which Schuyler conducted the ardous duties enjoined upon him by Congress, that we hazard nothing in asserting that, without his co-operation both in personal service and necessary funds, the northern army could not have sustained itself in the field a single campaign. We may add, likewise, that the cruel injustice which sacrificed the noble Schuyler to the vain and ambitious Gates, is an indirect compliment to the tried patriotism of the former. Had not even his enemies been fully assured of the magnanimity of their man, they would not have dared to tamper with one possessed of the *wealth* and *influence* of Philip Schuyler, at such a time. Arnold and Stark had little beside personal intrepidity to bring into the field; but Schuyler's influence was extensive and essential like theirs; equally brave, he was possessed likewise of a composed and equable mind, bearing a strong analogy to that of the commander-in-chief; and to these essentials he combined an ample fortune, which he was ever ready to expend in the great cause in which he was engaged.

His family was of Dutch origin, and one of the most ancient in the colonies; in the earlier records of which the name of Schuyler figures largely in offices involving trust and importance; while in the history of the Six Nations, especially in that of the renowned Mohawks, it must remain linked for ever, no other family in the country ever having possessed in so high a degree the confidence of these modern Heraclidæ. Philip Schuyler was born at Albany, November 22d, 1733. His father having died while he was yet young, he was adopted into the family of Colonel Philip Schuyler, of the Flats, as Saratoga was at that time designated, whose estate at that place he afterwards inherited; so that the great scene of his untiring labours for his country—the scene of his sacrifices, triumphs, and humiliations—was upon his own acres, in sight of all the recollections of his childhood and youth, amid the mouldering ashes of his once princely home, which the army of Burgoyne had wantonly destroyed; and here it was, when the laurel of victory was ready to descend upon his own brow, that Congress wrenched it aside to place it upon his who never feared an enemy, and who "entered into the bride's feast" which the hands of Schuyler had prepared.

At twenty-two he was selected to the office of commissary to the army then preparing for an expedition against Canada. The officers of Lord Howe remonstrated against this, as involving too much trust for so young a man; but the efficiency and despatch with which he discharged the arduous duties of the office, fully justified the confidence and discernment of that nobleman. The defeat of the army, the disasters of Ticonderoga, and the unfortunate death of Lord Howe, threw a double weight of responsibility upon young Schuyler, who was intimately acquainted with that region of country, and whose influence was most needful to curb the recklessness of the Mohawks, who would yield service only to a Schuyler. It became his

melancholy office, likewise, to convey the body of his lamented friend, Lord Howe, to Albany, where it was honourably interred. He continued to act in aid of the army, till the peace of 1763 restored him once more to the elegancies of home, but not to its repose.

His education, position, and well-known public ability were too important to the wellbeing of the country, to be suffered to lie in idleness. He was appointed to various important offices in the growing troubles of the period, all of which he discharged with benefit to his country, and honour to himself. He held a seat in the Assembly of New York, at that time one of considerable moment, the members holding their places for seven years, the number being few, and chosen exclusively from freeholders. Here his bold systematic opposition to the aggressive measures of the British crown, placed him foremost amongst the patriots of the day; though one of the minority at a time when the cry of treason pealed like a knell amid the storminess of debate, Schuyler and the intrepid few pressed onward, true to the principles of human justice, till at length the house was compelled, from very shame, to draw up a bill in which they condemned certain acts of the British Parliament "as public grievances, and subversive of the rights of American-born British subjects."

The bolt was shot, and New York fairly in the field. The country was in a state of intense excitement—resistance must be made, and what should be the result was known only to the God of nations. But the leading men of that time were definite in their ideas, and in their love for right and country. Linked as they might be by wealth and connection with the refinements of the old world, they still yielded loyal and loving service for the country of their birth. Familiar as had been Philip Schuyler with the best officers of the British crown, his family likewise being strongly attached to the government, two of his brothers holding offices in the British army, he

was still clear and determined in his assertions of right. He was early elected a delegate to the continental Congress, which met in May, 1775, and hardly had he made his appearance there before he was appointed third major-general of the American army.

He was immediately placed over the northern division of the army, which he hastened to reduce to order and military harmony, providing the munitions of war with a skill and celerity almost incredible, when we consider the impoverished state of the country, and which leads at once to the inference that much was done from his own private resources. Indeed, later in the course of the war, Congress felt no hesitation in imposing duties upon him, which could only be so met; and it is well known that a large amount of money was thus raised for the relief of the soldiery entirely upon his own responsibility.

Repairing to Lake Champlain, Schuyler put Ticonderoga and Crown Point into a state of defence; and four regiments descended the lake, under the command of Montgomery, on the way to Canada. But the difficulties and hardships to which the necessities of the army reduced the commander were such that, at this moment of greatest need, he was taken down with a violent fever, which compelled him to a degree of inaction most irksome to his ardent temperament. Unwilling to abandon the field of labour, and hoping to surmount his illness, he caused himself to be carried in a batteau to the Isle Aux Noix, where he might be promptly in aid of the army. But his illness was too severe to be thus summarily met, and he was obliged to be reconveyed to Ticonderoga, and to yield the Canada expedition entirely into the hands of his friend Montgomery. For two years did this able officer contend with the effects of this attack, reduced to a skeleton, and beset with difficulties the most annoying to a soldier, from the bad condition of the army, mutinous, ill-supplied with arms and clothing, and often reduced to the greatest

straits for lack of provisions. Yet he never forsook his post; rallying, for a few days, he was abroad wherever most needed; reduced again, he dictated orders from his camp-bed, and wrote letters that would fill volumes to the commander-in-chief, to Congress, and wherever good could be best done.

Charged with the duty of supplying the army with recruits, provisions, clothing, arms, and money, he upon a bed of sickness—with unlimitted orders, yet an empty exchequer—surrounded by wants the most urgent, which he was unable to meet, he at length sought leave to retire, lest the public good should suffer through his disabilities. Congress became alarmed; they could not lose so efficient a man. A vote of thanks for his services passed the House; they expressed, through President Hancock, their "greatest concern and sympathy for his loss of health, and requested that he would not insist upon a measure which would deprive America of his zeal and abilities, and rob him of the honour of completing a glorious work, which he had so happily and successfully begun." General Washington expressed similar sentiments: "Do not think of a step so injurious to yourself and the country. You have not a difficulty to contend with, which I do not labour under in the highest degree." This is an affecting picture of the two men, in their friendly and manly correspondence, full of forebodings, yet bearing up against the pressure of the times; yet Washington was in the vigour of health, and Schuyler worn by labour and suffering.

Schuyler bore up, without hesitation, "now that Montgomery was no more: he who had given so many proofs of the goodness of his heart, and who, as he *greatly fell in his country's cause, was more to be envied than lamented.*" Every month increased the arduousness of the duties imposed upon him. No man at the time was intrusted with so much discretionary power. Congress issued its intimations of service required, and left him to perform

it as best he might. The army was in want of muskets, ammunition, and cannon; and the soldiers clamorous for pay. No wonder: their families were at home starving, while they, with naked feet and bare heads mounted the breastwork and presented their bosoms to the shots of the invader. They would fight and die; but there was the wife, the mother, the helpless child, pining and dying for lack of succour. We write the history of our leaders to battle, and forget the sufferings of the great mass of beating hearts—the palpitating bone and muscle—who stood a wall of flesh for our defence.

Schuyler responded to the call—he raised funds on his own account—he did all that a human being could do in mitigation of this distress. Even Washington, from his camp at Cambridge, applied to Schuyler for arms. "Your letters and mine," said the great man, in allusion to the exigencies to which they were reduced, "seem echoes to each other, enumerating our mutual difficulties." Another office of delicacy and much difficulty devolved upon Schuyler at this time. He was ordered to disarm the tories of the Mohawk country, whose operations thwarted the interest of the American cause. These had been, many of them, his old friends and neighbours, whom the stress of the period had estranged from him: it needs but a thought to see how thankless must have been this necessary service.

On the 17th of February, Lee was appointed to the command of the northern army, and Schuyler to that of New York—a change which Congress assured him was only made from their conviction that his health would not bear a northern campaign; yet it was soon ascertained that the army in the north could not be sustained without his aid and co-operation, and his headquarters were appointed him in Albany, that he might superintend both departments; but this want of efficient and energetic action upon the part of Congress, at length destroyed all hope of effecting the conquest of Canada. It was in vain that Schuyler, Montgomery, Arnold, Lee, Wooster and Thomas,

each and all, urged the inadequacy of support; in vain that the soldiers, harassed to no purpose, deserted and rebelled, and that *forty officers* at one time sent in their resignations; either Congress feared the power of a great northern army, or were unable to raise one; and, after a series of mortifying disasters, a retreat was ordered, and the enterprise abandoned.

In return for all this arduous service and lavishment of fortune in behalf of his country, Schuyler found himself the subject of public abuse, and openly charged with being the *cause* of the failure of our arms in Canada. Disgusted at this injustice, and with the treachery of persons who afterwards failed not openly to oppose him, he again besought leave from Congress to retire from the army. Congress refused, and expressed the warmest approval of his conduct. He demanded an examination of his career, which was promptly granted, and a full and explicit award of the approbation of Congress and that of the commander-in-chief greeted him. Impelled by the warmest love for the service, and now restored to excellent health, nothing could exceed his vigilance and activity. Thwarted and opposed as he was by Gates and others under his command, he was still courteous and conciliatory. Being now the second major-general in the army, Lee only acting above him, his position was at once important and honourable, and called forth all the nobleness of his fine character.

In the mean while the splendid army of Burgoyne was making its way into the state of New York. Ten thousand effective men were on the march by the way of Lake Champlain. Schuyler with his ill supplied army was at Fort Edward, and St. Clair at Ticonderoga. Unable to compete with the forces opposed to him, the latter, without waiting orders from his superior, felt himself obliged to abandon his position and seek refuge in Fort Edward, followed by the exultant foe. The inhabitants fled in dismay from their homes, and the story of the murder of Jane McCrea, by the allied Indians of the Bri-

tish army, spread consternation upon every side. The eastern states were filled with alarm, and the hero of Bennington once more took the field to defend the frontier of his native state. "Not a militiaman should fail to do service for his country at a crisis like this," cried the exasperated Schuyler, indignant at those who feared to come to the rescue. He made the warmest, the most urgent appeals; forced to retreat, the usages of war compelled him with bleeding heart to lay waste the country, that less might be left for the uses of the foe. "The earth was as a garden of Eden before them, and behind as a desolate wilderness." Bridges were destroyed, roads blocked and obstructed with timber; the waving harvest flashed in the flame; herds were driven away, and the people, appalled at the memory of the beautiful woman so cruelly sacrificed, followed in the wake of the camp as the only place of security.

Vigorous as were the measures of Schuyler, they could not meet the exigencies of the occasion. He had urged the insufficiency of means for the defence of the northern fortifications. Ticonderoga, as we have seen, had been abandoned for lack of resources, notwithstanding his appeals, by express, to General Washington, and to the governors of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York, and all his remonstrances at the insufficiency of the garrison for purposes of defence. He was on the march for the relief of these important posts, when he met the flying army of St. Clair.

Retreating, yet full of intrepidity, Schuyler still cheered the hopes of his desponding army. He published proclamations, he incited the inhabitants to defence, and by the most consummate attention to every part of his department, contrived to sustain his own manly heart. He writes to Washington, "If my country will support me with vigour and dexterity, and do not meanly despond, I shall be able to prevent the enemy from penetrating much farther."

At the time of which we are now speaking, the whole strength of Schuyler did not exceed four thousand five hundred men. They were without suitable arms, without

warriors who for years, bordering upon a century, had been artillery; suffering, sickly, distressed, and daily wasted by desertions. This insufficient band was expected to resist the progress of an army flushed with success, six thousand strong, and superbly accoutred. The eastern troops were jealous of those of New York, they concurred scantily with military usages, and Schuyler was compelled to rely mostly upon the aid of his immediate state. Undisheartened by these obstacles his efforts were unceasing, and by the first of August he was able to make some stand against the foe. As Burgoyne made his way down the Hudson, there were constant skirmishings at the outposts of the army as it slowly retreated in good order to the famous Saratoga.

In the mean while the detachment of the British army, under St. Leger, had besieged Fort Stanwix, which was reduced to the last extremity, but still nobly held out, as knowing the terrible fate which awaited them should they fall into the hands of the enemy and their ferocious Indian allies. The seat of war was now one of intense interest. Schuyler saw that the moment for decisive action was at hand, and nothing that human forethought could suggest to make it one of triumph was wanting on his part. Fort Stanwix was a subject of intense anxiety, and at this moment, when it seemed needful to concentrate the forces to resist the approach of the main army of Burgoyne, General Herkimer was sent to the relief of this fortress. On his way he was encountered by the detachment under Sir John Johnson, and defeated at the battle of Oriskany, a battle, which, for wild picturesque interest suggests the romance of border warfare in the highest degree.* Schuyler here encountered a commander who had often shared the hospitalities of his own household, and a race of rude

* The best description of this battle, which we have ever seen, may be found in the pages of Greyslayer, a Legend of the Mohawk, from the pen of C. F. Hoffman; the vivid imagination of the novelist being better adapted to a stirring scene like this, than the ordinarily dry details of the historian.

treated as younger children by his family. Such are the urgencies of war! Schuyler, with the whole of Burgoyne's army bearing down upon him, needing every man at his post ready for the coming onset, was yet compelled to weaken his army further, by the despatch of men to the relief of Gansevoort, still holding out gallantly in the defence of Fort Stanwix. Arnold, with five hundred men, was sent to the rescue, and the despairing prisoners who for three weeks had repelled a murderous foe, hailed their approach with loud shouts.

Thus was this little band saved from destruction, and the death of the stout Herkimer, who perished at Oriskany, in some degree avenged; St. Leger, with his tories and Indian allies, held in abeyance, and Schuyler's troops allowed time to breathe before the great onset of Burgoyne. Then came the news of the battle of Bennington, and all was hope and exultation. Schuyler saw now nothing but victory. All was in readiness to meet the foe, and he, so often hindered, tried, and perplexed, was able to make a great stand for freedom, upon his own hearth-stone, as it were.

At this moment Gates appeared in the camp, and Philip Schuyler was superseded in command by his former enemy; the same who had once before refused to serve under him at Ticonderoga, and who had spared nothing to achieve his downfall. From this time Gates has been called the hero of Saratoga—it has a sound of mockery.

"I am sensible of the indignity of being ordered from the command of the army, at a time when an engagement must soon take place;" such was the calm remonstrance of this most injured great man, whose conduct on this occasion was worthy of Washington himself; and such as no man but Philip Schuyler, the true patriot, the brave and thoroughly upright man, could have evinced. So far from displaying the meanness of any kind of resentment, he generously offered to serve his country as a private gentleman in any way in which he could be useful. He still gave the aid of his best counsel, and continued his corres-

pondence with Congress, which could ill do without his valuable aid in the various departments in which he had been employed. Subsequently, when his whole career had been subjected to the most rigid examination, and when his conduct had been fully approved, Washington and other friends urged him to resume the command of the northern department; but he resolutely refused—his pride had been too deeply wounded—he had encountered obloquy and injustice where applause should have followed his steps, and he had too much self-respect to hazard the trial.

But his public services did not end here. After the necessary attention to his own estates, "which had greatly suffered by the barbarous ravages of the British army," he was zealous in promoting the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and was elected to the first Senate, under the new order of things. He foresaw the marvellous prosperity of his native state, and was foremost in the great movement in behalf of internal improvements. In the plan which he sketched for furthering the navigation of the Mohawk may be traced the germ of the Erie Canal, which, splendid as it is, is destined to dwindle into insignificance before the gigantic plans now in progress of development.

The last years of Schuyler were distinguished with the elegant dignity of an American gentleman. Full of years, beloved, and respected, the statesman, the patriot, and the Christian moved calmly to the "dread bourne." On the death of Washington, his long-tried friend and brother in arms, he dressed in deep mourning. His four last years were a period of grief and bereavement, which loosened the grasp of the good man upon life. His wife, most tenderly beloved, was taken away; his daughter, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, died; and his noble son-in-law, the great Hamilton, perished by the hand of Burr. His cup of bitterness was at the brim—he died, November 18th, 1804, aged seventy-one.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

JOHN SULLIVAN was born in Berwick, in the province of Maine, on the 17th of February, 1740. His father emigrated from Ireland in 1723, and died at the great age of one hundred and four years, after seeing his sons, the subject of this sketch and Governor James Sullivan of Massachusetts, occupy the most elevated positions in a new empire which they had helped to rear up about him. He was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and his sons laboured with him in the field during the greater portion of their minority. The schools of the period afforded few advantages for high or various cultivation, but he was well versed in the ancient languages, in history, and in other branches, and attended himself to their education.

Mr. Sullivan studied the law, was admitted to the bar, and established himself at Durham, in New Hampshire, where he acquired an extensive practice. His attention was soon, however, diverted from his profession to the gathering storm of the Revolution, and the stand he took in defence of popular rights in 1772, led to his being commissioned as a major of the militia. From this time he was actively engaged in the public service. In September, 1774, he took his seat in the Continental Congress, and in December, of the same year, he was engaged with John Langdon in the first act of forcible opposition to the royal authority. General Gage, anticipating the approach of hostilities, began in every direction to seize upon such military stores as were not in the safe possession of the king's troops, fulfilling thus the fears of the timid and the hopes of those who saw no possibility of a reconciliation. Fort William and Mary, near Portsmouth, contained a con-

siderable supply of arms and ammunition, and was garrisoned by but five men. A force was secretly organized, under Sullivan and Langdon, to seize upon this before the arrival of an expected reinforcement from Boston; and the plan was executed with perfect success, so that the soldiers were imprisoned and one hundred barrels of powder, sixteen cannon, a large supply of small arms and other stores, were removed to places of safety before the ships with the troops entered the harbor. Governor Wentworth denounced the act as one of treason, and Langdon was advised by a member of the council that "his head would be made a button for a rope" if he did not leave the province; but the king's power had already ceased to be a terror: the governor himself was soon to become a fugitive. The spoils of the adventure were turned to a good account a few months afterwards at Bunker Hill, and Sullivan and Langdon took their seats in the following May in the second Congress, at Philadelphia.

On the 22d of June, 1775, Sullivan was appointed a brigadier-general, and resigning his seat in the legislative body, he proceeded immediately to join the commander-in-chief at Cambridge. There he was actively employed in disciplining the forces and obtaining supplies. On the 5th of August he addressed a letter to the committee of safety in New Hampshire, advising them that the army, in the immediate presence of the enemy, had not enough powder to furnish each man half a pound. On ascertaining this fact, he says that Washington "was so struck that he did not utter a word for half an hour." Every one was equally surprised. Messengers were despatched to all the southern colonies to draw on their public stores, and he entreats the committee to forget all colony distinctions, to consider the continental army devoted to destruction, unless immediately supplied, and to send at least twenty barrels with all possible speed. "Should this matter take air before a supply arrives," he says, "our army is ruined. You will

need no words from me to induce an immediate compliance with this request; you can have no necessity for the powder in the country; there is not the most distant probability or even possibility of an attack upon you."

The army was inactive during the winter, and in the spring General Sullivan was ordered to Canada, and arrived early in June at the mouth of the Sorel, where he met the survivors of the expeditions of Montgomery and Arnold, under General Thompson, and assumed the command. He entertained an opinion for a short time, that he should be able to maintain a position in Canada, but the affair of Three Rivers soon dispelled the illusion, and he continued to lead his dispirited and sickly troops southward, until he reached the Isle La Motte, where he received the orders of General Schuyler to proceed to Crown Point. Here he was superseded by General Gates, who upon calling a council of war determined to retire to Fort Ticonderoga. Offended that a junior officer should be promoted over him, Sullivan left the army and proceeded to Philadelphia with a view to the resignation of his commission. He bore with him an address signed by Hazen, Poor, Stark, St. Clair, and Wayne, the field officers who had served under him, in which they expressed a very high opinion of his personal character and of the ability with which, "upon the late trying occasion, he had comforted, supported, and protected the shattered remains of a debilitated army." After some conversation with the president of Congress, in regard to the cause of the appointment of Gates, he concluded to retain his commission. Upon the subject of Sullivan's fitness for the chief command, Washington about the same time transmitted a private letter to the president of Congress, in which he says, "I think it my duty to observe that he is active, spirited, and zealously attached to the cause. That he does not want abilities, many members of Congress can testify; but he has his wants, and he has his foibles. The latter are

manifested in his little tincture of vanity, and in an overdesire of being popular, which now and then lead him into embarrassments. His wants are common to us all. He wants experience to move upon a large scale; for the limited and contracted knowledge which any of us have in military matters stands in very little stead, and is greatly overbalanced by sound judgment, and some acquaintance with men and books, especially when accompanied by an enterprising genius, which I must do General Sullivan the justice to say I think he possesses."

Sullivan now joined the army under Washington, and on the 9th of August was created a major-general. At this time the British force on Staten Island amounted to twenty-four thousand men, and it was expected that it would immediately attack New York. The Americans, far inferior in numbers and appointments, were chiefly on New York island, but a portion of them were in the opposite town of Brooklyn, where extensive works had been erected under the supervision of General Greene, who about the middle of the month was compelled by severe indisposition to relinquish the command, and was succeeded by Sullivan. On the 22d, ten thousand of the enemy landed on Long Island, to dislodge the Americans. Putnam had assumed the command, and had under him, besides Sullivan, Lord Stirling. On the night of the 25th, it was ascertained that the British under General Grant were approaching along the road nearest the bay, and Stirling was despatched to oppose them with two regiments. Sullivan meantime marched down the road farther inland to Flatbush, and before daylight was surprised to find that General Clinton with the British right wing had gained his rear by a pass which was to have been guarded by the Long Island militia, stationed at Jamaica. With the English troops between him and the main body of the Americans, and before him a large force of Hessians under De Heister, he quickly perceived that his situation was

hopeless, unless on one side or the other he could cut his way by a desperate effort; but after swaying an hour or more between the two divisions of the enemy, he was compelled to surrender, though a small portion of his regiment, with determined energy, forced a passage through the British ranks and regained the centre at Brooklyn. Stirling also, after a warm conflict, was made a prisoner. Washington went over from New York on the 29th, to learn the full extent of the disaster; and in the night, while the British were so near that the cries of the sentinels were heard distinctly within the American lines, succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in withdrawing the remainder of the troops across East River into New York. Our loss in this engagement, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was more than one thousand, and the entire army on Long Island would have been conquered if the British had attempted on the 28th to follow up their victory, or if the retreat of the following night had been attempted by a less able leader or under less providential circumstances. Sullivan did not long remain a prisoner. Lord Howe, the British commander-in-chief, ever sincerely desirous of a peace, sent him on parole with a hopeless message to Congress, and in a short time after he was exchanged for General Prescott.

By the middle of October, it became necessary for the Americans to abandon New York, and the army, in four divisions, under Generals Lee, Sullivan, Heath, and Lincoln, retreated toward the upper part of the island, and after the capture of Fort Washington and the abandonment of Fort Lee, was driven across New Jersey, and hovered in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in anticipation of an attack upon that city. In the actions of Trenton and Princeton, so glorious in themselves and in their consequences, and indeed through all the winter, Sullivan was actively and honourably, though not conspicuously engaged.

The intentions of the British commander-in-chief, the following season, were shrouded in mystery, but all his movements were closely watched by Washington, whose troops were kept on the alert to meet the promise of every new sign given by the enemy. Sullivan and Stirling were at one time despatched to Peekskill, on the Hudson; but the entrance of the British fleet into the Chesapeake, about the middle of August, occasioned their recall, and the American army was concentrated at Germantown, with the exception of Sullivan's division, which was stationed at Hanover in New Jersey. It was while he was here that Sullivan set on foot his expedition against Staten Island, where the British general had left a sufficient number of regulars and provincials, to vex and despoil the people of East Jersey, Long Island, and the highlands of the Hudson. On the 21st of August, with a thousand picked men from the regiments of Smallwood and Deborre, he marched to Elizabethtown, where he was joined by the regiments of Dayton and Ogden, and several companies of militia. The Tories were the objects of attack; the troops, in two parties, reached the island before daybreak, on the 22d, without being discovered; Colonel Ogden succeeded in making prisoners of the greater portion of Colonel Lawrence's detachment of one hundred and fifty provincials, near the Old Blazing Star Ferry; Sullivan, with Deborre, assailed another party, but was less fortunate, making only about forty prisoners; and Smallwood, who had charge of a third attack, took but two or three. Sullivan, Smallwood, and Deborre, proceeded with their captives towards the Old Blazing Star to join Ogden, of whom they had heard nothing since their separation on the Jersey shore; but he had already disembarked with his prisoners when they arrived; and Sullivan's boats, which he had ordered to meet him there, were not in sight; and before he could quit the island with all his men, his rear-guard was captured by General Campbell, who had started at the first

alarm and pressed him closely in his retreat. The number of British prisoners secured was about one hundred and fifty, and General Sullivan reported his loss at thirteen killed and thirty-six prisoners; but the American loss was by others thought to be much larger.

The following letter, which has not before been published, was soon after addressed to Colonel Warren, by Major John Taylor: it gives an account of the expedition, and furnishes a key to that dissatisfaction with the conduct of Sullivan which resulted in an investigation by a court of inquiry:

"*Hanover, Aug.* 24, 1777.

"DEAR COLONEL,—I am this moment returned from an expedition to Staten Island, the issue of which has been rather unfortunate. On Thursday last we marched from Hanover, at four o'clock P. M., and continued our march, with little or no intermission, to Walstead's Point, where we arrived at three o'clock in the morning, having marched twenty-two miles. We immediately began to cross the Sound, but there being only five boats, we did not all get over till near sunrise. Colonel Ogden had crossed at the Old Blazing Star, with about five hundred men, the same morning. His men, and the separated brigades of our division, attacked three different parts of the enemy before six. Each attack proved successful. Colonel Ogden, who had got over by daybreak, completely surprised the enemy, killed a few, and made one hundred prisoners. Deborre's brigade, which Sullivan commanded in person, killed about five, and made near thirty prisoners. General Smallwood had very little fortune in getting prisoners,—the enemy having received intelligence of his coming early enough to scramble off. Thus matters stood at nine o'clock, when our two brigades joined again, and marched off to the Old Blazing Star, to recross, where Ogden and his party had crossed and returned. The main body of the enemy was then discovered to be lurk-

ing on our flanks; but evidently with no intention of coming to action. We marched on to the Old Blazing Star, and began to cross, but before we had got all our men over, the enemy came up and attacked our rear, of about one hundred and fifty, who were on that side. Our people behaved bravely, and several times drove the enemy from the charge; but all their ammunition being gone, they dispersed; some swam the river, and the rest were taken. We lost but very few men except the prisoners, but the enemy must have had at least one hundred killed and wounded. Among the prisoners, were Colonel Antill, Major Woodson, Major Stewart, Major Hilliard, and Duffy. Captain Herron, Lieutenant Campbell, Lieutenant Anderson, and Ensign Lee, were not mentioned with a flag which they sent out, proposing an exchange. I conjecture they are killed. Colonel Antill was not with the list of those who wished to be exchanged, and the officers said he did not choose to return. The misfortunes which attended the expedition were numerous and ruinous. I will, if possible, enumerate them. It was unfortunate that the march, of near thirty miles, before we began the attack, should fatigue our men; it was unfortunate that instead of returning by the way we crossed, which was short, we should march ten miles farther, to the Star, which made the number of miles from our camp, with our manœuvres on the island, at least forty; it was very unfortunate that we continued to march without halting, by which means we had a rear of six miles; it was unfortunate that we observed no order in our retreat—that every soldier should be allowed to plunder and get straggled all over the island; it was unfortunate that we did not attack the main body of the enemy, who evidently acknowledged our superiority by avoiding us, and as evidently discovered their intention of attacking our rear, by hovering on our flanks; it was very unfortunate that only about thirty light infantry of our regiment composed the

rear, by which means, all the officers of Herron's company were lost, and the rest, knowing their situation, and having no wagons, could not bring off the sick; it was unfortunate that orders were sent to the upper ferry, to have the boats brought down by two private soldiers, which coming through an improper channel, were disobeyed; it was very unfortunate that no officers were appointed to superintend the embarkation and disembarkation of our troops in the four boats which Ogden had, by which means, as much time was lost in the delay on the other side as would have secured a safe passage: for that which was every man's business was attended to by none; it was unfortunate that many plundered horses were brought over, which produced much delay; it was very unfortunate we had no cannon, and that we marched down into the marsh opposite the enemy, where two of our men had their brains knocked out with their field-pieces; it was very unfortunate that we had nothing to eat for near forty-three hours, and were marching most of the time, which did such injury to the troops, that at one time, yesterday, Deborre's brigade could not muster above forty men. My arithmetic will not serve for the whole enumeration: I will therefore halt here. By the enemy's return, they have a hundred and thirty prisoners of ours; but you may be assured we shall not get off under two hundred. Several field-officers and commanders fell into our hands, and the general talks of an exchange.

"Figure to yourself the situation we are in, then hear that we are to march in two or three days to the southward, and wish, but do not hope, to see many of us come forward. I wish, my dear colonel, you could join us; your presence is absolutely necessary to reclaim that order which we have been gradually losing ever since you left us. I am so much fatigued that I am wholly unable to write to Mr. Penn; I should therefore be obliged to you to show him this letter; and tell him further, that if Con-

gress do not make an inquiry into this affair, they will not do their duty to their constituents. I am, dear sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

This letter was regarded by Sullivan and his friends as an ebullition of personal enmity. The court of inquiry, which was held immediately after the battle of Brandywine, honourably acquitted him, and was unanimously of opinion that the expedition was feasible and promised considerable advantages; that it was well planned; and that it would have been perfectly successful but for some accidents which were beyond both the power and the foresight of the commanding general. Another original letter, addressed to Sullivan by Colonel Ogden, will serve as an antidote to Major Taylor's:

"DEAR SIR,—As you are, in my opinion, very unjustly censured for your conduct respecting the Staten Island expedition, I cannot, in justice to you, or the public service, omit presenting you with my narrative of the affair, which, if you please, you may make public. I do not mean to call in question the proceedings of the honourable Congress; I doubt not they have been imposed on by misrepresentations of facts; otherwise they would not have ordered a court of inquiry. I am certain it is not their intention to injure the character of an officer for being successful. The plan ordered by you, after consulting those gentlemen in whom you could confide, who were best acquainted with the island, and the situation of the enemy, was this—That Generals Smallwood and Deborre should cross at Halstead's Point, the former to attack Buskirk, at the Dutch church, and the latter Barton, at the New Blazing Star. I was to cross at the old Blazing Star, with the first and third Jersey regiments, and a part of the militia, and attack the regiments of Lawrence, Daugan, and Atten, which, if I found an even match, I

was to take post on advantageous ground, and wait until I was supported by a regiment from General Deborre, which regiment, in case I drove the enemy, was to head them and pick up stragglers. One regiment from General Smallwood was to be left for the same purpose at the cross-road above, and to take up those that should escape General Deborre, after which the whole division was to join and march to where I had crossed, and where you were to re-cross. This plan appeared to me well concocted, and perfectly consistent. The officers on my part performed every duty required or expected. They routed the enemy, and made many of them prisoners, with very little loss. How far the officers of your division executed their part, I cannot pretend to say. Though this I am certain of, that the loss of most of the men was owing to the carelessness of the officers commanding platoons, in suffering their men to fall out of their places. Those that were lost with the rear-guard sold themselves dear, and their being exposed was unavoidable.

"I am, sir, with respect and esteem,

"Your humble servant,

"M. OGDEN."

When the report of the court of inquiry was presented to Congress, it was resolved by that body that the result, so honourable to the character of General Sullivan, was highly pleasing to that body, and that the opinion of the court should be published, in justification of that officer's character.

General Sullivan arrived in the vicinity of Philadelphia about the first of September. Sir William Howe had already landed, at the head of the Elk, in Maryland, with eighteen thousand men, and though the American army was very inferior, in numbers, appointments, and condition, Washington determined to hazard a battle. He at first placed himself in the enemy's path, below Wilmington, but after some skirmishing between Maxwell's corps

and the British light troops, it became apparent that the British general's design was to turn his right and cut off his communication with Philadelphia, and he then withdrew from his position, and crossing to the left of the Brandywine, on the evening of the 9th, established his centre at Chad's Ford, twenty-five miles from the city. At Pyles's Ford, a mile and a half below, was the left wing; two miles above, near Brinton's Ford, with light troops and videttes extending a considerable distance further, was the right, under Sullivan; and Greene was stationed in the rear of the centre with a reserve. At daybreak, on the morning of the 11th, Generals Knyphausen and Grant began their advance from the British head-quarters at Kennett Square, General Maxwell retiring before them, till about ten o'clock, when they reached the high-ground on the right bank of the Brandywine, opposite and in full view of the American centre, upon which, without attempting to cross, they began a cannonade. Sullivan, meantime, had been directed to guard the stream as far up as Buffenton's Ford, and he confined his attention to that and the points below, not knowing that there were any accessible fords above. Soon after eleven o'clock, however, he received a message from Colonel Ross, advising him that a large body of the enemy, supposed to be immediately under the command of Sir William Howe, was crossing still higher up with a park of artillery. This information turned out to be correct. The main body of the British army, guided by the infamous Tory, Joseph Galloway, who was intimately acquainted both with the topography of the country, and the almost universal disaffection of the people, had with extraordinary secrecy at an early hour defiled to the left, and proceeded to fords, the existence of which was unknown to the American general, which it was now passing. Sullivan sent the information down to Washington, who directed him to attack immediately the approaching foe: but while he was

preparing to do so, different information, which seemnd perfectly reliable, was received from the point where the British were reported to have been seen, and Washington hastened to countermand the order. Thus the army remained for several hours, the centre only engaged, opposing the assault of Knyphausen, and in perfect ignorance of the chief movement of the enemy. It was near two o'clock before it was finally well understood that Howe and Cornwallis had succeeded in crossing at Jeffrey's Ford and were in full march upon the American right. A change of disposition was instantly made, and Sullivan's division was in the act of forming, on high ground near Birmingham meeting-house, when it was attacked by Cornwallis. Deborre's brigade quickly gave way, and was thrown into confusion. Sullivan vainly endeavoured to rally it, and then attempted with his artillery to sustain those who kept their ground; but after maintaining the action with great spirit and bravery for an hour and a half he was compelled to retreat. General Wayne, meantime, had been driven back from Chad's Ford by the superior numbers of Knyphausen, who advanced to force the passage as soon as he heard of the successful movement of the British upon the American right wing; Greene brought into the battle his reserve, to cover the retreat of Sullivan, and the scattered forces of the right and centre sustained the engagement with activity until night, when they retired without molestation, with their artillery and baggage. In the battle of Brandywine were Washington, Wayne, Greene, Sullivan, Lafayette, Stirling, Hamilton, and others of distinction, and General Heath well observes, that "there was no contest during the war in which the whole army appears to have been so entirely engaged." They were attacked at a moment in which no army can offer successful resistance; and the British were too fatigued to follow up their success. After leaving the meeting-house, there is no ground or space for a battle: the road is nar-

row, the country hilly, and even now covered with woods. A fight could only take place by detachments, and it was probably in this way that this was waged, which will account for the small number killed and wounded, and for the slight effect the defeat had on the spirits of the officers and men. They collected at Chester during the night, marched to Philadelphia the next day, and began soon after a series of fresh attacks upon the enemy. The armies met again on the Lancaster road, and a contest was commenced, when a sudden and a heavy fall of rain compelled the Americans to retire. On the 19th Washington prepared to dispute the passage of the Schuylkill, but the British general by a sudden movement crossed without opposition at a lower point, and gaining his rear, entered Philadelphia and Germantown on the 26th of September. The misfortunes at Brandywine were popularly charged upon Sullivan, and his conduct before and during the battle was investigated by order of Congress, but he was honourably acquitted by a court of inquiry. Washington declared that his whole conduct, so far as he could judge of it, was "spirited and active," and Lafayette wrote that "such courage as he showed that day will always deserve the praises of every one."

Washington in a few days took post at Skippack's Creek, about fourteen miles from Germantown, and on the evening of the third of October put his troops in motion with the design of surprising the main body of the enemy at that place. Sullivan and Wayne, the next morning, just after daybreak, leading the principal attack, completely surprised the enemy, and soon drove them more than a mile from the scene of their first encounter. Victory seemed to be certain, when, in the dense fog which prevailed, some mistakes occurred, a degree of confusion ensued, the course of success was checked, and the Americans retreated from the field. This important battle has been particularly described in previous

parts of the present work,* and it is here necessary only to observe that General Sullivan distinguished himself by the utmost intrepidity and bravery. The commander-in-chief remarked in his official account of the action: "In justice to General Sullivan and the whole right wing of the army, whose conduct I had an opportunity of observing, as they acted immediately under my eye, I have the pleasure to inform you that both officers and men behaved with a degree of gallantry that did them the highest honour."

After the army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, General Sullivan for a time entertained an intention of resigning. He had laboured assiduously for the good of the country in every situation in which he had been placed, and had been the object of more than a common share of ungenerous attack; while his private affairs, from long neglect, were in a most unfortunate condition. Writing to Washington in the early part of 1778, for a short leave of absence, he says: "It would be tedious for me to mention my necessities in full. Let it suffice to say that I have exhausted my store of cash at home. I prohibited my clerk from calling in the money I had out on interest when the war began, as I knew the people would be sufficiently distressed without paying debts. My pay in the army has by no means made up for my losses and expenses. I need not remind your Excellency how far sixteen eightpences will fall short of maintaining my family, or remind you of my having been four times robbed by the British troops, viz: at New York, Long Island, New Rochelle, and Peekskill. This has reduced me so far that I have not clothes sufficient for another campaign, nor will my pay enable me to purchase. My own private fortune must make up my losses, and enable me in future to keep the field. This cannot

* See article Washington, i. 41.

be done while I remain here." At the request of the commander-in-chief, however, Sullivan consented to remain, and early in the following month he was appointed to the important separate command of the forces in Rhode Island.

The British at this time had six thousand men at Newport, well protected by various fortifications, and General Sullivan took up his head-quarters at Providence, with a very inferior force. The hopes of the Americans had been excited by intelligence of the alliance with France, and in July they were cheered with news of the arrival of Count d'Estaing with twelve ships of the line and twelve frigates, before the capes of the Delaware. Washington immediately entered into communication with the French admiral, and on the 17th of July, wrote to General Sullivan to augment his force to five thousand men, if it were possible, from the New England states, and on the 22d, despatched Lafayette and Greene with two brigades to his assistance; while D'Estaing set sail for the waters near Newport, where he arrived on the 29th, and received Sullivan to a personal conference on board his ship, where a plan of operations was concerted. The French troops, four thousand, were to land on the western side of the island, and the Americans, at the same time, approaching by way of Tiverton, were to land on the opposite side, under cover of the guns of a frigate. A portion of the reinforcements despatched by the commander-in-chief not arriving as soon as they were expected, some delay occurred, but it was finally determined that the attack should take place on the 10th of August; and on the 8th the French fleet passed up the channel without injury from the enemy's batteries, and the British commander withdrew his forces within their lines, in anticipation of the descent of the two armies upon the town. But when every thing was ready, and promised success, the British fleet under Lord Howe was

seen approaching the harbour, and the French admiral, paying no attention to the arrangements into which he had entered, put to sea. The disappointment and vexation caused by this unlooked-for proceeding were proportioned to the sanguine excitement with which they had looked for an engagement. General Sullivan, however, soon decided to undertake the siege of Newport with his independent army, which was now increased by the arrival of militia to ten thousand men; and orders were issued for the march of his forces on the morning of the 12th. But his plans were again prevented: on the night of the 11th a violent storm arose, which continued with unabated fury for three days, during which the troops were nearly all constantly exposed to the rain and wind. their health so impaired that a considerable number of them died, and their ammunition rendered useless. On the 15th, the sky became clear, and General Sullivan with his exhausted army took position within two miles of Newport, and opened a cannonade upon the fortifications, which were found, however, to be too strong to be carried without the aid of the fleet.

Meanwhile both the French and British fleets had suffered severely in the storm, and were compelled to return to port. The ships of D'Estaing were seen off Newport on the 19th, and hopes of united action and success were again entertained. Generals Greene and Lafayette went on board the ship of the French admiral, and exhausted their powers of persuasion in the vain effort to induce him to aid in this critical moment: he declared that in case of disaster his instructions were to proceed to Boston for repairs, and announced to Sullivan, in a letter, his intention immediately to do so. The whole American army was indignant, and all the principal officers, except Lafayette, signed a protest against his departure, as "derogatory to the honour of France, contrary to the intentions of his Most Christian Majesty, and to the interests

of his nation, destructive in the highest degree to the welfare of the United States, and highly injurious to the alliance formed between the two countries." This protest was ill-advised, and increased the unfortunate alienation between the Americans and their allies, which was not allayed until the subject received the attention of Washington, whose wise discretion alone was sufficient to restore amicable relations, and to soothe the excited feelings of the admiral and his officers. Upon the second withdrawal of the French fleet, the volunteers, whose continuance in the camp was dependent entirely upon their own pleasure, began to go away in masses, and in a few days General Sullivan had about him less than seven thousand men, not one fourth of whom had ever been in action; and as an attack upon the intrenchments of the enemy, defended by an equal number of experienced troops, was now out of the question, it was determined to relinquish the enterprise, and remove to a point on the northern part of the island, whence the main land might be reached with ease and safety. The retreat commenced on the night of the 28th, the rear of the army being covered by light parties under Colonels Laurens and Livingston; and early the next morning Sir Robert Pigot, the British commander, started in pursuit, and soon attacked the rear guard, who maintained their ground gallantly until ordered to fall back upon the main body, who had reached the works at Tiverton. General Pigot then attacked the American left, under General Glover, by whom he was repulsed, upon which he took up a position about a mile from the lines, on Quaker Hill, and at nine o'clock opened a cannonade. The Americans were now drawn up in three columns, the first in front of the works on Butt's Hill, the second in the rear of the hill, and the third about half a mile distant from the first, with a redoubt in front, a little to the right, and strong defences in the rear. While the firing was kept up between the

opposing lines, two British ships of war and several smaller vessels gained a station opposite the American right, but their guns were quickly silenced by batteries erected on the beach. At two o'clock General Pigot advanced and made a general attack, but was driven back after a short conflict, and the two armies confined themselves for the remainder of that and the following day to a desultory cannonade; and on the night of the 30th, General Sullivan, having heard of the approach of Sir Henry Clinton with reinforcements from New York, succeeded in making a masterly retreat to the main land, without loss or even discovery, and thus undoubtedly saved his entire army from capture.

The conduct of General Sullivan throughout this expedition into Rhode Island was warmly approved by the wisest men of the country. "If I am a judge," remarked General Greene, in a letter* to a gentleman who had complained of it, "the expedition has been prudently and well conducted; and I am confident there is not a general officer, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest in the field, who would have gone greater lengths to have given success to it, than General Sullivan. He is sensible, active, ambitious, brave, and persevering in his temper; and the object was sufficiently important to make him despise every difficulty opposed to his success, as far as he was at liberty to consult his reputation; but the public good is of more importance than personal glory, and the one is not to be gratified at the risk and expense of the other." On the 17th of September the thanks of Congress were voted to General Sullivan and the officers and soldiers under his command for their conduct in the action of the 29th of August, and the retreat of the next night was highly approved. The legislatures of New Hampshire and Rhode Island also expressed in an appro-

* Johnson's Life of Greene, vol. i. p. 198.

priate manner their sense of General Sullivan's zeal, discretion, and good conduct in the campaign.

General Sullivan remained in command in Rhode Island until the spring of 1779, but there were in this period no further military movements of importance; and in the summer of this year he was selected by General Washington to lead an army against the great Indian confederacy of the Iroquois, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras, whose terrible and continued outrages upon the north-western frontier, instigated and encouraged by the British, it was found necessary to punish with the most exemplary severity. The country inhabited by the Iroquois comprised northern Pennsylvania and western New York, one of the richest and most beautiful regions of the Union. Accompanied by the brigades of Maxwell, Poor, and Hand, Proctor's artillery, and a corps of riflemen, General Sullivan proceeded on the 31st of June, along the Susquehannah towards Wyoming, and on the 11th of July reached the confluence of that river with the Tioga, near which a fortress was erected and named Fort Sullivan, where he awaited the arrival of General Clinton, who was approaching with sixteen hundred men from Schenectady, by the Mohawk and the southern tier of lakes. General Clinton reached the camp with his brigade on the 22d of August; on the 28th the army, now consisting of about five thousand men, began its march, and on the third day after came near Newtown, (now Elmira,) where the celebrated chieftain Brant, or Thayendanegea, with Sir John Johnson, Captain Butler, and Captain Middleton, were stationed with a force of Indians, and British regulars and rangers, variously estimated at from eight to fifteen hundred, whom they routed with considerable loss. They proceeded with little further opposition, between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, by Geneva and Canandaigua, and as far west as the Genesee river, destroying

numerous villages, fields of corn, orchards of fruit trees, and all descriptions of cattle, until the country was entirely laid waste, and the Indians were driven, utterly disheartened, to seek shelter and subsistence at the British fortress of Niagara, where more died of disease than had perished by the sword. Upon the termination of this expedition General Sullivan desired permission to retire from the military service, and in November his resignation was accepted by Congress, which passed a vote of thanks for his important and long continued services.

He soon after recommenced the practice of the law, in which he was eminently successful. In 1780, he accepted a seat in Congress, in which he remained during two sessions. He was several years attorney-general of New Hampshire, and was a member of the convention which formed her constitution, and president of that which adopted the constitution of the United States. He was president of the state from 1786 to 1789, and resigned that post in the latter year, to enter upon his duties as a justice of the Federal Court for the district of New Hampshire, which office he held until his death, which occurred at his residence in Durham, on the 23d of January, 1795, when he was nearly fifty-five years of age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HUGH MERCER.

One hundred years ago, the British empire had a wide and peaceful sovereignty. Its metropolitan and colonial authority was secure and undisputed. The promises of a revolution, which had changed the tenure of the sovereign if not ascertained the rights of the subject, were realized in new limits to prerogative, new security to parliament, new impulse to industry, and new protection to the people. The sober reason of the British nation approved the administration of the government. But between this sober judgment, with all the strength which gratitude for these blessings gave it, and the affections of the people, there was still a struggle; and the naturalized princes of the house of Brunswick, whom the revolution had placed upon the throne, from time to time were made to feel that sympathy for a family of exiled native princes was lurking in the bosoms of their subjects. In Scotland, bound to England by what was then thought an unnatural union, these sympathies were most active; and the memory of her native princes, loyalty to the name of Stuart—the sight of deserted palaces—a buried crown and sceptre, were cherished in the Scottish heart with devotion that burned not the less intensely because it burned in secret. There was scarcely a Highland dell or Lowland castle, which had not secret worshippers kneeling in proud devotion at an empty shrine.

On the 19th July, 1745, a small armed vessel appeared off the coast of Moidart. It came to anchor, and there landed on the Scottish shores a young and gallant prince. He came to claim what he proudly called his own, and he claimed it through the affections of loyal Scotland. The

banner which Charles Edward unfurled to an astonished people, on the hills of Glenfinnan, on the 19th August, 1745, was an emblem from which adversity had purged the stains with which an ancestry of tyrants had disfigured it; and to the forgiving eye of loyal enthusiasm it seemed to float in the light of brighter and better days—the sunshine which the new dominion was to shed on darkened and oppressed Scotland.

It is easy for what is called the enlightened intelligence of this day, to look back with contemptuous pity on the enthusiasm which promoted and sustained this wild attempt; but who, in the pride of historical presumption,—the insolence of doubt, will question the true chivalry and romantic patriotism of the many gallant men, who, either without pausing to consider, or in defiance of their better judgment, espoused Charles Edward's cause, and hazarded their lives,—for the dread penalties of treason hung over all, the high and the low, the chieftain and the clansman, who shared in the bold effort of desperate enthusiasm. The brief history of this enterprise, the invading march, the sullen retreat, its young leader's rapid alternations of hope, of confidence and despair, justified by miraculous victories and bloody reverses, need not here be told. It is part of Scotland's household history, and is embalmed in the brightest and most beautiful romance of Scotland's master mind.

On the night of the 15th April, 1746, two gallant armies were stretched in uneasy slumber on the moors of Culloden; the one a remnant of those enthusiasts, who, in a cause which their gallantry enobled, had carried terror to the centre of the empire; the other a well disciplined, well appointed army, led to sure victory by an experienced leader, and restless to wash away the discredit which recent defeat had thrown upon them. On either side of that array was more than one brave man, destined to shed his blood in other conflicts and on a distant soil. In

the British army was Sir Peter Halket, who perished in Braddock's defeat, on the banks of the Monongahela. Marching to the Pretender's standard was the young Master of Lovat, afterwards Major-General Fraser, who now rests in an unknown grave on the heights of Saratoga. At the head of an English regiment, was Colonel James Wolfe, the hero of Louisburg and Quebec—and, by one of the Highland watchfires, in Charles Edward's camp, there lay a stripling of twenty-three years of age—a youth who had left the peaceful occupation for which he was educated, to serve a bloody apprenticeship in the rebel cause. This young man was Hugh Mercer, then an assistant surgeon in the Highland army.

Every reader knows the horrors of the next day. It was Scotland's second Flodden field. The blood of her bravest sons was poured out like water, the Prince for whom their blood was generously shed became a proscribed wanderer, and his followers, those who escaped the carnage of that dark day, and the bloody penalties of the British law, like their Prince, were forced to seek safety in exile.

Early in the following year, Mercer bade Scotland an eternal farewell, and embarked at Leith in a vessel bound to Philadelphia. Of the circumstances of his emigration and arrival, nothing is known except that he left his native country in consequence of participation in the rebellion, and that he settled on what was then considered the western frontier of this province, near the present village of Mercersburg, in Franklin county. Tradition has not told us the motives of this remote and secluded residence, nor do we know in what occupation, or with what aim, Mercer was engaged, till we find him a captain in the provincial forces which were raised on the breaking out of the French and Indian war of 1755.

The brief experience of irregular military life acquired

in Charles Edward's enterprise was of value to a frontier settler, whose life was one of constant vigilance and exposure. For a series of years prior to the continental war, the Indian tribes on our western frontiers, stimulated by the artifices of French emissaries, were making constant aggressions on the settlements. The aid of the metropolitan government had been invoked and afforded, and Braddock's ill-starred enterprise had shown the inefficacy of regular warfare against savages, whose defiance of discipline seemed to be the secret of their strength. From the Susquehanna to the Alleghany the unbroken forest was tenanted by hostile tribes, and scarcely a sun went down upon the settlements without the glare of some burning village, and the shrieks of women and children arising to break the gloom and silence of the night, until at last the colonial legislature, harassed beyond endurance by these repeated inroads, determined to raise an adequate force, and by the vigour of their own arms give security to their citizens.

The victorious result which ensued is worthy of especial remembrance. A battalion of three hundred men was organized and equipped, and despatched under the command of Colonel John Armstrong, to penetrate the Indian country, and strike a decisive blow on one of their most remote and important positions.

The leader of this enterprise was one of the most remarkable men of his time. To fearless intrepidity of the highest cast, there was united in his character a strong sense of religious responsibility, that rarely blends with military sentiment. He belonged to that singular race of men, the Scottish Covenanters, in whom austerity was a high virtue, and who, in the conflicts to which persecution trained them, never drew the sword, or struck a mortal blow, without the confidence which enthusiasm seemed to give, that agencies higher and stronger than human

means were battling in their behalf, and that their sword, whether bloodless or bloody, was always "the sword of the Lord." Educated in these sentiments, John Armstrong never swerved from them. He was foremost in his country's ranks, whether her cause was defence against a foreign foe, or revolt against oppression—in the colonial conflicts as well as in the war of the Revolution. He was always known to kneel in humble devotion and earnest prayer before he went into battle, and never seemed to doubt in the midst of the battle's fury that the work of blood was sanctified to some high purpose. Under this leader did young Mercer—for a common sympathy, at least on this soil, united the Jacobite and the Cameronian—fight his first American battle; and it was in the arms of the son of this his ancient general, that he was carried mortally wounded from the bloody field of Princeton.

The enterprise of the Pennsylvania troops in 1756, was one of peculiar interest. They marched from Fort Shirley to the Alleghany river, through a country known to be hostile, and reached the Indian town of Kittaning, within twenty-five miles of the French garrison of Fort Du Quesne, without the enemy being aware of their approach. The troops were immediately, about the dawn of day, led to the assault, and after a short and bloody conflict, in which most of the principal Indian chiefs were killed, and nearly every officer of rank among the provincials wounded, the town was carried by storm and utterly destroyed.

During the assault, Mercer was severely wounded, and being obliged to retire to the rear of the column, in the confusion incident to such warfare, he became separated from his men on the retreat, and found himself on the night of the battle, alone and wounded, and obliged to regain the settlements with no other guidance than that which nature gives to the solitary wanderer—the stars of heaven and the winter garb of the forest. In the official report made by Colonel Armstrong is the following return: "Cap-

tain Mercer's company—himself and one man wounded—seven killed—himself and ensign are missing." But the spirit of the Scottish soldier, of one who had witnessed more ghastly scenes of carnage, and encountered worse perils than the forest threatened, in the flight to Inverness, when Christian savages tracked their flying victims, did not sink; but though alone, faint with loss of blood and with a shattered arm, after reposing for a few hours on the field of recent conflict, he commenced his desolate pilgrimage. For days and weeks did he wander through the forest, dependent for sustenance on its roots and berries, until at last striking the waters which empty into the Potomac, he was enabled, when exhausted nature seemed just about to sink, to reach Fort Cumberland.

On the reorganization of the provincial forces in 1758, when the daring spirit of the great man at the head of the English ministry seemed to be infused into every branch of the public service. Mercer, promoted to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel, accompanied the army of General Forbes, and being present at the reduction of Fort Du Quesne, was left by the commander-in-chief in charge of that important post. It was on this expedition that he became acquainted with Washington, then a colonel in the Virginia line, an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy, and exercised so vast an influence on his future career. How perilous a trust was confided to Colonel Mercer, and how faithfully and successfully he discharged it, may be inferred from Washington's ominous declaration in a letter to Governor Fauquier, in December, 1758. "The general has in his letters," says he, "told you what garrison he proposed to leave at Fort Du Quesne, but the want of provisions rendered it impossible to leave more than two hundred men in all; and these must I fear abandon the place or perish. Our men left there are in such a miserable condition, having hardly rags to cover their nakedness, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather

in this rigorous season, that sickness, death, and desertion, if they are not speedily supplied, must destroy them." Mercer maintained the post and remained with the garrison till it was relieved, when he retired from the service, and having permanently fixed his residence at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, resumed the practice of his profession.

We now approach the opening of the great chapter of American history.

The repose which the colonies enjoyed between the peace of 1763 and the beginning of the Revolution, was short and restless. The young nation lay, not in the slumber of exhaustion, but in the fitful sleep which the consciousness of a great futurity allows. It slept too with arms by its side, and there needed but the trumpet's feeblest note to arouse it to an action. The involuntary concord of the colonies at the outbreak of the Revolution is one of its most singular characteristics. It was a concord that transcended all mere political relations—it was beyond and above all political union. It was the instinctive appreciation of common right, the quick sense of common injury. There seemed to be but one frame, and when the hand of tyranny was rudely laid on a single member, the whole system quivered beneath the contact, and braced itself to resistance.

The three great colonies, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, differing in manners, habits, and opinions on most topics, on this of resistance knew no discord; and the signal had scarcely been lighted at Lexington and Bunker Hill, when an answering fire started upwards from the shores of the Potomac.

The battle of Lexington was brought on 19th April, 1775, and on the 25th, six days later, the following characteristic letter was written to Colonel Washington, then by common consent regarded as the leader of all the Virginia forces, should she raise the standard of revolt. It is dated at Fredericksburg.

"By intelligence received from Williamsburg it appears that Captain Collins, of his majesty's navy, at the head of fifteen marines, carried off the powder from the magazine of that city, on the night of Thursday last, and conveyed it on board his vessel, by order of the governor. The gentlemen of the independent company of this town think this first public insult is not to be tamely submitted to, and determine, with your approbation, to join any other bodies of armed men who are willing to appear in support of the honour of Virginia, as well as to secure the military stores yet remaining in the magazine. It is proposed to march from hence on Saturday next for Williamsburg, properly accoutred as light-horsemen. Expresses are sent off to inform the commanding officers of companies in the adjacent counties of this our resolution, and we shall wait prepared for your instructions and their assistance.

"HUGH MERCER.
"GEORGE WEEDON.
"ALEX'R. SPOTTSWOOD.
"JOHN WILLIS."

On the 29th, the volunteers of Albemarle—for the chivalry of Virginia was all in arms—sent Washington a letter to the same effect, bearing the names of Gilmer—a name honoured then and honoured now—of Lewis, and Marks. Its postscript was, "We shall stand under arms till we have your answer."

In June, 1775, George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief, and early in the following year, the American army then being in the neighbourhood of New York, Colonel Mercer received from Congress his commission as a brigadier-general. It is not improbable that his services were solicited at this juncture at the instance of Washington himself, as it appears from his correspondence, that the commander-in-chief repaired to Philadelphia to concert with Congress plans for the organization of the army, and

that he remained there until the day after the date of Mercer's commission, and those of two others of his most valued friends. General Mercer soon left, and for ever, his peaceful home, his young wife and children, and joined the army at New York.

And now before approaching the closing scenes of an eventful life, let us pause, and, writing for citizens of a peaceful age, let us ask all to think gratefully of the contrast of the present to the past. In the Revolution, there was no prosperous industry,—no steady pursuit,—no systematic economy. The frame of society was dislocated. The cloud of civil war hung low upon the land, and if a ray of sunlight victory sometimes broke forth to cheer the earth, it was answered by a lurid flash from dark masses impending elsewhere. There was no rest in the Revolution, and the gentle dawn of a peaceful Sabbath rarely brightened on the Christian heart. The only prayer which rose to Heaven was the prayer of the armed sentinel. Yet man, American man, repined not,—home was abandoned,—families separated,—the husband and father left his fireside without a murmur. The selfish sentiment of this day, that the first duty of a citizen is to himself and his own interests, no one then dared avow. The native hue of resolution was sicklied with no pale cast of those poor thoughts which make even the virtue of God's ministers a cloistered virtue. The voice of God's ministers spoke from the pulpit boldly to the men of the Revolution, and uttered, within the walls of Congress, the prayer of humble confidence to the God of righteous battles. To a Jesuit, from St. Omers, was confided a public trust which he faithfully and gratefully discharged. The most eloquent man, after John Adams and Patrick Henry, in the old Congress, was a Scottish Presbyterian divine, whose intellect, strengthened in the fierce polemics of a Glasgow synod, had full sway and vast influence in the anxious deliberations of revolutionary council. No mo-

nastic scruple kept these men from the performance of their public duties.

The tale of those endurances and sacrifices has yet to be written. Our military and civil history is studied and understood, but how few are there who know any thing of that household story of self-immolation and devotion, which, as a moral theme, makes the chief value of the Revolution's annals. There is many a rich tradition,—the yet unwritten story of those who, like Mercer, never, from the commencement of the struggle, left their country's service; generous and unrewarded men, who devoted their prime of life, as he did, and, with broken spirits and disappointed hopes, lay down in early graves. And rich indeed will be our recompense, if these pages, or any one word upon them, shall give vigour to the interest that America should feel in her early history, and new life to the great principle of republican loyalty, which, binding us together by veneration of a glorious ancestry, is the republic's best security.

The first campaign in which General Mercer participated in the continental service, was crowded with incidents of high interest. It immediately preceded the great change in our military policy, which made the war one of offensive enterprise, and to no one more than to him is that change attributable. The battle on Long Island, the retreat to New York, the evacuation of that city, contrary to the advice of Mercer, who was perhaps wisely overruled, and of Greene whose bold counsel it was to burn the city to the ground, the battle of White Plains, the fall of Fort Washington, the projected attack on Staten Island confided to Mercer, and the retreat through New Jersey, were the prominent incidents of this eventful period. Throughout it all, Mercer was in active service under the immediate orders of the commander-in-chief, to whose affections he was closely endeared.

As early as the 8th of December, 1776, the broken re-

mains of the American army had taken their last desperate position on the western bank of the Delaware, and gloomy and perplexed were its desponding councils. A large and well appointed British army had driven the few troops that remained in service before them through New Jersey, and the river, rendered more formidable by the floating ice, appeared to be the only barrier to their farther advance. Congress, reduced in numbers, and broken in spirit, was losing its power of self-support, and Philadelphia, then the nation's capital, seemed destined to a certain fall.

It was at a moment like this when, in worse than midnight gloom, terror and perplexity seemed to sway the mind of man, that the influence of Washington was so sublimely realized. The ordinary virtue of the daring soldier was thrown into the shade by the rarer and brighter developments of his character; and Washington, at that moment of prevalent despair, himself desponding in spirit, but outwardly calm, collected, and resolute, the recipient of rash and timid counsels, the guardian of a broken and dispirited army, the supporter and best counsellor of Congress, who, in this moment of extremity threw all the duties of a sinking state on him, is as fine a spectacle as the history of the world, ancient or modern, can exhibit.

The annals of the Revolution have no period of gloom like this. Evil counsels and insubordination aggravated Washington's just solicitude. Phantoms and realities alike perplexed the public mind. On the 10th of December, he wrote to General Lee a letter of almost desperate supplication to induce him with his troops instantly to join the main body of the army, and on the 14th, relying on its success, he intimated in a letter to Governor Trumbull his intention, if Lee joined him, to make an offensive movement on the enemy. On the day before, Lee, then stationed at Basken Ridge, wrote to General Gates a letter, strongly characteristic of his ill-regulated mind, and of that spirit of morbid jealousy which was his ruin. "If I

stay in this province, I risk myself and army, and if I do not stay, the province is lost for ever. I have neither guides, cavalry, medicines, money, shoes or stockings. Tories are in my front, rear, and on my flanks. The mass of the people is strangely contaminated; in short, unless something turns up which I do not expect, we are lost. Congress has been weak to the last degree. As to what relates to yourself, if you think you can be in time to aid the general, I would have you by all means go. You will at least save your army. It is said the whigs are determined to set fire to Philadelphia. If they strike this decisive blow the day will be our own, but unless it is done all chance of liberty in any part of the globe is for ever vanished."

The ink was scarcely dry upon this letter when Lee was made prisoner in his quarters by a party of British dragoons, and the hopes of the commander-in-chief of his co-operation entirely frustrated.

The situation of Philadelphia at this dark hour, it is not easy for us in this peaceful day to realize. A British frigate and sloop of war were at anchor within the capes of the Delaware, and large bodies of Hessian and British troops were encamped within a few miles, in New Jersey. "It was just dark," says a military traveller who witnessed the desolation, "when we entered Front street, and it appeared as if we were riding through a city of the dead. Such was the silence and stillness which prevailed, that the dropping of a stone would have been heard for several squares, and the hoofs of our horses resounded in all directions." On the 12th and 13th December, General Putnam, then in command at Philadelphia, issued his memorable orders, which tell a gloomy tale of popular alarm.

"The late advances of the enemy oblige the general to request the inhabitants of this city not to appear in the streets after ten o'clock at night, as he has given orders to the picket guard to arrest and confine all persons who may

be found in the streets after that hour. Physicians and others, having essential business after that hour, are directed to call at headquarters for passes.

"The general has been informed that some weak or wicked men have maliciously reported that it is the design and wish of the officers and men in the continental army to burn and destroy the city of Philadelphia. To counteract such a false and scandalous report he thinks it necessary to inform the inhabitants who propose to remain in the city, that he has received positive orders from the honourable continental Congress, and from his excellency General Washington, to secure and protect the city of Philadelphia against all invaders and enemies. The general will consider any attempt to burn the city as a crime of the blackest dye, and will, without ceremony, punish capitally any incendiary who shall have the hardiness and cruelty to attempt it. The general commands all able-bodied men who are not conscientiously scrupulous about bearing arms, and who have not been known heretofore to have entertained such scruples, to appear in the State House yard at ten o'clock with their arms and accoutrements. This order must be complied with, the general being resolutely determined that no person shall remain in the city an idle spectator of the present contest who has it in its power to injure the American cause, or who may refuse to lend his aid in support of it, persons under conscientious scruples alone excepted."

Nor was Congress free from the infection of that hour of alarm. The published proceedings indicate the gloom which oppressed its deliberations. The secret resolves, as communicated to General Washington, show at once the uncertainty of their counsels, and the far reaching sagacity of him whose conduct Congress professed to regulate. On the 11th of December Congress passed a resolution denouncing as scandalous a rumour which was then current, that they intended to leave Philadelphia. It was

communicated to Washington, with a request that it should be published to the army. On the 12th he wrote to Congress, declining to accede to their request, and frankly saying, that in his judgment such a resolution and its publication were alike inexpedient. And on the next day Congress resolved to adjourn precipitately to Baltimore, and conferred on Washington full and unlimited powers to conduct the war as he pleased.

What secret thoughts, what hidden despair oppressed the mind of Washington, it is difficult to conceive. His letters, private and official, breathe the spirit of calm and abiding confidence, that the cause of liberty would yet prosper, though the means by which the result was to be achieved were unseen. "Our little handful is daily decreasing by sickness and other causes; and without aid, without considerable succours and exertions on the part of the people, what can we reasonably look for or expect but an event which will be severely felt by the common cause, and will wound the heart of every virtuous American, the loss of Philadelphia." In a letter to his brother on the 18th, he says, "I have no doubt but General Howe will still make an attempt on Philadelphia this winter. I foresee nothing to prevent him a fortnight hence, as the time of all the troops except those of Virginia, now reduced almost to nothing, and Smallwood's regiment of Marylanders, equally as low, will expire before the end of that time. In a word, if every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is nearly up. You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man ever had a greater choice of difficulties, and less means to extricate himself from them. But under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud."

It was at this desperate crisis, when hope seemed dead, that in the American camp the suggestion was made to

change the policy of the war, and make a sudden movement on the detached outposts of the enemy, then scattered carelessly through New Jersey, from Brunswick to Trenton. With whom this plan originated, history has not precisely ascertained. If, as is most probable, it was the council of war, it may have had its origin in many a brave but desponding spirit. Certain it is, that it received its best encouragement from the success of an appeal made to the volunteers and militia of Philadelphia, who, to the number of more than 1500 men, marched to the camp near Trenton.

As early as the 14th December, the idea of an attack seems to have suggested itself to the mind of the commander-in-chief, but to have been dependent on a junction with General Lee, then supposed to be in the rear of the enemy, but who was really their prisoner. A witness who within a few years has sunk into the grave, thus ascribes this movement.* "Two or three days after we had crossed the Delaware, there were several meetings between the adjutant-general and General Mercer, at which I was permitted to be present; the questions were discussed whether the propriety and practicability did not exist of carrying the outposts of the enemy, and ought not to be attempted. On this point no disagreement existed between the generals, and, to remove objections in other quarters, it was determined they should separately open the subject to the commander-in-chief, and to such officers as would probably compose his council of war, if any should be called. I am sure the first of these meetings was at least ten days before the attack on Trenton was made." On the 18th, news of an intended attack were current in Philadelphia, and, on the 21st, General Greene wrote from camp to the governor of Rhode Island, that he hoped that an attack would soon be made.

* General (then Major) Armstrong, an aid of General Mercer.

On the next day, the adjutant-general, Colonel Reed, wrote from Bristol a letter of urgent solicitation, which no doubt expressed the sentiment of a large portion of the officers of the army, and indicated Trenton, or its immediate vicinity, as the best point of attack.* Such suggestions, thus urged by his most valued friends,—by Greene, by Mercer, and Reed, met with a ready response in the breast of Washington, and the plan of attack was soon concerted. The Philadelphia and New Jersey troops were to cross the Delaware below, while the main body of the army,—if such a phrase be applicable to a remnant so meagre,—under Washington, Mercer, and Sullivan, crossing above Trenton, were to attack the enemy there. But even then the hope of a successful issue seemed desperate; and two days before the battle, Washington wrote to Robert Morris in a tone of deep solicitude—"For God's sake hurry on the clothing to my suffering men. Leave no arms or valuable papers in the city, for sure I am that the enemy wait for two events alone to begin their operations on Philadelphia,—ice for a passage over the Delaware, and the dissolution of the poor remains of my debilitated army."

On the night before the battle, Washington wrote his last letter to the commanders of the Philadelphia troops. "The bearer is sent down to know if your plan was attempted last night; and if not, to inform you that Christmas day at night, one hour before day, is fixed for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven's sake keep this to yourself, as the discovery may prove fatal to us; our numbers, sorry am I to say, being less than I had any conception of, but necessity—dire necessity may, nay, must justify an attack. Prepare your men and attack as many of their posts as you possibly can with any prospect of success. I have ordered our men three days provision

* Sparks's Washington, vol. iv. p. 542.

and their blankets, for if we are successful, which Heaven grant, we shall push on."

The issue of that enterprise need not be told. It turned the tide of war, and gave an impulse to popular feeling which was in strange contrast to previous despondency. Amid the darkness of a winter night did Washington lead the remnant of his shattered army on this desperate enterprise, and a brief and bloody conflict terminated in a glorious victory. The column of attack operating on the main street leading from Princeton, was commanded by Mercer, and became the most efficient in obstructing the retreat of the enemy.

It is unnecessary to trace in detail the military operations that immediately followed the victory at Trenton. It was no sooner won than the American army with the prisoners recrossed the Delaware, and resumed their former position. Here they remained till the 29th, when offensive operations were renewed. General Washington again entered New Jersey, and the British army advanced, the reconnoitring parties being at Trenton, to recover the ground they had lost.

On the night of the 2d January, 1777, the American camp was the scene of anxious council. The panic which the unexpected blow at Trenton inspired had subsided, and the British army in full force had resumed their position, and looked forward to the next day for the consummation of their revenge. A small creek alone separated the two armies. Each seemed in deep repose, and the sentry of either camp as he paced his weary round looked out upon the watchfires of the enemy burning brightly and steadily, and felt assured that the presence of a vindictive or desperate foe insured a bloody day to-morrow. Night had scarcely closed before a council of war was held by the Americans, and anxious attention bestowed on the only two questions then deemed worth consideration, whether a retreat were advisable, or whether the attack of a supe

rior force should be encountered on this a field of recent victory. Each seemed alike desperate—the difficulty of their position was too apparent, the overwhelming force of the enemy rendered defence impracticable, and an almost impassable river, at least to an army in hasty retreat, in their rear, closed all avenue to escape. Then it was, that Mercer threw out the bold idea that one course had not yet been thought of, and this was to order up the Philadelphia militia, make a night march on Princeton—attack the two British regiments said to be there under Lesley, continue the march to Brunswick, and destroy the magazines at that post. "And where," was Washington's question, "can the army take post at Brunswick?—my knowledge of the country does not enable me to say." General Sinclair gave a full and clear description of the hilly country between Morristown and Brunswick, and the night march, as suggested by Mercer, was after brief discussion agreed to without dissent. Each officer hastened to the head of his corps, and, before the dawn of day, the brilliant manœuvre thus suggested, gloriously for his country, fatally for himself, was successfully executed.

The night was dark and intensely cold. There was no moon, but the stars were watching from a cloudless sky the doings of that midnight hour. Sleep had begun to steal over the tired soldier of either army, but the steady eye of watchful discipline, the experienced ear that so easily detects a hostile movement, whether of attack or retreat, slept not. The British generals, sure of to-morrow's victory, watched closely the camp of the Americans. The sound of the party working on the intrenchments at the ford was distinctly heard—the watchfires burned brightly and freshly, the sentinels were plainly seen marching steadily and silently, and all seemed well. The rebel victim was safe within the toils. But as the gray of the dawn was visible, and the first note of the British reveille was sounded, no answering drum was heard. A moment,

of expectation, and still no echo to the soldier's call—all was silent as the grave—till suddenly there burst forth the strange sound of winter thunder in the British rear. "What can that firing be?" is said to have been Lord Cornwallis's anxious and incredulous question. "My lord," was the prompt reply of Sir William Erskine, "it is Washington at Princeton."

In that night march, to him who had suggested the movement was intrusted the command of the advanced party. As the day broke a large body of British troops was discovered apparently in march to Trenton, and after pausing to confer with Washington, who arrived on the field in a short time, the bold design was formed and executed by Mercer, of throwing his brigade between the enemy and their reserve at Princeton, and thus forcing on a general action. The movement was carried into effect. The fall of Colonel Hazlet, mortally wounded, at the head of his men, threw them into momentary confusion, and General Mercer's horse being killed by the enemy's fire, he was left alone and dismounted on the field. Disdaining to surrender, and indignant at the apparent confusion of his men, he encountered, single handed, a detachment of the enemy, and being beaten to the earth by the butts of their muskets, was savagely and mortally stabbed by their bayonets. The struggle of that day was as brief as it was bloody, and with the loss of many of the bravest officers; of Hazlet, of Shippen, of Fleming, of Neal, and Mercer, the American troops remained in possession of the field so hardly won.

Within a short time, Major Armstrong, the general's aid, found him lying bleeding and insensible on the field. He was removed to a neighbouring farm, where he lingered in extreme suffering (the house being alternately occupied by British and American parties) till the 12th January, when, breathing his last prayer for his young and helpless family and his bleeding country, he expired in the

arms of Major George Lewis, a fellow-citizen of his beloved Virginia, and nephew of Washington.

Nor was his dying bed a bed of utter desolation. The house whither the wounded soldier was carried was tenanted, during that day, by two delicate females, who, wearing the garb and professing the principles of peace, were too brave to fly from the field of battle, or the bed of death. While the conflict raged around their humble dwelling, these two tender, helpless women, lost no confidence in the protection which the God of innocence rarely withholds—and when the dying warrior was brought to their threshold and left beneath their roof, their ministering charities were ready to soothe his solitary anguish and smooth the passage to the grave. One of these American women of better times has died near Princeton within the last few years, aged upwards of ninety years. It was part of *her* household story that she had watched the deathbed of a soldier of the Revolution.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN ARMSTRONG.

In giving the history of General Mercer the character of John Armstrong is sketched so fully* that we have here to add but a few dates. He resided in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, during the French war, and in 1756 marched with two hundred and fifty provincials from Fort Shirley to Kittanning, on the Allegheny, the rendezvous of a large party of hostile Indians, which he destroyed. On the first of March, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general in the continental service; on the 17th of February, 1777, was ordered to the southern department; and on the 4th of April left the army on account of dissatisfaction in regard to rank. He subsequently commanded the Pennsylvania militia at Brandywine and Germantown. He was in Congress in 1778 and 1787, and died at an advanced age in Carlisle, on the 9th of March, 1795.

* Ante, p. 218.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

Henry Knox was born in Boston, in the year 1750. He had the misfortune to lose his father at an early age. His education was intrusted to his mother, who could only bestow upon him such instruction as her limited means could command. His devotion to his widowed parent early incited him to exertion, and before the age of twenty-one, he had established himself in a lucrative business as a bookseller. He exhibited in his youth a great fondness for military tactics, and attached himself as an officer to a grenadier company, whose manœuvres elicited the praise of a distinguished British officer then in Boston.

When hostilities between the mother country and the colonies began to attract public attention and to assume a threatening appearance, Knox espoused the cause of his country. He had married the daughter of a gentleman, who for a long time had held an office under the British government, and who was known to be an uncompromising Tory. Fortunately for Knox his wife was deaf to the arguments of her father, and adopted his own views. When hostilities began to take a tangible form, Knox openly advocated the colonial interest. During the first opposition to England, and the oppressive measures advocated by her representatives, he was only a looker on; but when he deemed it the duty of every American to join the standard so boldly raised in defence of our provincial rights, he commenced that career which added such lustre to his name, and secured to him a place among the revolutionary heroes.

He was at the battle of Bunker Hill as a volunteer. He had some difficulty in escaping from Boston to join the

provincials. His wife accompanied him and concealed beneath her dress the sword which was destined, in the hands of her "liege lord," to carve out the path of glory upon which he strode to immortality. When Washington arrived in Cambridge, as commander-in-chief, Knox presented himself and tendered his services. They were accepted. It was a matter of serious consideration how ordnance was to be procured for our army. Without artillery nothing could be effected against the proud foe, who then held possession of the capital of the north, and who looked contemptuously at that time upon the insurrection of the oppressed freemen, whom they regarded as misled rebels. Knox knew the want of this arm of our service and fully appreciated our inability to contend against a well provided enemy without it. The only cannon to be had were then to be found among our decayed fortifications on the Canadian frontier. It seemed impossible to obtain them from such a distance, especially as our army was too weak to detach the force required to procure their transport, and an inclement season was at hand.

With an ardour of enterprise which few possessed, Knox volunteered to bring the ordnance to the camp. Relying upon such aid as he might obtain from the thinly populated country through which he had to pass, and never yielding to the despondency that might have deterred a less bold and less persevering spirit, he gallantly undertook the task, and gallantly accomplished it. The perils of a northern winter, the thousand obstacles that opposed him, not only in the character of the region he had to traverse, but in the want of the requisite aid, were all nobly surmounted, and he brought to the assistance of our cause the weapons most needed to insure its success. This act stamped the character of Knox. Washington appreciated his services, and immediately rewarded him with the command of the artillery.

Among the incidents of this enterprise, we cannot for-

bear to mention the accidental meeting of Knox with André, that unhappy officer whose fate was so deeply deplored by those of both nations who knew and esteemed his accomplishments and gentleman-like deportment. Knox was delighted with him, and such was the impression made upon his mind that, in after years, when called upon to pronounce sentence as a member of that tribunal which condemned him, he confessed the friendship he had formed, but made his painful duty doubly bitter.

During the continuance of the war, the corps of artillery was always attached to the main body of our army. This position brought its commander into constant attendance upon Washington. His arm of the service was deemed an essential auxiliary to the movements of the campaign. An intimacy thus sprung up between the commander-in-chief and Knox, which continued until the hour of death, and gave birth to a mutual confidence and esteem that time but strengthened. *Knox was in every battle where Washington fought.*

The sphere in which he achieved his renown, was, until the siege of Yorktown, confined to the northern and middle states. After the battle of Whiteplains, Washington deemed it expedient to retreat farther south, and crossed the Delaware, leaving the British in possession of New York. Having received reinforcements from Maryland and Virginia, he suddenly recrossed the river, and achieved his brilliant victories at Trenton and Princeton, in the very hour when Lord Cornwallis deemed the American army annihilated. In these battles Knox bore a conspicuous and important part.

In 1777, when Sir William Howe's design upon Philadelphia became apparent, Washington met the advancing enemy at Brandywine, and opposed our scanty forces to the full strength of the British army. All efforts against such odds proved unavailing; the Americans retreated, yet Knox shielded that retreat in such a manner that many

were saved from the sword of the foe. On the 26th of September Sir William Howe made his triumphal entrance into Philadelphia. The battle of Germantown followed on the 4th of October, and in this contest, which gave at first such bright promise to our arms—a promise that was sadly disappointed—Knox won fresh laurels by his daring conduct, his judgment, and the skilful management of his command. The winter drew nigh, and our army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

At no period of our history did our cause assume so desperate a character as at this moment. The stoutest heart was unable to contemplate the gloomy future without fearful apprehensions. Without clothing, without food, without pay, exposed to the relentless storms of that inclement season, our army might well murmur, and they did complain bitterly; and it was a solemn task—to quiet the reproaches of his men—that Washington then had to perform. In this dark hour Knox seemed to cherish a prophetic confidence in our cause. To judge from his letters written at this time, he possessed a firm reliance upon our ultimate success, and although he was well aware of our destitute condition, and was keenly alive to the trials yet to be endured, his faith in our triumph never forsook him, nor did his noble heart even once yield to despondency. His confidence and example had their effect. Although the battles alluded to had been severe, the most trying conflict of the Revolution had yet to be encountered. The battle of Monmouth was the most bloody contest of them all. In this struggle Knox was slightly wounded in the hand, but he contributed such signal aid with his artillery, and exhibited so much cool bravery, and skilful management of his ordnance, that even the enemy bestowed unqualified praise upon his gallant behaviour. In his general orders, Washington expressed the highest and most marked encomiums upon his conduct and services.

At the siege of Yorktown, Knox added fresh lustre to his name. In that memorable siege, which resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis on the 19th of October, 1781, and secured the great end of the Revolution, he gave more essential assistance than any other officer. Thacher, in his Military Journal, says, "his animated exertions, his military skill, his cool and determined bravery, in this triumphant struggle, received the unanimous approbation of his brethren in arms." His services were at once recognised by Congress, who bestowed upon him the commission of a major-general.

He was afterwards appointed with two other commissioners to adjust the terms of peace. He executed this delicate negotiation in a most creditable manner, and much to the satisfaction of the country. He was also deputed to receive the surrender of the city of New York, on the 25th of November, 1783, and subsequently was appointed to the command of West Point. Here ends his military career.

We find Knox upon the field, in the camp, in the councils of his commander-in-chief, ever the brave, self-sacrificing, daring, cool, wise and noble soldier and patriot. Let us turn a moment to a less brilliant yet not less pleasing side of his character; let us look at him as a man, as a friend, as a husband, as a father.

When Washington parted with him at New York, he is said to have shed tears, so warmly had Knox attached himself to one who could read men's hearts and penetrate their souls as a ray of light penetrates the gloom of a chamber. They had long been together, and Washington had learned to appreciate and to love him. This speaks volumes for the head and heart of Knox, as Washington was not easily won.

The war having been brought to a happy termination, a most serious duty yet remained to be performed; a duty of no common magnitude, and one that had not been

generally anticipated. Men who had stood the brunt of battle, had risked their lives under every hardship, to secure the general liberty, were now to be disbanded. They were reckless and discontented. For their great services they had demands against our government, whose treasury was empty and whose resources were exhausted. All that could be given in payment of hard-earned wages was the faith of a government then hardly established. Such reward for toils endured gave rise to murmurs and complainings which threatened to breed domestic turmoil and contention, and even to overthrow the freedom they had struggled so hard to gain. Knox saw and felt the impending danger. He applied himself by conciliatory arguments and by persuasive reasonings, to appease the gathering storm, and by his popularity and influence, his resolution and his intrepid perseverance, succeeded in soothing the irritated soldiery, and in bringing them back to a just sense of their duties as citizens and men. Such services were of inestimable value in such an hour.

While sitting at the table of his commander-in-chief, surrounded by his gallant brethren-in-arms, with whom he had fought side by side, and from whom he now felt he was soon to part, perhaps never to meet again, his generous heart was unwilling to take leave of those whom he had learned to love without the assurance of some tie that should unite them when other duties called each to his abode. It was at this moment his gentle and affectionate disposition gave birth to the idea of a society now known and long honoured as *The Cincinnati*. It owes its existence to Knox, who was elected the first vice-president, an office he held until his death.

At the close of 1783, having performed all the duties of his station, he retired to his home in Maine, where he had added to his estate, inherited from his wife's ancestor, by extensive purchases. He was not allowed the luxury of repose for any length of time, for in 1784 he was ap-

pointed by Congress, under the old confederation, secretary of war, and at once confirmed by Washington.

When Washington was elected President, Knox, having had five years' experience in the duties of that department, and being personally known and esteemed for his capacity and integrity, was re-appointed, and he continued to hold the office until 1795, when Washington most reluctantly accepted his resignation. In this new sphere of action, we find him labouring with undiminished zeal for the welfare of his country. The complaints against the free-booters of the Mediterranean, and the threatened war with France, induced him to urge upon Congress the necessity of a navy, that subject then being under the direction of the War Department. His propositions were opposed, but his perseverance and sound arguments finally prevailed, and birth was given to our marine, which received the fostering care of its parent. The fatigues of service had not failed to awaken a desire for rest, and in 1795, he retired to his home at Thomaston, in Maine, where he had erected a princely mansion.

He was a large man, of full habit, and above the middle stature. In walking, his feet were nearly parallel, owing to the outward inclination of his lower limbs. He wore a queue, with his hair short in front, brushed up, and powdered. He had a low forehead, a large face, and small gray but brilliant eyes. When walking, he carried a large cane, but usually under his arm; if he used it at all, it was when excited in conversation, when he would sometimes flourish it to aid his eloquence. He customarily wore black. His left hand having been mutilated at Monmouth, he wore around it a black silk handkerchief, which he would unwind and rewind when talking, but without exposing his hand. His voice was strong, and bore the characteristic of having been accustomed to command. His mind was powerful, rapid and decisive; he was capable of continued application and of effective thought. He

was of a highly social disposition, and enjoyed what few at present seem to enjoy, a hearty laugh. His fancy was active, and his mode of expressing himself no less brilliant than felicitous. He said that through life he had risen with the dawn, and had been always a cheerful man.

With his social disposition and generous heart, he was one of the most hospitable of men. At his noble residence he often gathered around him a numerous circle of friends, among whom he was ever the most agreeable companion. As to the extent of his hospitality, it was not an unusual thing for him to make up in summer one hundred beds daily in his house, and to kill an ox and twenty sheep every Monday morning. He kept twenty saddle-horses and several pairs of carriage-horses, for the use of his guests and himself. This expensive style of living was enough to exhaust a larger fortune than he possessed. He had too confidently calculated upon large sales of his lands, and being therein disappointed, his costly hospitality and exuberant generosity threw him into pecuniary embarrassments towards the close of his life.

When President Adams concluded to form an army in 1798, Washington accepted the chief command, and named Alexander Hamilton first in rank under him; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney second, and Knox third. This hurt Knox very much, for he was Hamilton's senior, and it made him hesitate awhile as to accepting the office. But he soon yielded a soldier's sensibility to manly feeling and the nature of the call, and finally accepted the proffered post.

He died very suddenly at his residence in Thomaston, in the year 1806, aged fifty-six years. The immediate cause of his death was a rapid and fatal mortification, produced from swallowing a chicken-bone, at breakfast. The abilities and integrity of General Knox have been amply vindicated by recent historians, and there are few names in our history that now shine with a purer lustre.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD.

"ARNOLD's conduct," wrote Washington, on the 18th of October, 1780, "is so villanously perfidious, that there are no terms that can describe the baseness of his heart. The confidence and folly which have marked the subsequent career of this man are of a piece with his villany, and all three are perfect in their kind."* Such is Washington's recorded judgment on Benedict Arnold. Such is the deliberate opinion of one whose instincts of right and wrong rarely misled him, who was slow to anger and who measured every word of praise or censure that he uttered. Yet strange to say, now that nearly seventy years have rolled by, an effort is making partially to reverse this judgment, and if not to praise, to excuse or account for Arnold's last and worst overt act of crime, by attributing it to some outward and irresistible pressure, or by the recapitulation of his earlier deeds of audacious bravery. Brave, desperately brave, he certainly was. He showed it in the wilderness march of 1775, in the attack on Quebec, and at the heights of Saratoga, but more than all, did he show it on occasions which his whimsical apologists are glad to pass by unnoticed, when, with a halter round his neck, he led an invading army into the heart of Virginia; when he gazed from the belfry of the New London church on a burning village, and sanctioned the murder of Colonel Ledyard, at the storming of Fort Griswold. But of all the qualities which form the character of heroic men, that is least worthy of admiration which, however essential, is common to the beast of prey and the ruffian whose

* Letter to President Reed, 18th October, 1780. VII. Washington's Works, p. 264.

sword is at the command of those who best can pay for it. Desperate, reckless courage, the fruit of physical organization, is the solitary virtue of Arnold's character—the scanty material out of which his apologists weave all their praises. His avarice, for he was rapacious to the last degree, his voluptuousness, which knew no restraint, his meanness, for, when it suited selfish purposes, he was an adept in all the poor arts of defamation, his insensibility, for he could stand by and without apparent compunction see a relatively guiltless confederate die on the scaffold, his mercenary shamelessness, for he could receive the wages of treason thus stained with blood, his last and worst act, the sale of his country's—his confiding country's trust for gold—all are to be forgotten, and we find writers of clever parts and popular talent, labouring to undo the world's well-settled judgment, and to prove that Arnold was not so bad as he is thought to be. In no such spirit of perverse apology do we write. A time-sanctioned judgment is oftener right than wrong, and on such in this instance do we rely. Washington knew Arnold well, and when the first flush of disappointment and resentment had passed away, wrote the words which are inscribed at the head of this chapter, and which will live and be remembered when all attempts at palliation are forgotten. It is best it should be so. The public necessities which call for patriotic sacrifices and exertions are not exhausted. The virtues of the Revolution and its soldiers may be needed again. The errors—the crimes, happily very few, of the men of those days of trial may find imitators, and who shall say that Arnold's example of infamy may not hereafter be profitable to deter. If, in the relations of private life, any thing had appeared to justify a charitable or kind construction of his conduct, the effort to palliate conceded public offences, and to reconcile them with some theory of accidental lapse from virtue or imaginary exigency, might be pardoned, but the uniformity, the con-

sistency of public and private conduct is here complete, and the result is no other than that at which the latest and most judiciously tolerant writer on the subject has arrived, when, as it were, throwing aside the dismal record in indignant disgust, he says: "I am inclined to believe that Arnold was a finished scoundrel from early manhood to his grave. Nor do I believe he had any real and true-hearted attachment to the whig cause. He fought as a mere adventurer, and took sides from a calculation of personal gain and chances of plunder and advancement."*

The place of Arnold's birth was Norwich, in the colony of Connecticut—its date the 3d of January, 1740. Of his boyhood, his best and kindest biographer thus speaks:

"To an innate love of mischief, young Arnold added an obduracy of conscience, a cruelty of disposition, an irritability of temper, and a reckless indifference to the good or ill opinion of others, that left but a slender foundation upon which to erect a system of correct principle or habits. Anecdotes have been preserved of all these traits. One of his earliest amusements was the robbery of birds' nests, and it was his custom to maim and mangle young birds in sight of old ones, that he might be diverted with their cries. Near the druggist's shop was a schoolhouse, and he would place in the path broken pieces of glass, taken from the crates, by which the children would cut their feet in coming from school. The cracked and imperfect phials which came in the crates were perquisites of the apprentices. Hopkins, a fellow-apprentice and an amiable youth, was in the habit of placing his share on the outside of the shop near the door, and permitting the small boys to take them away, who were pleased with this token of his good will. Arnold followed the same practice, but when he had decoyed the boys and they were busy picking up the broken phials, he would rush out of the shop

* Sabine's American Loyalists, p. 131.

with a horsewhip in his hand, call them thieves, and beat them without pity. These and similar acts afforded him pleasure. He was likewise fond of rash feats of daring, always foremost in danger, and as fearless as he was wickedly mischievous. Sometimes he took corn to a grist-mill in the neighbourhood, and while waiting for the meal, he would amuse himself and astonish his playmates, by clinging to the arms of a large water-wheel, and passing with it beneath and above the water."*

Arnold's first manly years were equally characteristic. They were full of that sort of restless adventure which precluded the steady pursuit of any calling, and especially disqualified him for that honest and useful one which he at first adopted. He was better suited for the semi-contraband trade in the West Indies, than for compounding drugs behind an apothecary's counter at New Haven. Arnold, for a time, was part skipper, commanding a little schooner out of New London, and part horsedealer, carrying his live-stock to the French and Spanish islands; occasionally relieving the monotony of trade by a duel with a Frenchman at one place, and a brawl with a sailor at another. It seems, indeed, that our Revolution, at its outset, required all sorts of agencies, all sorts of men, to set the ball in motion; not only the sedate and practical wisdom of Washington, the shrewd sagacity of Franklin, the high cultivation of men of scholarship, like Adams and Otis, the self-taught and well-poised intelligence of Greene, (the most brilliant and meritorious of young America's soldiers,) but it needed too the boasting, irregular, adventurous energy of Arnold; and accordingly, the moment that the musket-shots at Concord echoed through New England, he was in the field, mustering his little Norwich company, and ready to march any where that fighting was to be found. On the 2d May, 1775,

* Sparks's Life of Arnold, p. 5.

little more than a fortnight after the battle of Lexington, and as long before that of Bunker Hill, Arnold was a provincial colonel, and on his march to Ticonderoga. In about a week, having overtaken Ethan Allen's party of Green Mountain boys, who threatened to gather the honours of the first assault, he was at the fort; and, on the 10th May, the garrison was surprised and taken, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the continental Congress."

What strange and picturesque associations hover around this old Ticonderoga Fort! It has seen more bloody fighting, more chequered military results, more of the romance of warfare, than any spot in North America. It is, or rather—for in this matter-of-fact atmosphere of ours the venerable and picturesque has no chance—it ought to be a classic spot. The scene of French and Indian warfare, of the prowess of Amherst and of Howe, of Dieskau and Montcalm, it became at the beginning and continued to the end of the revolutionary war a fighting-ground where blood was spilled like water, which each combatant seemed able to conquer, but neither to retain. The conquest of it by Ethan Allen and Arnold, in 1775, was a striking event in those stirring times. Extreme and painful was the astonishment with which the British military authorities in Canada learned of this close defiance—for it is probable that Sir Guy Carleton, at his headquarters at Quebec, heard of the fall of Ticonderoga before he knew of the skirmish at Lexington. He was destined to have a more startling surprise when, a few months later, one of the conquerors of Ticonderoga penetrated the Kennebec wilderness, and showed himself, at the head of a band of daring adventurers, before the castle of St. Louis. It was, however, to Great Britain, her ministers and generals, the day of wonders.

No sooner had the Fort surrendered, than Arnold, with characteristic energy, and with that restlessness of authority which marked his whole life, organized a sort of separate

command, and equipped a naval armament on Lake Champlain. In this, he rendered efficient service, scouring the lake from one end to the other; and, by the rapidity of movement—for he seemed every where at once—holding in check any advancing parties of the enemy, and terrifying into inaction the scattered loyalist inhabitants. But here, as ever, Arnold's evil genius disturbed a career of usefulness and triumph. Altercations arose, questions of pecuniary accountability were agitated; jealousies of precedence alienated him from his companions in arms, especially from Allen, whose puritan peculiarities were, it may be conceded, far from consonant with Arnold's audacious freedom of thought, and language, and action, and the result, as might have been foreseen, was that, from his first as from his last command, from Ticonderoga in 1775, as from Philadelphia in 1779, Arnold retired an embittered and vindictive man. He repaired at once to Washington's camp, at Cambridge, and there solicited active service. And for a service which the commander-in-chief then had in view, he was exactly the man.

The reader is aware that a wilderness march and an attack from an unexpected quarter, and at an unusual season on the Canadian posts, was then contemplated and was soon matured. Its story of romance is well-known, and need not here be repeated. It is a tale of heroic adventure which is best told when simply told; and there are contemporary records which narrate the story with clear and eloquent fidelity. No words of praise are too strong for this exploit. Dangers were surmounted and privations endured from which the peaceful mind recoils; and it was done with cheerfulness and alacrity, without murmur or complaint. But one man retreated; and his name has been ever since disgraced. Arnold, and Christopher Greene, and Morgan, and Meigs, and Bigelow were always in advance; and such leaders,

so full of dashing enterprise, the men were proud to follow. If the news of an invasion from the clouds had reached the British commanders, they could not have been more amazed than they were when the deserter Indian Æneas brought them word that a Rebel army—for so, no doubt, the savage dignified Arnold's little band—was coming down the cascades of the Chaudière in rafts and batteaux, having reached it through a trackless wilderness which no feet had trod but those of the Indian hunter and his victims, the elk and the moose.* In a day or two after the news was first whispered, the American flag was seen on Point Levi; and before this surprise was well over, the Rebel forces were drawn up in such array as their poor numbers justified, on the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe's bright career and glorious victory were then fresh in memory; and it seems to have been Arnold's pride—and it was a worthy one—to tread in his footsteps. He crossed, as Wolfe did, from Point Levi to the cove, led his untutored soldiers up the same wild path, and sought a battle on the spot where, seventeen years before, Wolfe had died in the arms of victory. Happy would it have been for him if he had thus died, and, like Montgomery, been mourned as the nation's first child.

No sooner did Sir Guy Carleton, then at Montreal watching the danger from above, hear of the unexpected approach of the Americans to Quebec, than he hastened to its relief. Leaving his flotilla above the batteries which the provincials had hastily constructed at Sorel, he embarked in the night in a small armed vessel, and at immi-

* "There are," says an English letter writer from Quebec, "about five hundred provincials arrived at Point Levi, by the way of the Chaudière, across the woods. Surely, a miracle must have been wrought in their favour. It is an undertaking above the common race of men, in this debauched age. They have travelled through woods and bogs, and over precipices, for the space of one hundred and twenty miles, attended with every inconvenience and difficulty, to be surmounted only by men of indefatigable zeal and industry." Almon, vol. ii. p. 130.

nent risk of capture, passed down the river. There was rich and noble freight, it may be noted, in this boat. Not only did it carry the governor-general and some members of his family, but with them was Lord Chatham's young son, an officer in the 47th British regiment, and attached to General Carleton's staff. To the American reader the career of this young man has peculiar interest. Though it opened brightly to him, with all the advantages of patronage and place, it was abruptly terminated by his father's resolute determination, for which, as all else he did, America ought to reverence his memory, boldly announcing, that no son of his should bear arms in the cause of tyranny, or against his oppressed fellow-subjects. In February, 1776, Lady Chatham wrote in her husband's name to Sir Guy Carleton, peremptorily withdrawing his son from a service which though that of his sovereign, he considered unworthy of his countenance.*

On the day that Carleton reached Quebec, Arnold had retired to Point aux Trembles, and there awaited General Montgomery's arrival from above. On the 1st of December Montgomery took command. It was high time; for Arnold had on more occasions than one displayed his utter incapacity for the direction of affairs, or what may be called generalship. The moment that mere adventure and its necessities ceased, Arnold lost the confidence and regard of the officers and men. A gallant witness of one of his outbursts of vain folly has thus described it: "Arnold had the boldness, you might say the audacity, or still more correctly, the folly, to draw us up in a line, in front and opposite to the wall of the city. The parapet was lined by hundreds of gaping citizens and soldiers, whom our guns could not harm, because of the distance. They gave us a huzza! We returned it, and remained a considerable time huzzaing, and spending our

* Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 420.

powder against the walls, for we harmed no one. Some of our men to the right, under the cover of something like ancient ditches and hillocks, crept forward within two hundred yards of the works, but their firing was disregarded by the enemy as farcical. Febiger, who was a real and well instructed soldier, and engineer, did advance singly within a hundred paces, and pored with the eye of an adept. During all this, as my station in the line happened to be on a mound, a few feet higher than the common level of the plain, it was perceptible through the embrasures that there was a vast bustle within. In some minutes a thirty-six pounder was let loose upon us; but so ill was the gun pointed, that the ball fell short, or passed high over our heads. Another, and another succeeded—to these salutes, we gave them all we could, another and another huzza. It must be confessed, that this ridiculous affair gave me a contemptible opinion of Arnold. This notion was by no means singular. Morgan, Febiger, and other officers, who had seen service, did not hesitate to speak of it in that point of view."*

The same writer has thus described the exhilaration produced by Montgomery's arrival: "On the first of December, General Montgomery, who was anxiously expected, arrived. Arnold's corps was paraded in front of the chapel. It was lowering and cold, but the appearance of the general here, gave us warmth and animation. He was well limbed, tall, and handsome, though his face was much pock-marked. His air and manner designated the real soldier. He made us a short, but energetic and elegant speech, the burden of which, was an applause of our spirit in passing the wilderness; a hope, our perseverance in that spirit would continue; and a promise of warm clothing; the latter was a most comfortable assurance. A few huzzas from our freezing bodies were returned to this

* Henry's Narrative.

address of the gallant hero. Now new life was infused into the whole of the corps."

The pleasure-seeking traveller, who, at this day, under the bright effulgence of a summer sun, looks from the ramparts of the great citadel of Quebec on the beautiful landscape before him, can scarcely realize the contrast of the winter horrors of the same scene, or the perils of the wild adventure which the new year's night of 1776 there witnessed. The attempt to storm Quebec by the Americans has no parallel in the history of desperate warfare. Wolfe's time of adventure ceased when he scaled the cliff and dispersed the serjeant's guard on the heights. After that it was plain and gallant fighting, on a magnificent field of battle, under a bright autumnal, or rather summer sun, and with no warfare of elements to encounter. He had with him regular troops—the picked men of the British army, veterans of Prince Ferdinand and Cumberland. He had a fleet at hand to rescue him, and a government (no slight incentive) at home to reward him living, and to honour and mourn over him dead. The American leader's signal for attack was the snow storm of Canadian midwinter. There was three feet of hard frozen snow upon the ground, piercing the bloody feet of the rebel soldiers, and the moment fixed for advance against the stone redoubts of the city, was when the moon should be overcast, and a drifting snow begin. The men from whom this terrible duty was exacted, were youths from the plough, untutored in the art of war, undisciplined by military experience; dressed in hunting-shirts, unprovided against the climate, and with no arms but such as the chase supplied. They and their leaders were fighting in a cause which to them looked as gloomily as did that winter night. Victory would bring no immediate or substantial honours or reward, neither rank of service, nor pension, nor title; and death's only recompense would be an accidental grave due to the kindness of a generous enemy,

(for such throughout was Carleton) and the slow remembrance of those for whom life was to be sacrificed.* There was not for them either "Peerage or Westminster Abbey." The American reader has a right to be proud of the contrast, and this too without a thought or word of vulgar disparagement of England's gallant men. Montgomery had been one of Wolfe's officers, in 1759, and we may imagine that in the wild darkness of the winter assault, his mind's eye may have been cheered by a bright vision of glory of the past, and that the thought of Wolfe's glory led onward Wolfe's young captain in a nobler and better cause.

Montgomery, at the head of about seven hundred men, advanced along the river bank, whilst Arnold at the same moment attempted and carried the suburb of St. Roque. Montgomery's march was by a narrow defile, with a sharp descent to the water's edge on one side, and the scarped rock of the fortress on the other. They soon reached a point called *Pres de Ville*. A battery of three pounders charged with grape had been placed here, in charge of a small party of Canadian militia and seamen. At daybreak one of these men discovered in the dusk of the morning, a body of troops in full advance. The alarm was instantly given, but the assailants were allowed unmolested to approach within a short distance. The Americans halted for a moment, and an officer came forward to reconnoitre, very near the battery. After listening for a moment, all being still and apparently unguarded, the scout returned with his report, and the column with Montgomery and his aids at its head, dashed forward at double quick time to the attack. At this moment the British artillerymen fired their pieces in rapid succession. The assaulting troops recoiled in confusion, nothing was heard but the groans of the wounded and dying, and, nothing certain being known within the lines, the pass continued to be swept by the

* It was nearly half a century after Montgomery's death when permanent honour was done to his memory.

cannon and musketry, for the space of ten minutes. The next morning thirteen bodies were found in the snow. On the retreat of the Americans, a young officer of Canadian volunteers visited the scene of carnage; and there he found, lying frozen on the ground, his arm extended towards Quebec, one whom he had known at college in the mother country and pointed him out as the American general. The young English soldier was afterwards one of the most eminent jurists of Great Britain.*

Arnold's attack on the other side of the town was so far successful that his party penetrated near to the Palace Gate; but there, being severely wounded in the leg, he was obliged to retire to the rear, and his troops, after a severe loss in killed and prisoners, and a desperate attempt by Morgan, who, on Arnold's wound, was in command, to push farther on, were obliged to retreat. Thus ended in disaster the memorable attack on Quebec. The rest of the winter's tale was that of strict and uninteresting blockade—neither besiegers nor besieged being willing or able to attempt any offensive movement. Generals Wooster and Sullivan successively assumed the American command, Arnold being in great measure disabled by his wound. The spring of 1776 witnessed a series of discomfitures on the part of the Americans; and later in the season the total evacuation of the Canadian provinces, and the advance across the lines, by the way of St. Johns and Isle aux Noix, of a well-apppointed British army, under General Burgoyne. Throughout the campaign thus closing, the candid and careful inquirer cannot fail being struck not merely with Arnold's spirit and enterprise, but with the fact that no single moment of tranquil administration passed without some dark imputation on his discretion or his integrity. His violence was uncontrollable. He challenged the members of a court-martial to fight him. He

* Sir William Grant. See Life of Lord Sidmouth, vol. i. p. 316.

seized goods by force, and insolently refused to account for them. He seemed here, as every where, to have an invincible propensity to take other people's property; and here, as afterwards in Philadelphia, he seemed strangely insensible in his rapacity to the distinction between friend and foe. Here, as Mr. Sparks justly says, was the first link of the chain which finally dragged him down to ruin.

The admirers of Arnold have a right to refer with pleasure to that bright period of his life which dates from the evacuation of Canada in 1776, to the battle of Behmus's Heights in October, 1777. It was crowded with exploits of romantic courage—some of them so desperately daring as to justify a doubt whether, in the excitement of the battle-field, Arnold was a sane man. This was eminently the case in his final exploit at Saratoga. But no man could have behaved with more gallantry than he did on these occasions. The reader who can study the narrative of his conduct in the flotilla command of 1776, and his fierce conflict with the British fleet, without a thrill of pride and a pang at the thought that such a man could become a mercenary traitor, need not be envied. The closing scene of this naval campaign is worthy of especial commemoration. Paul Jones or Decatur never fought a more desperate fight than this. On a small scale, and not the less fraught with danger on that account, it may be compared with any affair of modern warfare. Its details are known to every reader, and justify a discriminating biographer's remark, "that there are few instances on record of more deliberate courage and gallantry than were displayed by him, from the beginning to the end of this action."* Here it it was, that another of those strange juxtapositions occurred, which the personal history of men of widely different aims and fate sometimes exhibits. The late Lord Exmouth,† the conqueror of Algiers, then Lieute-

* Sparks's Biography, 79. † Life of Exmouth.

nant Pellew of the Royal navy, was the person who boarded Arnold's vessel after he had abandoned it, and accidentally missed making him prisoner. Happy, may it not again be said, would it have been for Arnold, had he then, with his fame unsullied, fallen into the hands of an honourable foe!

Again, at Danbury, where, on his return from the North he happened to be, did he appear to great advantage in resisting the attack of Tryon and his marauders, and bearing from the field the body of the gallant Wooster. It was a day full of unadulterated renown for Arnold, a day of battle, of close hand to hand conflict, without an interval of safety or repose in which latent and invincible evil instincts could be developed. Such, indeed, was the fame here earned, and which no one begrudged, that Congress, who had hesitated so long and perhaps so wisely—for Congress knew him well—on his claims of rank, and were scrutinizing closely his perplexed and irregular accounts, hesitated no longer; but giving him his coveted rank, and special distinctions beside, sent him with a major-general's commission, to join the northern army of Generals Schuyler and St. Clair.

It is the fashion of the times to condemn the course which, on this and another occasion, presently to be alluded to, Congress pursued with regard to Arnold. It certainly irritated Washington, who, being himself in the field in active service and being annoyed with much that was imbecile, had a very soldierly admiration of Arnold's dashing courage. Adventurous enterprise had especial charms for Washington, who, by temperament, was far from a cautious soldier; and it fretted him to see a deliberative body doling out its reluctant praises for what, to him, seemed so admirable. But looking to the result, to the conclusive development of Arnold's true character, at the end, his unquestioned incapacity even at the beginning, to do more than fight, his utter want, not only of

administrative talent, but of integrity, are we not bound to think that there was in some members of Congress a far-reaching sagacity which saw through the glittering renown which mere military prowess gives, and prevented at least the precipitate gift of honours and rewards; which saw, from the beginning, that Arnold was a brave bad man—a man not to be trusted. Congress, or its majority, to our mind, appears to greater advantage in its cautious demeanour to Arnold, in 1777, in promoting Lincoln, and St. Clair, and Stirling, all true-hearted men, as brave though not so reckless as Arnold, and far more honest, than it did when, two years later, it espoused his cause, and sustained a secret traitor in an unworthy squabble with state authorities. Besides, in this false sympathy with Arnold's wrongs, let it be remembered that when, at last, he became a traitor, he had all he coveted—rank, honour, sinecure; and yet was base enough to sacrifice them all, according to the theory of his apologists, to secret vengeance for an ancient wrong. Who then should say that Congress ever did him injustice by a wise and provident caution?

Arnold reached the northern army before General Gates took command, and was employed by Schuyler, who seems to have had a precise estimate of his merits, in several distant enterprises on the Hudson and Mohawk. No sooner did the new commander-in-chief arrive, than difficulty arose, and jealousy was aroused that never after was quieted. General Gates was a man of peculiar habits of mind and conduct, and with little or none of that practical wisdom which enabled Washington to move on harmoniously with men of all sorts of tempers and dispositions. An adult European soldier, he came to this country with professional notions and prejudices which could not be overcome, and he was the last man in the world to tolerate Arnold's swaggering brutality of manner or insolence of deportment. Perhaps less creditable in-

fluences and antipathies operated, and he was jealous of the rising fame of his dashing subordinate. It is very manifest that the misunderstanding was productive of injury to the public cause, and might have led to disastrous results but for the infatuation of the British commanders, which led them, step by step, in a course of disaster, till rescue and escape became impracticable. Competent military judges have thought that had Arnold not been interfered with, at the first skirmish near Behmus's Heights, there would have been a defeat, instead of an ultimate capitulation of the English army. In the second battle, on the 7th of October, it may safely be said there is nothing more painfully grotesque in our history than the spectacle of a second in command riding, contrary to orders, like a madman to the field of battle, brandishing his sword close to the enemy's guns, literally at the cannon's mouth, striking his own fellow-officers, and at last falling, as was thought, fatally wounded on a field of victory which his very audacity had contributed to gain. "He exposed himself," says Wilkinson—no very favourable witness by-the-by—"with great folly and temerity at the time we were engaged front to front with the Germans; and, whilst he was flourishing his sword and encouraging the troops, he, in a state of furious distraction, struck an officer on the head, and wounded him; the first impulse of the officer was to shoot him, for which purpose he raised his fusee; but, recollecting himself, he was about to remonstrate, when Arnold darted off to another part of the field. Soon after this incident, finding himself on our right, he dashed to the left through the fire of the two lines, and escaped unhurt; he then turned the right of the enemy, and, collecting fifteen or twenty riflemen, threw himself with this party into the rear of the enemy just as they gave way, when his leg was broke and his horse killed under him."

The wound thus madly gained made Arnold a cripple

for life, and with this sharp scene, Burgoyne's army surrendering immediately after, he closed his active life as an American soldier. At this moment, with all his faults, such is the bright hue which surrounds every act of much personal daring, no man stood higher in popular favour.

We approach now the last chapter of Arnold's strange career, dating it from the time he assumed the command at Philadelphia. Proud of his honourable wound, he reached the camp at Valley Forge at the moment when the news of the French alliance was received, and the enemy were preparing to evacuate the city. On the 17th of June, 1778, the British crossed the Delaware, and the same day the exiled Americans returned to their homes. Arnold was put in command by Washington, and at once entered on his delicate and responsible duties. Never was a man less suited to his trust. Washington's letter of instructions, dated the 19th of June, seems to limit his duties to mere matters of necessary police, in the transition state in which the city necessarily was on the departure of the enemy, and before the restoration of the regular authorities. But Arnold was not to be thus controlled. The invincible instinct of his nature must have indulgence, and here in a disturbed community, with business relations unsettled, was a fitting occasion. Within three days after he took command, he entered into a secret mercantile partnership, and regularly executed a contract in the following words:

"Whereas, by purchasing goods and necessaries for the use of the public, sundry articles not wanted for that purpose may be obtained: It is agreed by the subscribers that all such goods and merchandise which are or may be bought by the clothier-general or persons appointed by him, shall be sold for the joint equal benefit of the subscribers, and be purchased at their risk. Witness our hands this 22d day of June, 1778.

B. Arnold, Etc.

It was signed by two other individuals, to whom no especial blame attaches except so far as they connived at the glaring misconduct on the part of the commanding general. For a military man to promote his personal and pecuniary advantage at the expense of a conquered enemy is bad enough, but what shadow of excuse can there be for such conduct to friends and fellow-countrymen, who were just recovering from the ravages and spoliations of a foreign foe! This secret bargain was but the first of a long series of official delinquencies, which were at last detected and exposed by the local authorities. Those who find in what they call the persecution by the Pennsylvania executive, a pretext or apology for Arnold's treason, would do well to look farther back and find it in that course of secret and necessarily disastrous trading adventure, which had its origin in a contract for a secret purchase of public stores and clothing.

But other influences were at work to precipitate his downfall. There was at this period a strange and pestilent social atmosphere in the American metropolis. Philadelphia had been the seat of proprietary influence, in whose sunshine had grown up a sort of aristocracy, in its little sphere, of the most exclusive kind. It was not entirely disaffected. So far from it that many leading whigs, military and civil officers, shared its sympathies, and, what is more to be deplored, its intense antipathies. A party question had also arisen in Pennsylvania which attracted and promoted the most bitter animosities. The constitution of 1776, framed in the midst of the first excitement of the war, was liable to many speculative objections, and public feeling, especially in Philadelphia, was much divided on the subject. The heat was revived in full animation on the return of the Americans, and all the disaffected without exception, those who owed their lives and property to the forbearance of the constitutional authorities, threw themselves into the ranks of the adverse party. A

disaffected aristocracy, and an exasperated party opposition, formed a most dangerous and troublesome combination. The local government was actually defied. The authorities were told they did not dare to execute the laws; and when at last two notorious abettors of treason were brought to punishment, and others of a still higher rank in society were threatened, there was a perfect howl of exasperation, a chorus in which party prejudice and treacherous sympathies mingled their accents strangely. To join the enemy, to hold a British commission, to waylay the American leaders, to feed and aid and comfort an invading enemy, to co-operate in the burning of houses and destruction of property, for every house near the British lines was ruthlessly devastated—all these were venial offences for which any penalty was too severe, and those who according to the forms of law contributed to assert the public rights, whether as judges, or jurymen, or counsel, were branded as butchers and murderers. Carlisle and Roberts are still, we believe, saints and martyrs of the canon of treason.

During the whole of this period of excitement, Arnold's command continued, and, to the delight of all whose antipathies have been thus described, he threw himself into the ranks of the local opposition. It was a perfect Godsend to the leaders of faction and fomentors of disaffection, to have the continental commandant on their side, and mingled with the complaints of local oppression, was fervent and ecstatic praise of his gallantry and his sacrifices. Fashion, the most vulgar and intolerant of tyrants, shut its sanctioning eyes to Arnold's lowly birth and the rudeness of his early calling, and the heroines of the Meschianza smiled with gracious condescension on the New London horsedealer. All they asked in return for this favour, was that he should unite with them and theirs in denunciation of the local authorities, and in sarcasms on the sturdy integrity of the constitutional whigs. Arnold had motives

enough for this sort of affiliation. Not only was his vanity flattered, but his heart—if heart he had—was touched by the kind consideration with which he was treated. He soon courted and married one of the brightest of the belles of the Meschianza—on whom beauty and toryism were equally distinguished—nor was this all. Arnold's pecuniary necessities, the fruit of frustrated schemes and speculations, led him naturally to those who had the means, and might, if he courted them, have the inclination to relieve him. The wealth of Philadelphia was altogether on the tory side. The few acts of confiscation into which the new government had been goaded, left abundant and well invested wealth in the hands of the disaffected. Arnold played his game accordingly, and in less than two months, cheered onward by his new confederates, tempted by his own instincts of wrong, he was involved in a fierce conflict with the local authorities—busy at his work of insolent defiance, and grateful for the applause his abettors bestowed, and the wages which, in all probability, he was mean enough to accept. For a time and till the government was permanently and securely reorganized by the installation of a new executive, Arnold seemed to have the best of the squabble.

But in November, 1778, General Reed being unanimously elected President of the state, the game of faction was suddenly blocked. Reed brought to his new duty not only talent of a high order, but military experience gained by the side of Washington, thorough knowledge and appreciation of the precise line which separates the different functions of public service, and a resolute determination of purpose, that could be neither overcome nor circumvented. He was full of resources, and had an aptitude to meet exigencies which has rarely been equalled. He had besides the respect and confidence of all parties, for though opposed in theory to the new constitution, he thought change and amendment should be postponed till the more

urgent necessities of the war were over. Of course in thus claiming for General Reed on his accession th confidence of all, the notoriously disaffected are excepted. They and their connexions hated him with inveterate hate. Against the power and ability of such an executive, Arnold and his abettors struggled in vain. Neither their obloquy nor their blandishments availed to turn aside the course of justice thus administered. In vain did Arnold send messages of insult and defiance to the council; in vain did he affect to despise, as too minute for notice, the charges preferred against him—merely "the giving a pass to a trading enemy, and using public wagons for private uses;" in vain did he invoke the authority of Congress, a portion of whose members as if to expiate past neglect espoused his cause; in vain did he cite the high authority of George Clinton and Jay, and, by misquoting his opinions, bring the name of Washington to his support. Mr. Reed and the council persevered in asserting the majesty of the law, forced Congress, though deeply infected by faction, to listen, and to grant an inquiry; and at last convinced a court of Arnold's fellow-soldiers that it was their duty to sentence him to be reprimanded for offences, the nature of which were illustrative of the peddling nature of his evil passions. Arnold's rage knew no bounds, and there is no where to be found a more characteristic memorial of his character, than in the arrogant and defamatory defence, well known to the historical student, which he made before the court-martial. Snatching any weapon of calumny that happened to be at hand, he madly hurled it at his accusers, and seemed to think it was defence enough for him to praise himself and slander others.

Thus passed more than a year in altercation in public, and wild and daring commercial speculations in private. Disappointment and disaster attended both. Disgrace, as we have seen, was the fruit of his political broils; whilst bankruptcy, and necessity that could no longer be evaded

or trifled with, followed close on the footsteps of pecuniary adventure. The spring and summer of 1779 found Arnold a hopelessly ruined man; and then it was that the spirit of evil, always vigilant of its victim's moment of extremity, whispered to his susceptible mind the suggestion of lucrative treason. Not such treason as led Coriolanus, or the Constable of Bourbon, to fight against his country—not such as tempted Warwick or Percy, the treason that finds excuse in wounded pride or insulted honour; Arnold's was none of these, but it was one of the coarsest quality. It was nothing more than mercenary, money-making treason; and if the council of Pennsylvania had been his friends and not his accuser—if they had been willing to wink at his oppression, and submit to his insults, the result would have precisely been the same.

For the sake of human nature, pitiable in its slow yielding to temptation, it may be hoped that Arnold did not submit to these promptings of despair without a struggle. His application for pecuniary relief to the French minister, seems to show this. He was more willing to degrade himself before the representative of a friendly power, than to barter away his country and his own character to an enemy. He preferred begging alms from Luzerne, to trading, with the fearful risks of such a traffic, with Sir Henry Clinton. But when the calm admonition of the French envoy repelled him, no avenue seemed open save that which led him to the enemy. He had, let it be remembered, no domestic security for doing right—no fireside guardianship to protect him from the tempter. Rejecting, as we do utterly, the theory that his wife was the instigator of his crime—all common principles of human action being opposed to it—we still believe that there was nothing in her influence or associations to countervail the persuasions to which he ultimately yielded. She was young, and gay, and frivolous; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury, she was utterly unfitted for the

duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist's daughter, she had been taught to mourn over even the poor pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when military men of noble station were her admirers. Arnold had no counsellor on his pillow to urge him to the imitation of homely republican virtue, to stimulate him to follow the rugged path of a revolutionary patriot. He fell, and though his wife did not tempt or counsel him to ruin, there is no reason to think she ever uttered a word or made a sign to deter him.

Arnold began his correspondence with Major Andre about the month of April, 1779. Andre had been in Philadelphia whilst the British army had possession of the city, and was well acquainted with the Shippen family, into which Arnold married. Though feigned names were used in this correspondence, "Gustavus" by Arnold, and "John Anderson" by Andre, it is certain that the correspondents knew each other. The intermediate agent to whose care the letters were intrusted, was a refugee clergyman, of the name of Odell, who, no doubt, well knew the American correspondent; whilst throughout Andre was writing in an undisguised hand to Mrs. Arnold, thus enabling Arnold, who would probably see his wife's letters, to know who "John Anderson" was. The real design was covered by the pretext of a mercantile correspondence. So long as Arnold remained on duty at Philadelphia, though he was able, from time to time, to send such scraps of intelligence as he gained in his correspondence with Washington, he was hardly worth the purchasing; and Sir Henry Clinton seemed to hold back, and to show no very great anxiety to burden himself with one pensioner more, or to pay much for the bargain which was offered to him. They had paid dearly enough for Galloway, in 1777. In order, therefore, to appreciate himself in the market, Arnold found it necessary to secure some new and

important trust; and his mind seems early to have been directed to the command at West Point. He directed all his energies and all his powers of intrigue, to this object. His partisans in Congress, and his friends in the army, many of whom persuaded themselves that he was an injured man, seconded his wishes; and at last, though with obvious reluctance, General Washington yielded to their importunity, and directed him to take charge of the garrison at the Point, or, in other words, of the posts on the line of the Hudson river, of which, in military language, West Point was the key. Arnold took charge of the post in the beginning of August. The moment this occurred, Sir Henry Clinton felt that at any cost he was worth securing, and a new and more direct interest was felt in the traitor's correspondence.

Pausing here one moment, let us ask, is not the retrospect painful beyond expression, of the successful simulation which this wicked man was practising, and of the ready credulity with which words of defamation from his lips against the truest patriots of the country once were listened to. "General Washington and the officers of the army," Arnold wrote, "bitterly execrate Mr. Reed and his council for their villanous attempt to injure me."* "*Conscious of my innocence*," said he, in his defence before the court-martial—and one may wonder that the calumny did not palsy his tongue—"conscious of my own innocence, and of the unworthy methods taken to injure me, I can with boldness say to my persecutors in general, and the chief of them in particular, that, in the hour of danger, when the affairs of America wore a gloomy aspect,

* On the discovery of his treason, Washington thus nailed this falsehood to the writer. "I cannot," he wrote, "suffer myself to delay a moment in pronouncing that if Arnold (in his letter to his wife—'I am treated with the greatest politeness by General Washington and the officers of the army, who bitterly execrate Mr. Reed and his council for their villanous attempt to injure me,') meant to comprehend me in the latter part of the expression, that he asserted an absolute falsehood."

when our illustrious general was retreating with a handful of men, I did not propose to my associates to quit him, and sacrifice the cause of my country to my personal safety, by going over to the enemy, and making my peace." And then he would go to his secret chamber, and write to Sir Henry Clinton, and plan the traffic of treason on which his soul was bent. And then, too, there were those who listened with greedy ears to his slanders, applauded his boastful arrogance, and, in the heat of passion and prejudice, were willing to sacrifice the hard-earned fame of patriot men to his malignity. The sympathy which Arnold, in the midst of his treasonable correspondence, was able to command in Philadelphia, is one of the most singular and least creditable incidents of those trying times. There must have been many a burning blush, and many a downcast eye, when the news burst on the community which had fondled and flattered Arnold in his hour of pride and triumph, that their favourite had deserted to the British.

But to return to the now impending catastrophe. Arnold's first care on arriving at West Point, was to put himself in more direct communication with the British commander-in-chief. Mysterious correspondence, with its jargon of "invoices" and "shipments," and "debtor and creditor," would answer no longer. He accordingly took measures to solicit an interview with some accredited agent of the enemy. This was not easy. Washington was on the spot inspecting the posts, and taking deliberate measures with his most experienced counsellors for an offensive movement against New York, in conjunction with Count Rochambeau. Under a calm and imperturbable exterior, as Arnold well knew, there was an acute vigilance, and a power of penetration before which his guilty spirit quailed. Yet even here, with this eye upon him, and with that consciousness of guilt which makes the brave bad man tremble and grow pale, Arnold's nerve sustained him. Once only,

as we read, did he show agitation. In crossing one of the ferries with Washington and his staff, the Vulture sloop of war was seen at a distance, having on board, as Arnold well knew, Colonel Robinson, sent by Sir Henry Clinton to meet him. Washington watched the vessel with his glass, whilst Lafayette jocularly remarked, that Arnold ought to find out what had become of the expected naval reinforcement from France, as he had convenient modes of intercourse with the enemy. For a moment Arnold lost his presence of mind, and made a reply, the intemperance of which might have roused suspicions of any other man. But Washington entertained none, and the matter dropped. The next day (19th September) Washington continued his journey to Hartford, and Arnold was left to his unimpeded work of villany. His first step was to advise Sir Henry Clinton that he would be in attendance under due precautions, the next day, near Dobbs's Ferry, ready to meet his messenger. The following hurried letter to a forage agent in the neighbourhood, has never before been published, and bears date the day that Arnold and Washington parted. The autograph indicates hurry and agitation:

To Mr. Jefferson, Fredericksburg, N. Y.

Headquarters, Rob. House, September 19th, 1780.

Sir,—You will please to pick out of the horses you have now in your custody or which you may hereafter receive, a pair of the best wagon horses, as also two of the *very best saddle horses* you can find, for my use. You'll send them to me as soon as possible.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

B. Arnold, *M. General.**

On receiving Arnold's message, Sir Henry Clinton at once despatched Andre on his fatal and fruitless errand.

* The original of this letter is in possession of Edward D. Ingraham, Esq., of Philadelphia.

He arrived with all expedition on board the Vulture, and thence, by a letter or some pretext of business, and under the well-known name of "John Anderson," advised Arnold of his presence. The Vulture then lay in the narrow channel of the Hudson, close to Dobbs's Ferry, and near Tellon's Point; but hour after hour passed without any intelligence from Arnold, and Andre began to despair of success in his enterprise. Could the American, after all, be trifling with them? was it a cunning device to entrap a portion of the British army into some ambuscade in the Highland passes? had all the scheming, and secret management and correspondence, been for nothing? All these were doubts and questions arising in the minds of Andre and his fellow-counsellors that night in the cabin of the Vulture. Suddenly the sound of approaching oars were heard, the rude hail of the sailor on the forecastle watch, and, in a few moments, Joshua H. Smith, Arnold's mysterious confidant, whose precise agency in this scheme of wickedness has never yet been ascertained, came on board, and presented to Colonel Robinson and the naval commandant his credentials from Arnold, and a written request that "the person" should come on shore for the purpose of a personal interview. This was a new and unlooked for turn of the affair, and some discussion ensued as to what should be done. Andre soon put an end to it by announcing his fixed resolution to land, be the danger what it might. The game he was playing required boldness, and necessarily involved peril of no slight extent. Covering his uniform with a close and heavy overcoat, he jumped into the boat, which in a few minutes, pushed onward by men who felt throughout the danger they had run, reached the shore. In the dense underwood, at a short distance from the bank, at the foot of the Clove mountain, shrouded in the thickest darkness, Arnold and Andre met.

They met, and talked long and anxiously. The secrets

of that midnight conference never have been revealed. With what feelings they must have listened to each other's whispers, in the darkness of that hour! The young Englishman anxious, confident, and careless of any consequence but failure in his enterprise; looking forward to a career of usefulness and distinction, to be begun by a great result: the American, brave enough in the field of battle, but worse than a coward in the progress of a plan like this, starting at every sound that broke the stillness of the hour, and whispering his details of treason, and bartering away for money the rich honours of a past career. His future, in any event, was heavily clouded. Whilst the conference was in progress, they were interrupted by an intimation from Smith that his boat's crew were becoming impatient, and that daylight, near at hand, would oblige them to remove from a situation so exposed. Thus disturbed in their incomplete arrangements, Andre was persuaded to consent that the boatmen should be dismissed, and to accompany Arnold to a point higher up the shore, where he might remain concealed till all should be consummated. Here was the fatal error that cost him his life. Mounting the horses, which were at hand—probably those "very best" required by the letter of the 19th of September, they rode on towards Smith's house, a few miles higher up. On their way, in the dusk of the early morning, to Andre's horror and amazement—for there is no reason to doubt that on this point he was sincere in what he said—he heard the challenge of the sentinels, and found himself a spy and a traitor's confederate within the American lines. Up to this time he wore his British uniform.

Andre and Arnold remained at Smith's house during the day; and, whilst there, they observed that the Vulture, annoyed by the neighbouring batteries, had fallen lower down the river, thus adding to the embarrassment of Andre's situation. No mode of escape remained but by a

journey by land, on the left bank of the river, through the line of American works, and a most disturbed district of country. On the evening of the 22d, Andre, having left his regimentals, and assumed a plain dress, in company with Smith, crossed the river, on his way to New York. He had with him, concealed in his stockings, detailed descriptions, in Arnold's writing, of the post and garrison of West Point, and the distribution of the troops, who were to be so disposed, or rather dispersed, that no effectual resistance could be made to an assault. These papers have been recently published, and there is nothing which so strongly illustrates this tangled plan of iniquity as these curious memoranda. Strange to say, these were in Arnold's writing, without the least attempt at disguise or concealment.

The rest of this dark story is well known. Andre's journey from Verplank's Point to Tarrytown, near which he was arrested on the morning of the 23d September, has been often described, and yet familiar as it is, no one can now read it but with breathless interest. On the morning of the 25th, time enough having elapsed as Arnold might well suppose for Andre to be out of danger, and Smith having the day before reported him to be well on his journey, Jamieson's unaccountable letter was received communicating the news of the arrest. Arnold received it whilst breakfasting with two of Washington's staff at his headquarters, at Robinson's house. The shock of such intelligence must have been tremendous, but his characteristic hardihood did not fail him. No one of his guests observed any remarkable agitation at the moment, though afterwards they remembered, or fancied that they did, that Arnold's lip quivered, and his brow became pallid as he read the letter which told him not only that his elaborate plans were frustrated, but that he was in extreme personal danger.———He saw that no time was to be lost. Washington was momentarily expected on his return from

Hartford, and there was reason to fear that the next news might be an order for his arrest. Jamieson might recover from his bewilderment, and cut off his retreat. Arnold, pretending that he was called suddenly to West Point, hastened to his wife's room, told of his crime and his danger, but, unable to pause long enough to utter a word of consolation for her wretchedness, mounting his horse, he hurried to the river bank, where his boat lay always in readiness. Hoisting his handkerchief as a flag of truce to pass the American batteries and guard-boats, he was in a few minutes on the deck of the Vulture, which lay at anchor a short distance below. How different was his attitude from that which, in the triumph of his treason, he hoped to occupy! Solitary, powerless, without influence or success, he came to throw himself on the reluctant charity of those whom he knew despised him, and to confess that all the machinations from which he had promised so much, were utterly inoperative of result. And when afterwards the news of poor Andre's fate reached the British camp, what new loathing must have been felt among Andre's friends and fellow-soldiers for the worthless blood-stained traitor!

Never did Washington appear to greater advantage; never did the traits of his character, his grave deliberative heroism, his power of control, more happily exhibit themselves than on the detection of Arnold's treason, and in the punishment of Andre. From the first moment of discovery to the last, he was betrayed into no vehemence of language, or violence of temper. Deeply mortified at finding his confidence misplaced, his only anxiety was to do justice to those against whom Arnold and his partisans had sought to poison him, and to remove the idea that their wiles had been successful. In this view he wrote promptly and decisively to Governor Reed who had been the especial target of malignity, and branded on Arnold's unblushing forehead the memorable words which have

already been more than once quoted. Sincerely sympathizing with Andre's misfortunes, and mourning with a brave man's pity at his inevitable fate, Washington knew that to allow the course of justice to be turned aside by personal considerations would be fatal to the substantial interests of the cause for which America was fighting, and a bounty on treason hereafter. If Andre who had come secretly with a traitor in the American camp, was pardoned merely because he had rank and accomplishment and talent, how could execution be hereafter done on any one? Washington decided it like a wise and good and brave man, and no impartial inquirer has ever condemned him. The blood of Andre was upon the head of Arnold.

We have not the heart to follow the traitor farther, or to narrate his ruffianlike incursions at the head of British troops and refugees into Virginia and Connecticut. In enormity they exceed belief. Nor have we space to complete the record of his contemned old age. A mendicant of royal bounty, wandering about the streets of London—insulted in the gallery of parliament, repelled by his own countrymen as an object they detested, Arnold languished out the residue of his life in obscurity, and died in London, on the 14th June, 1801, at the age of sixty-one.

A late writer has said that "Arnold's treason has sunk the memory of his noble qualities," and seems to intimate that in this oblivion, injustice has been done. If we have read the narrative of his life aright, if the scrutiny of his whole career, made in no spirit of detraction, is not utterly deceptive, if boyhood with its malicious mischief, and manhood in its ascending scale of crime justify any inference, if, as we believe it to be, treason to one's country is a mode of iniquity that excludes the redeeming qualities which sometimes soften crime, then ought we to reject decisively that indulgent or perverse theory which finds excuse in one solitary, detached, accidental act of virtuous impulse. But for Arnold's kindness to Warren's orphan

children, an incident of which quite as much has been made as it deserves, a thousand crimes would have been linked to no single virtue, and the monotony of his career would have been dreary indeed. Even as it is, in the name of American patriotism—of the unthanked virtue of the Revolution, of those who first detected and at vast personal risk and in the face of a tide of obloquy, exposed his enormities, of Washington, whom he basely betrayed, and would have sacrificed—in the name of all that was good and generous and truly heroic in our heroic age, do we remonstrate against a word of astute apology or extenuation of that which the common sense of mankind has united to condemn. The solitary traitor of the American Revolution should be allowed to stand on the bad eminence which his iniquity has won.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM SMALLWOOD.

This officer was a native of Maryland. He arrived in New York at the head of a battalion on the 8th of August, 1776, and was in the actions which followed Long Island and at White Plains. On the 23d of October he was created a brigadier-general. In the summer of 1777, he accompanied General Sullivan on his expedition to Staten Island. When the British arrived in the Chesapeake, he was despatched to assemble the militia of the western shore of Maryland, with about one thousand of whom he joined the main army on the 28th of September. In the battle of Germantown, General Forman and General Smallwood led the militia of New Jersey and Maryland. On the 19th of December, learning that the British in-

tended to establish a post at Wilmington, in Delaware, the commander-in-chief directed General Smallwood to occupy that place. In the following year he was not engaged in any conspicuous service. In September, 1780, while he was with the army under General Gates, in the south, he was appointed a major-general, upon the ground that his state was entitled to an officer of that rank. When General Gates was superseded, after the battle of Camden, by General Greene, General Smallwood returned to the north, refusing to serve under Baron Steuben, who was his senior officer, and declaring his intention to leave the service unless Congress should cause his commission to be dated two years before his appointment.*

General Smallwood was elected a member of Congress by Maryland, in 1785, and in the same year was chosen governor. He held the latter office three years. He died in February, 1792.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN P. DE HAAS.

John Philip De Haas was probably a native of Pennsylvania. He is alluded to in a letter addressed to Mifflin as a man who will be likely to do good service with opportunity. He was appointed a brigadier-general for Pennsylvania on the 21st of February, 1777.

* This claim was merely absurd. General Washington said of it, in a letter to Greene, dated 9th of January, 1780, "I cannot conceive upon what principles his claim of seniority is founded. If the date of his commission is to be carried back to any given period previous to his appointment, it may supersede not only the officers now in question, but many others, and indeed derange and throw into confusion the rank of the whole line of major-generals."

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The unhappy history of Arthur St. Clair is familiar in its more prominent features. It is known that he was brave, patriotic, and esteemed by the greatest of men; that in the game of war he was a loser, and that he suffered that loss of consideration which is usually incurred by misfortune. But with the details of his life no one has made us acquainted. We glean with difficulty the few particulars that are accessible, from the narrative of his last disastrous campaign, and from contemporaneous memoirs and correspondence.

He was born in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1734, of a respectable but not opulent family; and after graduating at the university of his native city, studied medicine. The inactive and monotonous life of a physician, however, did not suit his ardent temperament, and obtaining a lieutenant's commission, through some influential relation, he entered the army, and in 1755 arrived with Admiral Boscawen in Canada, where he served several years with distinguished credit, and was present with General Wolfe, in September, 1759, in the battle on the plains of Abraham, in which that heroic commander purchased victory and conquest with his life. He was now made a captain, and after the peace of 1763 was appointed to the command of Fort Ligonier, in western Pennsylvania.

It is not known how long St. Clair retained his commission in the British army; but his correspondence with Governor Penn shows that he purchased a tract of land, entered upon the business of farming, and turned his mathematical knowledge to advantage as a surveyor, sometime before the close of 1773, when he was an active and prominent magistrate in Westmoreland county. He

watched with interested attention the events which preceded the Revolution, and was known, as well for his patriotism as for his ability, to the intelligent friends of liberty throughout the country. In December, 1775, he was appointed a colonel in the continental army. At this time he was clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, register of wills, recorder of deeds, and surveyor of the county; and all his offices were lucrative. He enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his acquaintances, was rapidly accumulating a fortune, and had a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and five children equally dear to him. But holding that there was no law above the need of his country, he quickly abandoned his prosperous ease; and reporting himself to the Congress, in Philadelphia, on the 22d of January, 1776, he received instructions to raise a regiment for service in Canada. In six weeks his ranks were filled, and on the 11th of May he was in the vicinity of Quebec, just in time to cover the retreat of the defeated and dispirited forces under Arnold. He remained in the north during the summer, associated with Sullivan, Anthony Wayne, and other officers, and winning the respect of all of them by his intelligence, activity, and agreeable manners. On the 9th of August he was appointed a brigadier-general, and in the autumn was ordered to join the commander-in-chief, in New Jersey, where he participated in the events of Trenton and Princeton.

Thus far the career of St. Clair had been prosperous. His military experience acquired during the war with France, and his knowledge of the country and the spirit and resources of the people, gave him an advantage at the commencement of the struggle over most of the native and foreign officers in the continental army; and though he had not had an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field, he had steadily grown in the favourable estimation of the commander-in-chief, the army, and the Congress. On the 19th of February, 1777, he was appointed a major-

general, and after performing a short time the duties of adjutant-general, was ordered to report himself to General Schuyler, then in charge of the northern department, under whose direction, on the 12th of June, he assumed the command of Ticonderoga. He found the works here and at Mount Independence, on the opposite side of Lake Champlain, garrisoned by less than two thousand men, badly armed, and nearly destitute of stores; but divided into several regiments, with full complements of officers, and three brigadiers. General Gates, in the previous year, had demanded for the defence of Ticonderoga ten thousand regulars, and authority to call for an unlimited number of volunteers; but Congress had since received the erroneous information that a large portion of the British army in Canada was on the way to New York by sea, and that no serious incursions were to be apprehended from the northern frontier; and the troops needed for the defence of the posts above Albany were consequently detained near the Hudson. On the 5th of July, having ascertained that a force of more than seven thousand British and Germans was approaching under General Burgoyne, and would completely invest the place in twenty-four hours, General St. Clair determined, with the unanimous advice of a council of officers, consisting of General De Rochefermoy, General Patterson, General Poor, and Colonel-Commandant Long, immediately to evacuate the post. At midnight, Colonel Long, with the principal portion of the stores and several companies, departed in boats for Skeensborough, at the head of the lake, and at the same hour the army crossed unperceived to the Vermont shore, whence the main body marched by way of Benson and Fairhaven toward Castleton, and the rear guard, consisting of three imperfect regiments under Colonels Warner, Francis, and Hale, started for the same point by the more northern route of Hubbardton.

The battle of Hubbardton, which was fought with singu-

lar bravery by troops worthy to be compared with the famous riflemen of Morgan, took place on the following day. As soon as the retreat of the Americans had been ascertained, General Frazier commenced the pursuit, and coming up with Colonel Hale's detachment of militia, in the western part of the town, easily made them prisoners. Warner and Francis chose a strong position, about two miles farther eastward, and eight miles from Castleton, where the British attacked them with great impetuosity, expecting an easy victory; but after an hour's continuous and rapid firing they began to give way, and would have been defeated but for the timely arrival of General Reidesel with a large reinforcement, when the Americans were compelled to give up the contest. Hale was a prisoner, Francis was killed, and Warner, with a considerable portion of his marksmen, reached Manchester, and united with Stark, in time to aid in the brilliant affair of Bennington. From two to three hundred, who had fled in disorder, rejoined St. Clair, on the 8th and 9th, at Rutland, and others by various routes found their way to the camp of Gates, at Saratoga. The British loss in killed and wounded was two hundred and eighty-three, and about the same number were left on the field and in the neighbouring farmhouses by the Americans. On the 12th of July General St. Clair, who on account of the occupation of Skeensborough by the British had been compelled to change the line of his retreat, reached Fort Edward, where the decimated companies of Colonel Long had already arrived by the way of Fort Anne.

From the gallantry shown in its capture by Allen and Arnold, near the commencement of the war, and for other causes, the retention of Ticonderoga appears at this time to have been regarded as a point of honour; the condemnation of St. Clair for its evacuation was common and earnest, and Schuyler shared in the clamorous censure bestowed by the disappointed, vexed, and unreasoning upon

his subordinate. Both generals were suspended and summoned to Philadelphia, and Gates was placed in command of the district, in season to reap the advantages of Schuyler's wise administration and arrangements. Though St. Clair made constant efforts to procure a trial, he was for many months unsuccessful. He remained however with the army; was with Washington on the 11th of September, 1777, at Brandywine; was employed with Hamilton to settle a general cartel with the British commissioners at Amboy on the 9th of March, 1780; and by his faithfulness and activity in many ways showed how much he was superior to that policy toward him which Washington himself characterized as "cruel and oppressive." At length the affair was investigated, by a court martial, whose report was submitted to Congress in the month of October, 1778. The court were unanimously of opinion that Ticonderoga could not have been defended against the approaching army of Burgoyne, and that the commander evinced sound judgment and heroic resolution in abandoning it; and closed their report with the declaration that "*Major-General St. Clair is acquitted with the highest honour of the charges exhibited against him.*" Congress approved without a dissenting voice the proceedings of the court, and the injured general, thus triumphantly vindicated, was restored to his rightful position.

Washington's confidence in St. Clair had not been in the slightest degree impaired, and he soon testified in a flattering manner his appreciation of his merits. The movement of Sir Henry Clinton with a large body of troops toward Rhode Island, occasioned preparations for an attack on New York, and he was offered the command of the light infantry, usually held by Lafayette. The return of Clinton however prevented the attempt, and St. Clair was not called to any prominent service, until the defection of Arnold, when he was ordered to take charge of West Point. In 1781 he aided to suppress the mutiny in the

Pennsylvania line, and was active in organizing and forwarding troops to the south. He would himself have followed to take command of the army in Virginia, which had been offered to him, but for an order to remain near Philadelphia, induced by the fears of Congress that a blow would be struck at that city to create a diversion in favour of Cornwallis. The pressing request of Washington at length caused the order to be revoked, and he was permitted to join the commander-in-chief before Yorktown, where he arrived but a few days before Cornwallis's capitulation. He was soon after sent with six regiments to reinforce the southern army, and reported himself to General Greene, at Jacksonburgh, on the 27th of December; but seeing no prospect of active operations, and confident that the war was nearly over, early in the summer of 1782 he returned to his family. His course through the Revolution had been useful and honourable but not brilliant, and the consideration in which he was held after its close was evinced by his return to Congress by the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1786, and his election as speaker soon after he took his seat in that body.

In the year 1788 General St. Clair was appointed by Congress the first governor of the North-western Territory. The losses he had sustained in the war, from the depreciation of the currency, and other causes, were larger perhaps than had been suffered by any other officer, and his friends saw in this appointment the means of retrieving his fortune. But "they did not know," he says, "how little I was qualified to avail myself of any advantages, had they existed;" and he was probably correct in saying that the acceptance of the office was "the most imprudent act of his life." Upon the organization of the federal government he was re-appointed to the office by Washington, and he held it until within a few weeks of the termination of the territorial administration, in the winter of 1802–3, when he was removed by Mr. Jefferson.

It was while he was governor, in 1791, that he suffered his memorable defeat from the western Indians. The failure of the expedition under General Harmer had led to the adoption of more energetic measures for the punishment of the refractory tribes north-west of the Ohio, and Governor St. Clair was appointed a major-general, and with fourteen hundred men encamped near the Miami villages, on the 3d of November, 1791. The next morning, an hour before sunrise, the army was attacked and in a few minutes surrounded by the savages. The militia, who were in advance, received the first fire, and fled precipitately through the main body, throwing them into a confusion from which they did not entirely recover during the action, which lasted about four hours. General St. Clair was in feeble health, but he behaved with singular coolness and bravery. His principal officers, and some of his men also, displayed much intrepidity, and made several effective charges with the bayonet; but the troops did not recover from the surprise into which they were thrown at the commencement, and at length broke and fled in disorder. The loss in this battle and in the retreat was thirty-eight officers and five hundred and ninety-three men killed, and twenty-one officers and two hundred and forty-two men wounded. A committee of the House of Representatives was appointed to inquire into the causes of this disastrous result, and after a patient investigation of the subject, which extended through two sessions of Congress, it made reports which were honourable to the veteran soldier's reputation and conciliatory to his feelings.

After his removal from the office of Governor, in 1802, General St. Clair returned once more to Ligonier valley. Fourteen years of fatigue, privation and danger, had left him bereft of the property which remained to him at the close of the Revolution, and the influence he had then possessed at home had also passed away in his long absence. He devoted several years to the unsuccessful pro-

secution of claims against the government, which were generally believed to be just, but were barred by technicalities; and then, despairing and broken hearted, he sought a shelter in the family of a widowed daughter, who like himself was in the most abject destitution. At length the state of Pennsylvania, from considerations of personal respect and gratitude for his past services, settled on him an annuity of three hundred dollars, and this was soon after raised to six hundred and fifty, which secured to him a comfortable subsistence for the brief remainder of his life. The venerable and unfortunate soldier died at Greensburg, from an injury received while riding near that village, on the 31st of August, 1818, in his eighty-fourth year; and in a few days afterwards his widow, who for many years had been partially deranged, died at about the same age. An obelisk has been placed over his remains, inscribed: "*A humble monument, which is erected to supply the place of a nobler one due from his country.*"

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SAMUEL ELBERT.

Samuel Elbert of Georgia entered the army as a lieutenant-colonel in 1776. He was engaged in the expedition against East Florida, and acted gallantly at the head of a brigade in the action at Brier creek, on the second of March, 1779, when he was taken prisoner. He was brevetted brigadier-general on the 3d of November, 1783. In 1786 he was governor of Georgia, and he died at Savannah, in that state, on the 3d of November, 1788, aged forty-five years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM IRVINE.

William Irvine was born near Enniskillen, in Ireland, in 1744, and received his classical education at the University of Dublin. He evinced at an early age a partiality for the military profession, but his desire to enter it was overruled by his parents, in compliance with whose wishes he studied medicine and surgery. Upon receiving his diploma, however, he obtained the appointment of surgeon in the British navy, in which he continued until near the close of the war with France, from 1754 to 1763, when he resigned his place, removed to America, and settled in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where in a few years he acquired a high reputation and an extensive practice as a physician.

From the beginning, Dr. Irvine was deeply interested in the controversy between the colonies and the home government. He was a member of the Pennsylvania convention which assembled in Philadelphia on the 15th of July, 1774, to take into consideration the state of the country, and as a member of this body supported the resolutions denouncing the Boston Port Bill, and recommending a continental Congress. He was the representative of Carlisle until January, 1776, when he was commissioned to raise and command a regiment in the Pennsylvania line. At the head of his troops he reached the mouth of the Sorel, in Canada, on the 10th of June; was associated with General Thompson in the unsuccessful attempt which was made to surprise the van-guard of the British army at Trois Rivieres; and with his commander, and about two hundred subordinate officers and privates, was captured and conveyed to Quebec, where in consequence

of some misunderstanding respecting exchanges, he was many months detained as a prisoner.

Upon his release, he was made a brigadier-general in the militia, in which capacity he was wounded and taken prisoner in the action at Chesnut Hill, New Jersey, in December, 1777. On the 12th of May, 1779, he was appointed a brigadier in the continental service, and in the following summer and winter he was occupied in New Jersey, where he was associated with Lord Stirling in his expedition against Staten Island, and with General Wayne in the affair of Bull's Ferry. For a considerable time he was engaged in recruiting in Pennsylvania, but was not very successful. He applied for and received permission of the commander-in-chief to raise a corps of cavalry, with which to go into active service, but does not appear to have accomplished his design. On the 8th of March, 1782, he received his instructions as commander of Fort Pitt, for which post he immediately marched with the second Pennsylvania regiment. His duties here, comprehending the defence of the north-western frontier, then menaced with a British and Indian invasion, were difficult and important, and they were executed with an ability and integrity that secured the approbation of the government, and his continuance in the command until the close of the war.

In 1785, General Irvine was appointed by the President of Pennsylvania an agent to examine the public lands set apart in that state for the remuneration of her troops; and upon the completion of this duty he was elected a member of Congress. Soon after taking his seat in which body, he was selected one of the commissioners to settle the accounts between the several states, connected with their respective contributions for the support of the war. He was next a member of the convention for the formation of a constitution of Pennsylvania. At the time of the Whisky Insurrection in the western

part of that state, he was one of the commissioners, joined with others appointed by Congress, who proceeded to the scene of the revolt, with terms of settlement; and when the overtures of the commissioners were rejected, he was placed at the head of the Pennsylvania militia which marched against the insurgents. When these disturbances were brought to a close, General Irvine, now at an advanced age, removed to Philadelphia, where he held the office of intendent of military stores, and was president of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati until his death, which took place in the summer of 1804, when he was in the sixty-third year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE WEEDON.

George Weedon was a native of Virginia, and before the Revolution was an innkeeper at Fredericksburg. Dr. Smyth, an Englishman who published, in London, in 1784, a very clever book of travels in America, observes that he put up at the house of Weedon, "who was then very active and zealous in blowing the flames of sedition." General Mercer was then a physican and apothecary in the same village. Weedon was appointed a brigadier-general on the 21st of February, 1777. While the army was at Valley Forge he retired from the service on account of some difficulty respecting rank with General Woodford. In 1781 he was with the Virginia militia at Gloucester, in that state, but he never distinguished himself, nor was intrusted with a separate command.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES M. VARNUM.

JAMES MITCHELL VARNUM was born in Dracut, Massachusetts,—long the residence of his family,—in the year 1749, and was educated at the Rhode Island college, now Brown University, at which he graduated with a high reputation for scholarship in the twentieth year of his age, vindicating with much ability in a commencement discussion the right of the colonies to resist British taxation. He subsequently studied the law, with Attorney-General Arnold, and on being admitted to the bar settled at East Greenwich, where he rapidly acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. As the troubles thickened with England he turned his attention to a military life, joined the "Kentish Guards," and in 1774 was made commander of that company, which during the revolution gave to the army General Greene, Colonel Crary, Major Whitmarsh, and some thirty other commissioned officers. When intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached Rhode Island, Varnum started with his associates for the scene of action; but they returned upon hearing that the enemy had retired to Boston, and when the legislature assembled, the next week, Greene was appointed a brigadier-general, and Varnum and two others colonels, with which rank they were soon after admitted to the continental establishment.

On the 21st of February, 1777, Varnum was commissioned as a brigadier-general, and on the 3d of March Washington communicated to him his promotion in a very flattering letter. When Burgoyne approached Ticonderoga, the commander-in-chief, anticipating an attempt to unite to that general's forces the army in New York, ordered General Varnum with his brigade to Peekskill, on the Hudson; and on the 1st of November he was detached

to Red Bank, where he commanded all the American troops on the Jersey side of the Delaware when the British took possession of Philadelphia, having orders to annoy and retard as much as possible the shipping on its passage up the river. It was under his direction that Major Thayer, of the Rhode Island regiment, made that gallant defence of Fort Mifflin, from the 12th to the 15th of November, for which Congress presented a sword to Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the Maryland line, ignorant of the fact that that officer had relinquished the command of the fort on the day before the commencement of Lord Howe's attack. In the following winter, Varnum was with the commander-in-chief at Valley Forge, and his letters, quoted by Mr. Sparks,* present vivid pictures of the sufferings of the army during that memorable period. In the spring of 1778 he proposed the raising of a battalion of negroes in Rhode Island, and the legislature passed an act giving "absolute freedom to every slave who should enter the service and pass muster." In May he marched under Major-General Charles Lee to the North River, and in July was ordered with his brigade to join Sullivan in his expedition to Rhode Island, in which he served under the immediate orders of Lafayette. He resigned his commission in 1779, when the number of general officers was greater than was required for the army, and was soon after elected major-general of the militia of his native state, which office he continued to hold until his death.

In April, 1780, General Varnum was elected a member of the old Congress, in the proceedings of which he took an active part until the passage of the revenue bill of 1781, when he returned to Rhode Island to enforce in her legislature the sanction and adoption of that measure, but failed in his efforts, and was succeeded by the demagogue David Howell. For several years he devoted

* Writings of Washington, v. 198, 240.

himself assiduously and with eminent success to his profession, and in 1785 was a second time returned to Congress, where his activity, earnestness and eloquence secured to him much influence. When General St. Clair was appointed governor of the North-west Territory, General Varnum was selected to be one of the judges of its supreme court, and in June, 1788, he removed to Marietta, to enter upon the duties of his new office. His health had been for several years declining, and on the 17th of January, 1789, he died.

The career of General Varnum was brief and brilliant. He was but thirty-one years of age when he retired from the army, and but forty at his death. He was reputed to be a good officer, but had little opportunity to acquire military distinction. His forensic abilities however were of a high order, and the fulness of his knowledge, his quick apprehension, and the grace and power of his oratory, inspired the brightest hopes of his civic career.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM WOODFORD.

William Woodford was born in Caroline county, Virginia, in 1734. He distinguished himself in the French and Indian war, and when the Virginia convention, on the 17th of July, 1775, passed an ordinance for raising two regiments to act in defence of the colony, Patrick Henry was appointed colonel of the first, and he of the second. In the military operations which followed, in the vicinity of Williamsburg, he displayed ability and courage, particularly in the battle of Great Bridge, fought on the 9th of December, upon which occasion he had the

chief command, and gained a decided victory. He had resigned a colonel's commission in the continental service, and when, therefore, upon the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, he was appointed a brigadier-general, on the 21st of February, 1777, and was named after Muhlenburg and Weedon of the same state, he would have refused the office, but for the persuasion of Washington. "You may feel hurt," wrote his friend, "at having two officers placed before you, though perhaps never to command you, who were inferior in point of rank to you; but remember that this is a consequence of your own act, and consider what a stake we are contending for. Trifling punctilios should have no influence upon a man's conduct in such a cause and at such a time as this. If smaller matters do not yield to greater—if trifles, light as air in comparison with what we are contending for, can withdraw or withhold gentlemen from service, when our all is at stake, and a single cast of the die may turn the tables, what are we to expect?" He accepted the commission, and assumed the command of the Virginia regiment. In the battle of Brandywine he was wounded in the hand, so as to be compelled for a few days to leave the camp. He was in the battle of Monmouth, and in December, 1779, was ordered to the south. He was among the prisoners taken by the British at Charleston on the 12th of May, 1780, and being taken to New York in that summer, died there, on the 13th of November, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL OTHO H. WILLIAMS.

Otho Holland Williams was a native of Prince George's, Maryland, and was born in 1748. He entered the revolutionary army, in 1775, as lieutenant of a rifle company, being then twenty-seven years of age. His first distinguished service was at the attack on Fort Washington, near Boston, when he held the rank of major. Having twice repulsed the Hessians, who attempted to dislodge him from his post, at their third onset he was wounded and taken prisoner. Some time elapsed before he was exchanged, during which he was made colonel. Subsequently he acted as adjutant-general of the northern army, in which capacity he was present at the battle of Camden. After that disastrous defeat the remnant of the forces were organized into a single regiment, of which Williams took command, and though in the extremest destitution, the officers succeeded in rendering it a well-disciplined and, as was afterwards proved, an efficient body. When General Greene assumed the command of the southern department Williams once more was made adjutant-general, and on every occasion gained great honour. The successful retreat of the army through North Carolina was in a great measure due to the skill and gallantry with which he covered the movement with the rear guard.

Williams is, however, best known for his charge at the battle of Eutaw Springs, where he decided the fortune of the day. At the very crisis of the fight, he brought up his command to sweep the field with their bayonets. Military annals record no more brilliant achievement. Steadily under a shower of fire, that devoted band moved over the bloody battle-ground. They were irresistible; before

them death threatened their approach, and behind them were only the stern marks of their passage. They gained the victory, but their thinned ranks and the fallen bodies of their comrades strewing the field told how dearly.

Towards the close of the war Williams was made a brigadier-general. Soon afterwards he received the appointment of collector of customs for the state of Maryland. This lucrative office he subsequently received under the federal government, and held it until his death, which took place on the 16th of July, 1794, at the age of forty-six years. This early decease was caused by his sufferings while a prisoner in the hands of the British, and his exposure while at the south.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STEPHEN MOYLAN.

Stephen Moylan was a native of Ireland, and was residing in Pennsylvania at the beginning of the Revolution. He was among the first to hasten to the camp at Cambridge, and being a man of education and gentlemanly address, he was selected by Washington on the 5th of March, 1776, to be one of his aides-de-camp, and on the 5th of the following June, at his recommendation, was appointed commissary-general. The want of exact business habits rendered him unfit for the commissary department, and he soon resigned this place to enter the line of the army, as a volunteer. In the beginning of 1777 he commanded a regiment of dragoons; on the 4th of October in the same year he was at Germantown; in the winter following he was at Valley Forge; in 1779 he was on the Hudson and in Connecticut; on the 20th of July, 1780, accompanied Wayne on the expedition to Bull's Ferry; and in 1781 was sent with the Pennsylvania troops to join General Greene, in the south. He was made brigadier-general, by brevet, on the 3d of November, 1783.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER McDOUGALL.

THERE are few names in our annals upon which we linger with more satisfaction than upon that of the gallant and true-hearted Alexander McDougall. "*His* zeal is unquestionable," wrote Washington to Schuyler, as early as the middle of August, 1775, when he turned almost disheartened from contemplating the sordid aims and petty rivalries that were exhibited in the camp; "I wish every officer in the army could appeal to his own heart," he wrote to McDougall in May, 1777, "and find the same principles of conduct that I am persuaded actuate you: we should then experience more consistency, zeal, and steadiness, than we do now, in but too many instances;" and many years afterwards the same sagacious judge of human character, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson, lamented the "brave soldier and disinterested patriot" as one of the fallen pillars of the revolution.

The father of Alexander McDougall was a farmer, in moderate circumstances, who at an early age had emigrated from Scotland and settled in the vicinity of New York, in which city the youth of the soldier was passed in various active employments. Here he watched with keen-sighted vigilance the aggressive steps of the royal government; and when the Assembly faltered in its opposition to the usurpations of the crown, and in the winter of 1769, insulted the people by rejecting a proposition authorizing the vote by ballot, and by entering upon the favourable consideration of a bill of supplies for troops quartered in the city to overawe the inhabitants, he issued an address, under the title of "A Son of Liberty to the Betrayed Inhabitants of the Colony," in which he contrasted the Assembly with the legislative bodies in other

parts of the country, and held up their conduct to unmitigated and just indignation. The bold rebuke was laid before the house by its speaker, and, with the single exception of Philip Schuyler, every member voted that it was "an infamous and seditious libel." A proclamation for the discovery of the author was issued by the governor; it was traced to McDougall; and he was taken on a bench warrant and brought before the chief justice. Clearly reading in the signs about him the future history of the country, he exclaimed, as he was conveyed to prison, "I rejoice that I am the first sufferer for liberty since the commencement of our glorious struggle." From his place of confinement he poured forth continued appeals to the people, full of scornful reproaches of his oppressors, and bold avowals of revolutionary opinions. Women of the first consideration sought by visits to soften the severity of his punishment; in every circle his case was the subject of impassioned conversation; and he became in an especial manner the idol of the masses, who saw in the elevation of one of their own number that in the controversy upon which they were entering there were to be no distinctions but such as awaited faith and energy. At the end of three months an indictment was found against him by a packed jury; and after he had incurred the penalty of the law he was brought before the Assembly, at its next session, and it was moved that the infliction of *peine forte et dure* should be imposed to extort from him a humiliating recantation; but he answered to the threat undauntedly, that "rather than resign his rights and privileges as a British subject, he would suffer his right hand to be cut off at the bar of the house."

Set at liberty, McDougall entered into correspondence with the master-spirits in all parts of the country; and when the celebrated meeting in the fields was held, on the 6th of July, 1774, preparatory to the election of the

New York delegates to the first general congress, he was called to preside, and resolutions prepared by him were adopted, pointing out the mode of choosing deputies, inveighing against the Boston Port Bill, and urging upon the proposed congress the prohibition of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain.

McDougall was appointed colonel of the first revolutionary regiment that was raised in New York, and on the 9th of August, 1776, he was created a brigadier-general. On the evening of the 29th of the same month he was selected by Washington to superintend the embarkation of the troops from Brooklyn; he was actively engaged on Chatterton's Hill and in various places in New Jersey; and when General Heath, in the spring of 1777, left Peekskill to assume the command of the eastern department, he succeeded that officer, but was compelled by a superior force, sent up the river by General Howe, to retreat from the town, destroying a considerable supply of stores, on the 23d of March. After the battle of Germantown, in which he participated, Washington recommended his appointment as a major-general. "From his abilities, military knowledge, and approved bravery," wrote the chief to the president of Congress, "he has every claim to promotion. If I mistake not, he was passed over in the last appointments of major-generals, and younger officers preferred before him; but his disinterested attachment to the service prevented his acting in the manner that is customary in like circumstances." His new commission was dated the 20th of October. On the 16th of March, 1778, he was directed to assume the command of the different posts on the Hudson, and, assisted by Kosciuszko, he pursued with activity the construction of the fortifications in the Highlands. He was actively but not conspicuously engaged in this part of the country until the close of 1780, when he was called upon by New York to repair to Congress as one of the repre-

sentatives of that state, as soon as he could obtain permission to leave the army. It was a critical moment. Washington urged his acceptance of the post, and he accordingly took his seat in the next January. The following letter, which he addressed to President Reed of Pennsylvania, while he was on the Hudson, is so characteristic that we quote it at length:

"*Head-quarters, Peekskill, March 25th*, 1779.

"MY DEAR SIR—I was honoured in due time with your favour of the 28th ultimo. I have written to Brigadier-General Huntington on the subject of Mr. Minar's complaint, and enclosed him certified copies of the depositions transmitted to you. General Parsons is at New London. The former being a gentleman and a man of nice feelings, and connected with Governor Trumbull, I considered him as the fittest person to aid in obtaining redress. It would give me great pleasure to visit your city, for many reasons. But the state of my command at these posts utterly forbids it. You will be informed by the enclosed of the state of the enemy in my front. And I am so closely kept to business, that I have not time to take proper rest. The grand army left me in a state little better than 'bare creation.' This, with a variety of posts, new works to erect, and the different communications at these posts, give me full employ, from reveille to tattoo. I assure you I am obliged, from the duties of the post, and the state of the times, to live a truly Spartan life. But this is not painful to me. It has been the misfortune of this country that every year has afforded some amusement to retard its exertions against the common enemy. At one time, reconciliation; at another, assistance from France is to effect our deliverance; this failing, our alliance with that people is to accomplish our redemption; now, Spain's acceding to our independency is the tub of the day. Those alliances are favourable, and natural, as they have

mutual interest for their bases, and there can be no important temptation to either of the parties to recede from them. But, my dear sir, if all Europe is to declare in our favour, this will not pay our debts, or restore our depreciated currency; and foreign loans will ruin us, by paying interest to foreigners, out of our country. Our deliverance, under God, must come from ourselves. The voice of Providence points it out; I had almost said, divine revelation does it. I own, however advantageous those alliances are to America, my hopes or expectations from them are not so sanguine as those of many others. One decisive naval victory in favour of your enemies will give them courage, vigour, and public credit. That nation, as such, is poor, but the individuals of it are rich, and they are well practised in all the arts of financiering. If that people are once brought, on such an event, to exert themselves in favour of their country, the war will be lengthened out much longer than our sanguine politicians imagine. We ought to be vigorously preparing for an offensive campaign, but instead of this, America is in a profound sleep.

"We vainly imagine the enemy will evacuate New York. He has no such intention. He is confident our currency will fail us, that three-fourths of the inhabitants of these states are pleased with the terms offered by the commissioners, and that whenever the supplies for the army fail, the people will return to their allegiance. He is now counterfeiting another emission, which will soon be out.

"I feel mortified that the troops in New York should hold America at defiance, and sure I am, they might be routed this campaign if early preparations are made. While the enemy is master of our coast, by our attempting to cover the whole country, we cover none of it. I know the commander-in-chief is embarrassed often for want of strength, and with the partial cries and views of

the different states. But if we carry on the war as we have done, we shall do nothing decisive. We fall under the reprehension of that sagacious statesman and soldier, the King of Prussia. His ideas are these: 'The general acting on the defensive, who attempts to cover all his country, will cover none.' The conduct of our gentlemen, you allude to, is truly mysterious: there is one obvious important point, in which your state and ours have a common interest; how they can reconcile it to their trust, to create distrust in your people and meddle with your internal affairs, I am at a loss to conceive. Sure I am, it is not agreeable to their immediate or remote constituents. Under the rose, measures are in train to regulate the conduct of gentlemen who seem to require it.

"The want of the Journals of Congress is a great impediment to the public service; as in many instances the country and army are total strangers to the law of either, so far as it respects their conduct. Resolves published in newspapers get lost, and although they may be transmitted to the commander-in-chief, and by him to officers commanding departments, yet the latter are often changed, and the relievers are without law. I have more than once represented to that honourable body and some of its members the absolute necessity of publishing the acts of Congress in pamphlet form, at least so far as they respect the army: but without effect. I fear there is too much caballing amongst them, and that by their grasping to do every thing themselves, very little is done. All necessary boards should be constituted, and they should be made answerable for the faithful discharge of their trust with their heads. While we are pleasing and amusing ourselves with Spartan constitutions on paper, a very contrary spirit reigns triumphant in all ranks: we may look out for some fatal *catastrophy* to befall this people; our political constitutions and manners do not agree; one or the other must fall—give way—otherwise America is a phenomenon

in civil society. Spartan constitutions and Roman manners, peculiar to her declining state, never will accord. This is wrote in haste; I therefore beg you will view it with an indulgent eye, and believe me to be, with great truth and regard,

"Your affectionate friend and very humble servant,

ALEXANDER McDOUGALL."

Upon a new organization of the executive department, by Congress, in the beginning of 1781, General McDougall was appointed Minister of Marine. He did not, however, long remain in Philadelphia. His habits, friendships, associations, and convictions of duty, all recalled him to the camp. The confidence felt in his perfect integrity and good sense by all classes in the service, was such, that when the army went into winter quarters at Newburgh, in 1783, he was chosen as the head of the committee sent to Congress to represent their grievances.

After the close of the war, General McDougall was elected a member of the senate of New York, of which body he was a member when he died, in June, 1786.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GLOVER.

AT the commencement of the Revolution, Marblehead was the second town in Massachusetts, both in population and wealth, and immediately after the battle of Lexington, it sent a regiment of a thousand men, under Colonel John Glover, to join the army at Cambridge.

Here JOHN GLOVER was born in 1733. A man of energy and of military abilities, he became the favourite of the militia. While at Cambridge, he was of great service in organizing and disciplining the troops. In 1776 he was in command of a regiment under General Ward at Bos-

ton, and with his brave men led the advance of the army which crossed the Delaware under Washington, on the memorable 25th of December.

On the 21st of February, 1777, Congress conferred upon him the rank of brigadier-general. Distrusting his own ability for the station, he hesitated about accepting it, and on the 1st of April wrote to General Washington an intimation of his intention to decline. The chief answered, that "Diffidence in an officer is a good mark, because he will always endeavour to bring himself up to what he conceives to be the full line of his duty; but I think I may tell you, without flattery, that I know of no man better qualified than yourself to conduct a brigade. You have activity and industry; and as you very well know the duty of a colonel, you know how to exact that duty from others." After receiving this letter he changed his mind, accepted the office, and in a few days joined the army. In July he was ordered from Peekskill with his brigade to reinforce General Schuyler, whose force was supposed to be insufficient to oppose the progress of Burgoyne. General Glover was afterwards selected to conduct the surrendered army of Burgoyne through New England; and on various occasions during the war received the applause of the commander-in-chief. He joined the army under Greene in New Jersey, when it was intended to attack the enemy under Cornwallis, and in the summer of 1778, he was detached to Rhode Island under General Sullivan. In 1780, he was ordered into Massachusetts to superintend the forwarding of the drafts from that state, and he continued in service until the liberties of his country had been secured, and carried with him into retirement the esteem of Washington, and enjoyed in private life the grateful friendship of his fellow-citizens. He died at Marblehead, on the 30th of January, 1797, aged sixty-four years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LACHLAN McINTOSH.

John More McIntosh, hereditary chief of the clan McIntosh, lost his property in Scotland in consequence of the support which his family gave the Pretender in the Rebellion of 1715, and upon the invitation of General Oglethorpe, with one hundred and thirty Highlanders, who determined to follow his fortunes, he came to America in the winter of 1736, and settled upon the Altahama, in Georgia, at the point where now stands the city of Darien. When General Oglethorpe invaded Florida, in 1740, he followed him, at the head of his Highland company, and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards at Fort Moosa, near St. Augustine, and sent to Spain, where he was detained several years. He at length returned to America with a broken constitution, and in a short time died. His second son, Lachlan McIntosh, was about nine years of age when the family quitted Scotland, and his mother had since instructed him carefully in the common branches of an English education. General Oglethorpe had now gone back to England, and no schemes of ambition tempting him to remain in Georgia, he sought a more promising field of enterprise in Charleston, where the fame of his father's gallantry and misfortunes secured to him a kind reception from Henry Laurens, then one of the most eminent merchants of South Carolina, and afterwards known to the world as the President of Congress and the first Minister of the United States to Holland. In the family and the country house of Mr. Laurens he remained many years, and here he contracted friendships that lasted while he lived, with some of the leading citizens of the southern colonies. Having adopted the profession of a surveyor,

and married, he finally returned to Georgia, where he acquired a wide and honourable reputation before the commencement of hostilities with Great Britain, so that when a revolutionary government was organized, and a regiment was raised in Georgia to support the popular movement, he was unhesitatingly made colonel-commandant; and when the order was issued to raise three other regiments, in September, 1776, he was appointed brigadier-general.

The death of Governor Bullock, about this time, was followed by the election to the chief magistracy of Button Gwinnett, who had been an unsuccessful competitor with General McIntosh for the command of the troops. Gwinnett was a man of bad passions, unrestrained by any honourable principles, and he appears to have made use of his official authority in petty persecutions of McIntosh and his family, several of whom were joined with him in the military service. Colonel William McIntosh was led by Gwinnett's conduct indignantly to throw up his commission, but the general bore his injuries patiently until he ceased to be governor, when he communicated to him the opinion he entertained of his conduct, received a challenge, and in a duel wounded him mortally. He now applied, through his friend Colonel Laurens, for a place in the continental army, and with his staff was invited to join the commander-in-chief. He arrived at the camp soon after the battle of Brandywine, and was for a considerable time employed in watching the motions of General Howe in Philadelphia.

While the army was in winter quarters at Valley Forge, the attention of the government was frequently called to the exposed condition of the western frontier, upon which the British were constantly exciting the Indians to the most terrible atrocities: and though a single company could be spared with difficulty from the army for such a purpose, it was determined to send an expedition against

the tribes on the Ohio, and Washington selected General McIntosh to command it. In a letter to the president of Congress, dated the 12th day of May, 1778, he remarks: "I part with this gentleman with much reluctance, as I esteem him an officer of great worth and merit, and know his services here are and will be materially wanted. His firm disposition and equal justice, his assiduity and good understanding, added to his being a stranger to all parties in that quarter, pointed him out as a proper person; and I trust extensive advantages will be derived from his command, which I wish were more agreeable." General McIntosh marched with a reinforcement of five hundred men to Fort Pitt, of which he assumed the command, and in a short time he succeeded in giving repose to all western Pennsylvania and Virginia. In the spring of 1779, he completed arrangements for an expedition against Detroit, but in April he was recalled by Washington, to take a part in operations proposed for the south, where his knowledge of the country, added to his other good qualities, promised to make him eminently useful.

General McIntosh joined General Lincoln in Charleston, and every preparation in their power was speedily made for the invasion of Georgia, then in possession of the British, as soon as the French fleet under the Count d'Estaing should arrive on the coast. General McIntosh marched to Augusta, took command of the advance of the American troops, and proceeding down to Savannah, where he arrived about the 10th of September, drove in all the British outposts. In expectation of being joined by the French, he marched to Beauley, where D'Estaing effected a landing on the 12th, 13th, and 14th, and on the 15th they were joined by General Lincoln. Unfortunately, General Prevost, the British commander, had been apprised, since the 3d of the month, of the approach of the French fleet, and from that time had been actively preparing for defence; but his works were still incomplete,

and reinforcements which he expected under Colonel Maitland, comprising the flower of the British army in the south, had not arrived. Under these circumstances, which were known in the American camp, General McIntosh pressed for an immediate attack, which the French admiral, with that appearance of perversity which had distinguished his conduct at Newport, refused, thinking he would at any time have an easy victory. He, however, summoned General Prevost to surrender, and that officer demanded time for consideration of the proposition, which was granted. Meantime the British engineers, under Colonel Moncrief, worked day and night upon their fortifications, and on the 17th Colonel Maitland came to their relief, with nearly a thousand veterans. At length, on the 9th of October, when success was no longer possible, D'Estaing decided upon an attack, and of the four thousand French and Americans who went into action on that occasion, one thousand were left upon the field, swept down like grass by the well-covered artillery of the enemy. The French fleet put to sea, and Generals Lincoln and McIntosh retreated to Charleston, where they were besieged by an overwhelming force under General Clinton, to whom the city was surrendered on the 12th of May, 1780.

Here closes General McIntosh's military life. He was long detained as a prisoner of war, and never again held any command. When he was released, he retired with his family into Virginia, where he remained until the British were driven from Savannah. Upon his return to Georgia, he found his personal property wasted and his real estate much diminished in value; and he lived in retirement and comparative poverty until his death, which took place at Savannah in 1806, when he was in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM THOMPSON.

On the 14th of June, 1775, the day before the appointment of the commander-in-chief, Congress ordered that six companies of riflemen should be raised in Pennsylvania, and on the 22d of the same month it was ordered that two more companies should be raised, and that the eight together should make a battalion, to be commanded by such officers as should be recommended by the colonial assembly. These companies were filled up with remarkable celerity. William Thompson, who had served as a captain of horse in 1759–60, was made colonel; and before the 14th of August they had marched to the camp at Cambridge. These were the first troops raised in pursuance of orders from the Continental Congress. When a party of the British attempted a landing on Lechmere Point, on the 10th of November, they were driven back by Thompson's regiment, who gallantly waded through the water of an intervening marsh and compelled them to embark to the cover of their ships and batteries. On the 1st of March, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and on the 19th he succeeded General Lee as commander of the troops in New York, where he remained until the following month, when he was detached with four regiments—increased by reinforcements sent afterwards to ten—to Canada. He joined the northern army in a period of disasters, and, during the sickness of General Thomas, was in the chief command. General Thomas died on the 2d of June; General Sullivan arrived at Sorel on the 4th, and on the 6th he sent General Thompson with three regiments to attack the enemy at Trois Rivières,

where, by a series of unfortunate accidents, his party was defeated, and he himself and several other officers were taken prisoners. Various unsuccessful attempts were made for an exchange, but he continued a prisoner of war for more than two years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN NIXON.

John Nixon was a native of Framingham, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 4th of March, 1725. When the expedition against Cape Breton, planned by Colonel William Vaughan, was undertaken by Governor Shirley, in 1745, Nixon joined the troops under Sir William Pepperell, and was at the capture of Louisbourg. After serving in the army and navy seven years, he returned to his native place, but soon again entered the army as a captain, and fought at Ticonderoga when Abercrombie was defeated, and in the battle of Lake George. Afterward, falling into an ambuscade, he cut his way through the enemy and escaped, but with the loss of nearly all his party. In the Revolution, he was at the head of a company of minute men at Lexington; and at Bunker Hill, where he commanded a regiment, he received a severe wound, from which he never entirely recovered. He was made a brigadier-general in August, 1776. Washington intrusted him with the command on Governor's Island, near New York. He was with Gates in 1777. In the battle of Stillwater a cannon-ball passed so near his head as to impair permanently the sight of one eye, and his hearing in one ear. In bad health, he resigned his commission in 1780. In 1803 he removed to Middlebury, Vermont, where he resided with his children until he died, on the 24th of March, 1815, at the age of ninety.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MORDECAI GIST.

Mordecai Gist was born in 1743. He was the son of Captain Thomas Gist and Susan Cockey, both of whose families were among the earliest English settlers in Maryland. He was trained for commercial life, and when the Revolution broke out he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He proved himself a worthy son of that epoch of immortal men, and hastened to render his best services to his country.

In January of 1775 we find the first record of his military career. He was then elected to command a company of volunteers raised at Baltimore, from among the young men of the most respectable families. This was the first military body furnished by Maryland to the revolutionary army, and Gist seemed fitted to be the pioneer of his native state. His tall and graceful figure, symmetrical proportions, great strength, and expressive features lighted by an eye of singular brightness, indicated one of those chivalric characters who are created to lead others, and adorn the country of their birth.

At the battle of Long Island our hero had an opportunity of displaying the courage and sagacity, which were native to his character. At the commencement of 1776 he had been made major of a battalion of Maryland regulars, and in the absence of the colonel and lieutenant-colonel, he commanded his regiment. During the campaign of the succeeding year, he distinguished himself greatly for fidelity and steadiness. The hour of duty always found him at his post. This year he was made colonel, and together with Smallwood, whose name is on more than one occasion honourably connected with his own, com-

manded the militia furnished by Maryland in compliance with the requisition of Congress. In January, 1779, Congress recognised his worth, by conferring on him the rank of brigadier-general; next year he was attached to the army of the South, and bore his full share in the various fortunes which attended it.

General Gist's name is best known in connection with the bloody and unfortunate battle of Camden. Here Gates and Cornwallis, each moving with the design of surprising the other, met at two o'clock on the morning of the 15th of August, 1780. The darkness of that early hour did not prevent a conflict, but prudence on both sides hindered its becoming general, and the armies suspended their fire until dawn. When that time arrived, the locality was found to favour the British forces. A morass on each flank made their smaller number fully equal to their antagonists. General Gates divided his advance into three columns; the right resting on the morass was led by Gist; the left and centre commanded by Caswell and Stevens was routed, as in obedience to a blundering order of Gates, each was moving to take the other's position. But Gist, true to his reputation, kept his post. Amid the disgraceful flight of others he maintained the honour of Maryland and of the republic. The bold and deadly pressure with which Lord Rawdon sought to drive him back, seemed vain as the rush of a storm on the stern sides of a mountain. His fire in reply was terrible, and charging again and again with the brave De Kalb he made the victory a dear one to the enemy. And when at last the noble German fell, pierced with bullets, and the rout became general, Gist still preserved his calmness of mind. He rallied a hundred men, including the remnant of Armand's dragoons, and brought them off in order. For his valour and good conduct in this battle, in conjunction with Smallwood, the other Maryland leader, he received the thanks of Congress, and

when three days after the fight De Kalb felt himself near death, he requested his aid-de-camp to communicate to the two generals and the army his high sense of their merits.

In 1782 he joined the light troops of the southern army, and commanded in the affair at Combahee, the last engagement of the war, in which he obtained a victory, with the loss of the gallant and much-lamented Laurens. On the declaration of peace he retired to his plantation near Charleston, where he remained till his death, which took place in 1792, at the age of forty-nine.

General Gist was married three times, and was the father of two sons, the first of whom he named "United," and the second "States," in this eccentric manner evincing a patriotism of which he had already given sterner and more memorable manifestations.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID WOOSTER.

The early death of Wooster has prevented his name from being so generally familiar as the names of others who survived the contest to tell how fields were won, and to show the honourable scars of patriotic warfare.

He was born in Stratford, Connecticut, on the 2d of March, 1710. Early in life he visited England, where his fine talents, elegant address, and handsome person attracted the attention of the court. His portrait was engraved, his society courted, a captain's commission with half-pay for life was presented him, all showing the desire of the British government to conciliate the favour of those likely to be influential in the colonies.

Like most of the leaders in the Revolution, Wooster served honourably through the old French war, and such was the respect in which his abilities were held, that upon the breaking out of hostilities between ourselves and Eng-

land, he was one of the eight brigadier-generals appointed by the first Congress. After the fall of Montgomery before Quebec, the command of the Canadian forces devolved principally upon General Wooster, and the duties, arduous and disheartening, of securing the retreat of a baffled and sickly army were performed to the satisfaction of Congress, though under such circumstances not likely to cover a leader with much glory.

During the winter of 1776–7 he was employed in raising recruits and protecting provisions for the army, which had been collected at Danbury, Connecticut. On the 26th of April, 1777, a body of British troops attacked the town of Danbury, and destroyed the magazines. The news spread in all directions, the country was filled with alarm, Generals Wooster and Arnold summoned the militia, and with only six hundred men pursued the retreating foe, which consisted of two thousand well disciplined and effective men. Regardless of the disproportion of numbers the attack was vigorously opened, but the raw militia, thus hastily summoned and badly accoutred, gave way before the artillery of the enemy. Wooster led up his men to a second attack, when a musket ball wounded him in the thigh, and he was borne from the field. The wound was mortal, and thus early in our great contest were we deprived of the services of a most efficient and devoted champion. He was interred in the village in whose defence he had lost his life, May 2, 1775. Congress on the reception of the melancholy intelligence formed suitable resolves and appropriated five hundred dollars for the erection of a monument, requesting the executive of the state to carry their resolutions into effect. To the shame of Connecticut this has been neglected, and one of their greatest worthies lies unhonoured.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH SPENCER.

Joseph Spencer was one of the eight brigadier-generals appointed by Congress, at the instance of General Washington, on the 22d of June, 1775. He was born at East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1714. He was an officer of the militia, and rose to the rank of colonel in the French war of 1758. An older officer in the provincial service than Putnam, and yielding to no one in devotion to the popular cause, he was offended when the latter was placed over him, by his appointment as a major-general, and retired from the army. The commissions for the general officers were forwarded to Washington, who had delivered Putnam's before he was apprized of the feeling the new appointments occasioned, and in his letter to Congress, of the 10th July, 1775, he says, "I am very sorry to observe, that the appointment of general officers, in the provinces of Massachusetts and Connecticut, has not corresponded with the wishes or judgment of either the civil or military." The dissatisfaction was general, and Washington withheld the commissions until the difficulties about rank were adjusted by Pomroy's declining to accept in Massachusetts, and Spencer's consenting to serve under Putnam, rather than quit the service at such a critical period. He remained with the army near Boston, until the enemy evacuated the city, and marched with the division, ordered soon after to the defence of New York. On the 9th of August, 1776, he was appointed a major-general. He opposed the evacuation of New York in September, when the forces of the enemy were concentrating to the attack, but the event justified the course adopted by the commander in chief.

A fleet having appeared off New London in December,

with an evident design of making a descent upon some part of New England, Governor Trumbull applied to Washington for general officers to command the militia, who were assembling and determined to make the best opposition in their power. Generals Spencer and Arnold were ordered upon this duty. Spencer was instructed to detain the militia, if necessary, who were on the march towards New York; but when it was found that Sir Peter Parker was proceeding to Rhode Island, Washington ordered him to hasten forward the eastern troops as fast as possible to his assistance, as the only means of saving Philadelphia, and preventing a fatal blow to America, in the loss of a city whence so many of our resources were drawn. General Spencer was at the same time directed to take command at Rhode Island, which was now invested by the naval force under Admiral Parker. The enemy had taken possession of Newport, and a large force was assembled at Providence under General Spencer, with a view to dispossess them; but the enterprise failed, and after parading for some weeks in the neighbourhood, without striking a blow, the militia were dismissed to their homes. General Spencer was much censured for the failure of the expedition, but a court of inquiry saw nothing in his conduct to be condemned, and attributed the result to causes which were beyond his control. The New England colonies were at the time so exhausted by previous efforts, that they could not provide means of a successful assault upon the garrison.

At the close of the year 1777, General Spencer resigned his commission, and was afterwards but little in public life. He remained, however, an earnest friend to the cause, and rejoiced heartily in its final triumph. He died at his native place, East Haddam, in January, 1789, aged seventy-five. His nephew, Oliver Spencer, commanded a regiment in the battle of Princeton, and after the war, removed to Ohio, where he died in 1811.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ENOCH POOR.

When Lafayette revisited the theatre of his youthful triumphs, the sight of the scarred veterans who greeted his progress brought to his remembrance many a gallant comrade who was now sleeping. Arriving at the capital of New Hampshire, the survivors of the Revolution flocked from all quarters to see him. Some who had fought by his side at Monmouth, Brandywine, and Yorktown, shed tears on being recognised by their old commander after a separation of fifty years. The occasion was one of joy to the illustrious foreigner, as well as to the thousands who thronged about him; and when the orators had spoken at the festive board, and the guest was called on by a gray-haired veteran for a sentiment, he rose, and in a few brief words, uttered with a look and tone of feeling which will never be forgotten by those who heard him, offered the following toast: "*Light Infantry*, Poor, *and Yorktown*, Scammell." A volume could not have better expressed his opinion of the gallant dead. General Poor he remembered as the leader of the noble corps of light infantry attached to his division in 1780, and the heroic Colonel Scammell he had seen mortally wounded at the siege of Yorktown.

Enoch Poor was a native of Andover, in Massachusetts, the son of Thomas Poor, and grandson of Daniel Poor, one of the first settlers of that town. After acquiring the education of the common schools in his native place, he removed to Exeter, then one of the most flourishing towns in New Hampshire, where he engaged in commercial pursuits, which occupied his attention until the opening of the war of Independence summoned him to the field. When they heard of the conflict at Lexington, the people

of New Hampshire rushed to arms. At the first meeting of the Provincial Assembly at Exeter, after the commencement of hostilities, that body voted to raise and equip two thousand men, to be formed into three regiments, to the command of which they appointed Colonels Poor, Stark, and Read. From this period until his death, in 1780, Poor was in constant service.

When the enemy had abandoned the heart of New England, Colonel Poor was ordered with his regiment to New York; and when the disastrous expedition against Canada was decided upon, he joined the invading forces under General Thompson. On the retreat from Canada, the Americans concentrated near Crown Point, and Colonel Poor was actively engaged in the defences of that post, until the council of officers was summoned by General Schuyler to advise respecting its evacuation. The generals advised the abandonment of Crown Point, and a retirement to Ticonderoga, which was ordered by Schuyler; but the inferior officers sent in a written remonstrance against this step, at the head of which were the names of Poor, Stark, and Maxwell. Their interference was looked upon as a breach of discipline, by Schuyler and Gates, and severe animadversions on both sides followed. The commander-in-chief, on being appealed to, declined reversing the decision of General Schuyler, but in his letters to both that officer and Gates, he concurred distinctly in the opinions of Poor and Stark as to the impolicy of the measure, and expressed regret that it had been decided upon, as he considered Crown Point the key of the lakes.

In the beginning of 1777, Colonel Poor was appointed a brigadier-general, and attached to the army under the immediate command of Washington. He was with him in all the movements in the neighbourhood of the Delaware, until the retirement into winter quarters at Valley Forge. He witnessed the sufferings and destitution of

the army during that dreary winter; and no officer exerted himself with greater earnestness to provide relief. He invoked in the most earnest terms the aid of the legislative body of New Hampshire: "I am every day beholding their sufferings," he said, "and every morning waked by the lamentable tale of their distresses. They look up to me for relief, and it is not in my power to afford them any. If they desert, how can I punish them, when they plead in justification that the contract on your part is broken?"*

In 1779, General Poor accompanied Sullivan upon his memorable expedition against the Indians of the Six Nations. He afterwards marched with his brigade under Lee to the Highlands. When that officer disgraced himself at Monmouth, Poor was directed to join the division under Lafayette, and under the blazing sun of that summer's noon mingled in the fiercest scenes of the battle. When the corps of light infantry was formed, in August, 1780, it was arranged into two brigades, one of which was commanded by General Poor, and the other by General Hand, and both were placed under Lafayette.

General Poor died at Hackensack, New Jersey, of a bilious fever, after thirteen days' illness, on the 8th of September, 1780. General Washington, in announcing the event to Congress, says, he was "an officer of distinguished merit, who as a citizen and a soldier had every claim to the esteem of his country." Congress ordered an extract from this letter to be published as a testimony of the high sense entertained by that body of the character and services of the deceased general.

* Letter from General Poor to President Weare, of New Hampshire, 21st January, 1778.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES MOORE.

In the beginning of 1776, Congress ordered General Lee to the command of the southern department, which embraced the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Four brigadier-generals, created on 1st of March, were directed to join him, one of whom was James Moore, of North Carolina.

The patriotic citizens of this state were among the first to rally to the standard of liberty, and it is believed that upon her soil was shed the first Tory blood in the Revolution. There existed here bands of "Highlanders," and "Regulators;" and the latter undertook to set law at defiance and reform the condition of society; and when united with the former, in defence of the royal cause, they became a formidable body. General McDonald, one of the Highlanders, was appointed to the command, and erected the king's standard at Cross Creek, where his force amounted to fifteen hundred men. Upon intimation of this movement of the Tories, Colonel Moore, at the head of the first continental regiment raised in the province, and such portion of the militia of the district of Wilmington as he could collect, took the field with a few pieces of cannon, and halting near the bridge on Rocky river in the county of Cumberland, about twelve miles from Cross Creek, fortified a camp, and patiently sat down to wait their proceedings. In the mean while, Colonel Caswell and Colonel Lillington, who commanded the minute men of the districts of Newbern and Wilmington, joined by some parties of militia and a few volunteer corps, encamped on the bank of Moore's creek, near its junction with the South river, in the county of New Hanover.

General McDonald soon after marched towards Colonel Moore, but halted at some distance from his camp, and sent in an officer charged with a letter bewailing the difficulty of his situation, and the fatal necessity of shedding blood, imposed by duty to his sovereign, while humanity prompted a wish that the calamity might be prevented by the timely submission of the colonel and his party to the laws. He enclosed a copy of the governor's proclamation with his own manifesto, expressing a hope that Moore would coolly, impartially and deliberately weigh their contents, and pay them the regard they merited from every friend to the human species. In the king's name he offered to him and his officers and men a free pardon for past transgressions, if they would lay down their arms and take the oath of allegiance; and concluded, that, unless these terms were accepted, he must consider them as traitors, and take the necessary steps to subdue them.

Desirous of gaining time, Moore amused McDonald until he could no longer temporize, and then replied, that his followers and himself were engaged in a cause the most honourable in the world, the defence of the rights of man, and that they needed no pardon. In return for the governor's proclamation, he enclosed a copy of the test required by the Provincial Congress to be subscribed by every officer in the province; invited him to add his name, and offer it for the signature of his officers, and on their doing so, and laying down their arms, promised to receive them as brothers; but concluded, that in case of their refusal, they could only expect that treatment with which he had been pleased to threaten himself and his followers.

Accounts reached McDonald's camp at the same time of the movements of Colonels Caswell and Lillington, and of the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton in Cape Fear river with a reinforcement. He now thought it dangerous to risk an action, and dreading to find himself surrounded,

dreamed of nothing but making his way to Wilmington to join the newly arrived troops. He decamped therefore without noise, and attempted by rapid marches to elude the pursuit of Colonel Moore. He crossed South river, and proceeding towards Wilmington, fell in with Caswell and Lillington, who with about one thousand men were encamped on the south-east side of the creek, where they had thrown up works for the defence of their camp. The force of the province was much inferior to that under McDonald, but the latter had the disadvantage of crossing the creek, and as Caswell had caused the planks to be removed from the bridge, if an attack were made, a retreat would be but a precarious resource. It was, however, determined to risk an encounter, and McDonald being disabled by indisposition from leading it, Colonel McLeod, the next officer in rank, placed himself at the head of the troops. They began with much vigour, and were received by the provincials with great coolness and bravery; but the fall of Colonel McLeod and several other officers, early in the battle, damped their spirits, and Colonel Caswell having improved the first moment of apparent discomfiture to make an intrepid charge, the royalists were routed, and flying in every direction: several were made prisoners—General McDonald himself among the number.

The issue of this first engagement with the forces of government, was fortunate to the cause; it increased the confidence of its friends, and filled its enemies with alarm, while it determined the course of a great part of those who had hitherto refrained from choosing their side.

The Provincial Council of North Carolina, on the 4th of March, passed a vote of thanks to Colonel Moore for his signal services in suppressing the insurrection of the Highlanders and regulators, and ordered it to be published.

The military career of General Moore, thus honourably commenced, was suddenly closed. He fell a victim to

the fever of the climate, dying while on his way to join the army under Washington.

The family of General Moore was of the highest respectability. His grandfather, who was the first of the name in North Carolina, was appointed governor of the colony in 1705, and claimed descent from the Marquis of Drogheda, of Ireland. A nephew of General Moore became distinguished as attorney-general and chief justice of North Carolina, and afterwards as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN PATTERSON.

Berkshire county in Massachusetts is famous for the heroism displayed by her sons in the Revolution. On the morning of the battle of Bennington, it is said that one of her clergymen, who had led a portion of his flock to the field, remarked to General Stark, "We the people of Berkshire have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never again to turn out." Stark asked him "if he wished to march then, when it was dark and rainy?" He answered, "No." "Then," continued Stark, "if the Lord once more gives us sunshine, and I don't give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again." The weather cleared up in the course of the day, and the men of Berkshire followed their spiritual guide into action, where they doubtless did good service.

John Patterson, of Lenox, in this county, was a member of the first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which assembled at Salem in October, 1774, and of the second Congress, which met at Cambridge in February, 1775. He had already organized a regiment of minute

men, by voluntary enlistments, for eight months. The battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775; the news reached Berkshire on the 20th, about noon, and the next morning at sunrise, Patterson's regiment, consisting of ten companies, completely armed and generally in uniform, was on the way to Cambridge. Upon their arrival, they were employed in the erection of the first redoubt erected on the lines about Boston. They manned and defended it on the memorable 17th of June, against the British advancing upon the rear of the Americans.

After the evacuation of Boston, Colonel Patterson was ordered to Canada, and after he reached Montreal, some of his men were despatched to the Cedars, and engaged in the disastrous battle at that place. In retreating from Canada, the regiment spent a short time at Crown Point, then went to Ticonderoga, and crossed the bay and fortified Mount Independence, where they remained until November, when they were marched to Albany, and through the Minisink country, Nazareth, and Bethlehem, to the army under Washington, at Newtown in Pennsylvania, just soon enough to cross the Delaware with him and to take part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

On the 21st of February, 1777, Colonel Patterson was appointed a brigadier-general in the continental army, and was attached to the northern department. He was at the surrender of Burgoyne, and remained in service until the close of the war. During Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, in 1786, General Patterson headed a detachment of the Berkshire militia ordered out for its suppression. The evening of his life was passed in tranquillity upon his farm.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES REED.

If we look into the history of New Hampshire, we shall find that the people of that state had very little cause, aside from their love of liberty and a natural sympathy with the other colonies, for engaging in the Revolution. The rule of Wentworth, the last of the royal governors in that province, had been popular, and foreseeing the storm, he had endeavoured as much as possible to conciliate the people, hoping thus to secure the public tranquillity and effect a reconciliation with the mother country. There were here few personal injuries and no great family interests mixed up with the contest.

James Reed, of Fitzwilliam, was an officer of the militia, and when news of the events of Lexington reached his remote residence, he volunteered with his neighbours to engage in the conflict. Four weeks afterwards, when the Provincial Congress voted to raise three regiments, the command of the second was given to Colonel Reed. He was present in the battle on the heights of Charlestown, on the 17th June, being posted with Stark on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they poured a destructive fire upon the advancing ranks of the British. After the evacuation of Boston by the enemy, the New Hampshire regiments went with Washington to New York, whence they were ordered up the Hudson, and into Canada, under the immediate command of General Sullivan. The object of this movement was to reinforce the army which had been sent the preceding year against Quebec, and which was now retreating. Sullivan met them at the mouth of the Sorel. Arnold, true to his mercenary character, was engaged in plundering the Canadian merchants, under a pretence of supplying the

army: Thompson was a prisoner, and Thomas had died of the small-pox. The command, therefore, devolved upon Sullivan, who conducted the retreat with great prudence. At this time, many of the American soldiers had taken the infection of the small-pox, which raged with virulence among those from New Hampshire. Besides this disease, the dysentery and putrid fever prevailed to a considerable extent, and it was computed that nearly one-third of Colonel Reed's regiment died in the campaign. The sick were placed in batteaux, and with the cannon and stores drawn against the rapid current of the river, by men on shore or wading in the water; and so close was the pursuit, that they could scarcely find time to kindle a fire, dress their food, or dry their clothes. At St. John's, the enemy halted, and the remnant of the American force arrived on the 1st of July at Ticonderoga, whence, General Gates being in command, Sullivan returned to the main army at New York.

Before arriving at Ticonderoga, Colonel Reed was attacked with the small-pox, from which he suffered greatly, and from the effects of which he never recovered. On the 9th of August he was appointed a brigadier-general upon the recommendation of General Washington. He had become so disabled, however, by disease, that he could render very little service, but he retained his appointment with the hope of being able again to take the field. His desires, however, were disappointed: he quitted his bed nearly blind and deaf, and otherwise unfitted for active service. After a short time he retired from the army to his former residence in Fitzwilliam, where he lived many years, respected for his integrity and devotion to the best interests of his country.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SETH POMROY.

Seth Pomroy was from Northampton, Massachusetts. He entered the military service at an early age, and acted a conspicuous part in the bloody battle of Lake George, in 1755. After the defeat of the French army on that occasion, the Baron Dieskau, its general, wounded in the leg, was found leaning on the stump of a tree, entirely alone, on the field where but a few hours before he had commanded an army flushed with success. While feeling in a pocket for his watch, to present to the soldier who had surprised him, the latter, supposing him to be searching for a pistol, discharged his musket at him, inflicting a wound which finally proved mortal, though he lived to reach England This soldier is believed to have been Seth Pomroy.

The morning of the 17th of June, 1775, found Pomroy a volunteer in the camp of General Ward, at Cambridge. He held no commission in the line, but, hearing the artillery, could not resist the summons to the field. He requested General Ward to lend him a horse, and taking a musket, set off at full speed for Charlestown. Reaching the Neck, and finding it enfiladed by a heavy fire of round, bar, and chain-shot, from the Glasgow ship of war, he began to be alarmed, not, as might be supposed, for his own safety, but for that of General Ward's horse. Too honest to expose the borrowed steed to "the pelting of this pitiless storm," and too bold to dream for a moment of shrinking from it himself, the conqueror of Dieskau dismounted, delivered the horse to a sentry, shouldered his gun, and marched on foot across the Neck. On reaching the hill, he took a station at the rail-fence, in the

hottest of the battle. His person was known to the soldiers, and his name rang with shouts along the line.

A few days after the battle of Bunker Hill eight brigadier-generals were appointed by Congress, the first of whom was Colonel Pomroy. He had held a commission under Sir William Johnson, and commanded a regiment of the provincial militia; but his appointment as senior brigadier causing some difficulty in the adjustment of questions of rank, he declined it, and soon after retired to his farm. In the following year, however, when New Jersey was overrun by the enemy, he headed the militia of his neighbourhood, who marched to the Hudson river, and never returned from that expedition. He died at Peekskill, in New York, in 1777.

END OF VOL. I.

MAJ. GEN.L Wm MOULTRIE.

Wm Moultrie

WASHINGTON

AND

THE GENERALS

OF THE

American Revolution.

TWO VOLUMES COMPLETE IN ONE.

WITH FINELY-ENGRAVED PORTRAITS,

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NEW EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS.

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WASHINGTON

AND THE

GENERALS OF THE REVOLUTION

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN STARK.

It has been too much the cant of historians to speak of John Stark as a "peculiar man,"—an "eccentric man;" for ourselves, we neither understand nor like this easy way of escape from the analysis of a fine character. That he was not an imbecile, inefficient, nor ordinary personage, is sufficiently evident from the position he gained, and the variety of hazards which marked his career. On the other hand, he was a man of strong and unquestioned individuality of character, having points of excellence in a high degree which ought to form the basis of every mind, so that the matter finally resolves itself simply into this,—John Stark was a *fuller man* than his neighbours, and hence they instinctively chose him their *leader*, and loved and honoured him, as few have ever been loved and honoured in his sphere of life.

That John Stark might seem peculiar in a fashionable

drawing-room we do not deny; but such a man need not be squared by laws so frivolous as prevail there,—nor by any laws except those concurrent with the usages of the people amid whom he was reared. He did not seem peculiar to the accomplished Lord Howe,* who was something better than a nobleman in the ordinary use of the term, when they often joined the hunt together, and when, the evening before the disastrous defeat of Ticonderoga, he sat side by side with the British peer in friendly chat, and Stark drank with him the last cup of tea he was ever destined to drink. Nor was he regarded as peculiar by the hardy band of Rangers who so often exulted in their leader; to them, he was a man of sterling integrity, of rare courage, directness and energy, and of a patriotism neither to be gainsaid nor questioned.

That Stark never did reach the station to which his personal qualities and military abilities might justly have entitled him, was owing to no peculiarities of his own, but to that want of expanded judgment and clear discrimination of character, so deplorably apparent in the members of Congress at that time in regard to all military affairs. Much of the evil arising from this source was obviated by the personal influence of Washington; but the injustice by which the magnanimous Schuyler suffered, and which finally drove the unprincipled Arnold to infamy and treason, is now too much a matter of history to admit of denial. That nice sense of honour so essential to the dignity of the military man, was hardly a recognisable sentiment to men newly brought from their farms, counting-rooms, and professional closets, to the duties of legislation; these

* Mrs. Grant, in her admirable work—"Memoirs of an American Lady"—adverts graphically and most touchingly to the circumstances of this disastrous period. The revered Madame Schuyler had conceived a maternal attachment for this young nobleman, and her grief at the report of his death was most affecting in one of such remarkable equanimity. It was of this Lord Howe that Lee said, "Had he lived I should have regretted to find myself in the ranks of his opponents."

duties likewise to be discharged amid the embarrassments of national poverty and the horrors of war.

That such men should make many and grievous mistakes, which we, at this distant day, can clearly discern, is less surprising than that historians should deny justice to those who failed to receive it at their hands; *their* errors may be abundantly palliated by the stress of the times, but we can only account for the pertinacity of those who can see no blindness in the Congress of the day, except by supposing they are bent upon holding up this body as a modern Areopagus, whose decisions are beyond dispute.

As a people we had been too long dependent to walk alone, with a free step; our government had been subordinate,—our military subordinate,—and, to this day, we are hardly exempt from the subordination of intellect thus engendered; in the church only had we been left to the free action of our own resources, and, natural enough, the mind busied itself largely with the subjects of the divine. In this state of things it is not surprising, however much we may deplore the fact, that mistakes should arise from this as well as other causes. But when we remember that through such a contest, amid the hardships of poverty, which, of itself, is so apt to tempt astray,—to weaken the energies, and damp the courage of men; when we reflect that through a period so disheartening and protracted, where brother was often armed against brother, parent against child, and friend opposed to friend, that but one solitary instance of treason occurred,—that but one man was found base enough to barter his honour and his country for gold, it speaks volumes in behalf of the virtue and devotion which marked the character of the people. In view of these things we should exclaim, with the gratitude of those who from this small beginning have become great in the earth,—"Surely it is of God, and he hath gotten us the victory."

We draw no picture of the fancy, but a stern reality that might be proved in a thousand instances;—men, who had served side by side in the "old French war," as it is now familiarly called, found themselves foe to foe in the war of the Revolution. It was so in the Stark family, where the truth of that assertion,—"a man's foes shall be they of his own household," was most painfully verified. William Stark, the elder brother of John, had fought at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and encountered the battle on the Plains of Abraham, by the side of the gallant Wolf; but, in all these cases, the path of duty was not easily mistaken. Years rolled on, and the battles of Lexington and Concord cast the affairs of the country into a new shape, and this was indeed the time that tried men's souls.

Now the question must be decided, every man to himself—king or country! Men wavered—the stoutest hearts fell at the fearfulness of the crisis—but it was but for a moment, and the foot was planted in the very spirit of the thrilling words of Scott, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor." Scarcely had the smoke cleared from the battle field of Lexington, and the pulse of the determined few been stilled for ever, ere Stark and Putnam, and others of kindred spirit, had left literally the plough in the unturned furrow, and were on the road to lend their strength for freedom and the right. No more hesitation existed now—the lines were drawn, and they must abide the issue. William Stark is now a colonel in the British army, and John in that of the American—brother against brother.

At the battle of Bunker Hill the services of John Stark were felt and acknowledged even by our enemies. Just before the opening of the conflict, some one asked General Gage whether he thought the provincials would hazard the assault of the royal troops. "Yes," was the reply, "if one John Stark is amongst them—he served under me at Lake George, and was a brave fellow."

It was at this battle that an incident occurred which places his invincible character in a strong light. Let it be remembered, that this is the man who afterwards incited his men to enthusiasm, at the battle of Bennington, with the simple appeal—"We must conquer, my boys, or Molly Stark's a widow"—a speech which, while it betrayed the tenderness of feeling tugging at his own heart, touched a chord in every other.* In the heat of action at Bunker Hill, a soldier reported to Stark, that his son, a youth of sixteen, had perished on the field. "Is this a time for *private grief*, with the foe in our face?" was the stern rebuke of the father, as he ordered the man back to his duty. We yield the point at length—Stark was peculiar—he had the hardihood and patriotism of a Roman general. Thank God! the report was false, and we trust the youth lived long to fight the battles of his country, and to do honour to the gray hairs of such a father.

But we must resume more the order of time. The family of Stark was of Scotch origin, being descended from the iron followers of John Knox, who thus found the doctrines of the New England settlers congenial with their own. He was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, on the 28th of August, 1728. His father was a sturdy labourer, and John, till nearly twenty-five, continued to lend his aid to the support of the family, at which time his career opens to the public. Hitherto he had laboured in hunting, trapping, and subduing the soil—avocations often severe and hazardous in a new country, but which serve to impart a wonderful degree of physical power and mental resource. Now in connection with his brother William, and two others by the name of Eastman and

* The writer, when a child, heard an old veteran describe, in glowing terms, the battle of Bennington, and dilate upon the bravery of Stark with all the fervour of one who knew "how fields were won." He gave the above as the exact words of this pithy address. There is something peculiarly endearing in this frank, homely use of Molly, instead of Mary, at such a time.

Stinson, he started upon a hunting excursion to the northwestern part of the state, at that time an entire wilderness, infested with wild beasts, and known to be the resort of great numbers of Indians by no means friendly.

These conditions were far from deterring the daring youth of the frontier, who loved peril and adventure too well to be daunted at the cry of "Indian" or "bear," as the case might be. They pursued their sport with great animation till they lighted upon an "Indian trail," which certainly ought to have admonished caution. Two days after, John, being a little in advance of his party, for the purpose of collecting traps, was seized upon by the Indians, who demanded the direction taken by his companions. Stark pointed the opposite way in the hope they might escape, but they, becoming alarmed at his absence, fired guns as signals for him to follow them, and thus betrayed their position. When overtaken, William Stark and Stinson were already in the boat, (this was upon Baker's river,) and Eastman standing upon the shore. John screamed to them to pull to the opposite shore—to let him and Eastman go—and escape for their lives. The enraged savages raised their guns to fire, and the intrepid man knocked them into the air. Another party attempted the same thing, and he sprang forward in time to save his brother, but poor Stinson was mortally wounded. William was obliged to make the best of his way homeward, leaving Eastman and the younger Stark in the hands of the savages, who did not fail to beat the latter most unmercifully, for his interference with the range of their bullets.

The Indians now took their way to St. Francis's, whither they had already conveyed Eastman; the mettle of Stark being so much to their mind, he had been detained on the route to finish his hunting enterprise under his new masters, and his skill being found so very considerable, he was allowed the rights of property in the game thus secured. Arrived at St. Francis's, he and his companion were sub-

jected to the ordeal of the *gauntlet*—a Spartan-like ceremony, held in high estimation amongst these people, and which, indeed, is a part of savage education. It is thus that the youth of the tribe, by seeing the indignities to which the chances of war subject the captive, learn that fierce and deadly courage, which made death preferable to defeat or dishonour, and which rendered them so terrible upon the battle-field. It was a process by which the youth were trained up to fill the positions now occupied by the old and tested warriors of their people, who, sitting by with all the dignity and composure of men who have been long tried and approved, marked with smiles the skill and dexterity of their sons, as they eagerly watched the moment at which they might, each in turn, inflict his blow upon the flying victim.

The ordeal must have been severe to the most athletic, and poor Eastman was half killed by the action. Not so John Stark; he was lithe as a sapling, strong and fearless. He knew the nature of those about him; and had it not been so, his own audacity afforded lesson enough. He sprang like a wild animal which had been confined, and suddenly loosed. With the speed of the antelope, he dashed down the line of eager and well-armed youth,—seized at the onset a club from the hand of the first in the rank, and thus leaping into the air, and striking right and left, he cleared his assailants, leaving them scattered and abashed. Like the classical heroes of old, his generous foes were loud in their approval. The old men were delighted at the severe lesson thus taught their youth; and they, in turn, learned to treat with deference a man who confronted peril with so high a spirit. Nor was this all; he was set to hoe corn, and he carefully left the weeds in clumps, and cut every spear of grain; this they thought unskilful enough, and, being better instructed, he was again put to the task. This time Stark tossed his hoe into

the river, declaring it was "work for squaws, not warriors." This conduct completed the enthusiasm of his captors, and they at once called a council, in which he was formally invested with the dignity of chief, and shared in the honours and successes of the tribe.

Stark remained many months with these simple and appreciating people, and never failed to recur with pleasure to the subject in after life, declaring that he received from these Indians more *genuine kindness than he ever knew prisoners of war to receive from any civilized nation.* The eventful life of Stark certainly afforded him ample opportunities for judging, he having served through the seven years' war, as well as that of the Revolution, making about fifteen years passed mostly in the camp. At a subsequent period, the war with the French and Indians rendered it necessary to destroy the St. Francis tribe of Indians, whose atrocities were augmented by the presence of their witty and mercurial confederates. Stark had been sent upon an expedition farther east, at which he was greatly rejoiced, as it spared him the painful task of inflicting evil upon a people at whose hands he had received kindness.

He was at length ransomed by the Commissioners of Massachusetts, the General Court of that state having a "fund for the release of captives,"—a painful comment upon the times. As New Hampshire never refunded this money, Stark did so himself, raising the required sum by his own labour. The Indians demanded for Stark, "the young chief," whom they had adopted, and whose Indian cognomen is now probably lost, a hundred and three dollars, but Eastman they relinquished for sixty.

Stark was by no means satisfied with the result of his hunting excursion, and the next year he started upon a similar enterprise. In this way, partly as a hunter, and partly as agent of the New Hampshire government, he travelled over a greater portion of the wild region of Ver-

mont and New Hampshire, and was the first to explore the fine meadows of the Connecticut, where Haverhill and Newbury now stand.

At length the encroachments of the French, upon the North American continent, awoke the attention of the British government. Perceiving the whole western coast to be occupied by the English, it became the policy of the French to prevent their extension west. For this purpose, by means the most adroit, and carried on with the greatest possible secrecy, their agents, with admirable skill, and the most untiring energy, had explored the whole of that vast region included in the valleys of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the St. Lawrence. In this work they had been greatly aided by the Catholic missionaries, who had long laboured in these regions, and engaged warmly the affections of the natives. It was now evident to the dullest eye, that the French, backed by a whole wilderness of savages, were determined upon a great western empire, which was to be secured and defended by the establishment of fortifications upon suitable points throughout this vast water communication, through the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico.

The most strenuous efforts were necessary to defeat a project so destructive to the interests of the British government. Companies were formed, and a convention of representatives from each of the colonies was called to meet at Albany, and adopt the measures requisite on the occasion. This was in 1754, and it is a curious fact, that the first compact of union by the several colonies, was made at this time, and signed at Albany, in the state of New York, *the fourth of July*, and from this circumstance, should the day be twice memorable to our people.

Thus the two powers were fairly in the field, France and England, and we, as subjects of the British crown, were doing our utmost to relieve ourselves from the sau

guinary atrocities of savage warfare, and from the encroachments of a people who should hereafter become our allies in the great struggle for our independence. An expedition was planned against Fort Du Quesne, to be intrusted to General Braddock, whose defeat and death have made this unfortunate enterprise so interesting in our annals, and where the skill of Washington first became conspicuous; a second was to attack Fort Niagara; and a third detachment, consisting of New England troops alone, was to invest Crown Point. A corps of rangers, under Robert Rogers, was enlisted in New Hampshire, and Stark, well known for his efficiency in all hazardous service, received his first commission under this officer. In the mean while a large body of French and Indian troops were known to be in the field, ready to invest Fort Edward. It was ascertained that the enemy were stationed about four miles to the north of the fort, and the Anglo-Americans determined to meet them there. It had been the design of the French commander to surprise and surround our army, and this might have been accomplished but for the acute instincts of our Mohawk allies; Hendricks, their chief, having perceived the approaches of the Canadian Indians, and brought on the engagement. The enemy so far outnumbered our people, that a retreat became urgent, after a severely contested battle, in which the French commander fell, and on our own side, Colonel Williams, a brave officer, who headed the detachment, together with the gallant Hendricks, chief of the Mohawks.

The retreating troops were met by a reinforcement, and now awaited the army on the border of the lake. A breastwork of trees was hastily thrown up, and several cannon from Fort Edward mounted, ready to greet the approaching foe. The enemy appeared confident of victory, unconscious of the aid thus received. The first opening of the artillery told a story they were little prepared to receive—the Indians have the greatest horror of this species

of defence, and they fled to the swamp, leaving the brunt of the battle to the French, who were soon routed, and obliged to take their turn in retreat, followed by our triumphant Rangers, who halted at length upon the spot where the battle had been fought in the morning. In the mean while, a detachment from our army at Fort Edward met the flying foe, and drove them back upon our people. The victory was complete—*three battles* having been fought in one day. Baron Dieskau, the commander of the French forces, was wounded and taken prisoner in the second engagement. Near the place of contest was a small pond, into which the dead, both friend and foe, were cast, mingling their ashes together, which has since been called the Bloody Pond.

For a period of nearly two years, little was done in the way of decided action, although detachments of the army were constantly on the alert to harass and disturb the enemy, and prevent farther encroachments. Stark was active in scouting parties, in reconnoitring, and exploring, and all things were in readiness for more decisive action, when the need for such should occur.

In the middle of January, 1757, we find our company of Rangers, consisting of seventy-four men, including officers, marching with incredible labour towards Lake Champlain —breasting the cold and ice of the lake, and making their way by means of snow-shoes. Arrived at length midway between Crown Point and Ticonderoga, they perceived sleds laden with provisions, &c., passing down from the former to the latter fort. After attempting an unsuccessful surprise, they succeeded in the capture of seven prisoners, three sleds, and six horses, the rest having effected their escape.

The day was intensely cold, and the rain and sleet nearly blinded the eyes of the hardy little band. From the information gained through the prisoners, they had no doubt that the enemy would immediately be out in the

pursuit; accordingly, they fell back upon the camp, where fires were still burning, in order to dry their guns and be in readiness for action. They marched in the style of rangers, single file, and had proceeded about a mile, when, having mounted a hill, they encountered the enemy drawn up to receive them, who instantly gave a discharge; they not being over five yards from the van, and no more than thirty from the rear of our party, while the foe were two hundred strong. Rogers was wounded at the first fire, and Lieutenant Kennedy killed—a general action ensued, with doubtful success on either side—each endeavouring to out-manœuvre his enemy—a retreat was hinted—Stark declared he would shoot the first man who fled—they should fight while an enemy could be seen, and then if they must retreat, they would do so under cover of the night, which was their only security. Major Rogers was now wounded a second time, and Stark was almost the only officer unharmed; a shot broke the lock of his gun, and he sprang forward, seized one from the hand of a wounded Frenchman, still cheering his men to action. The wound of the commander bled profusely—a soldier was ordered to sever the cue from the head of Rogers and thus "plug up the hole through his wrist," and with this new mode of surgery he was able to survive the fight. The battle commenced at two, and was continued till the night rendered farther conflict impossible, and the exhausted troops ceased to combat.

The snow was four feet upon a level—the cold severe—yet the little body of Rangers, wasted and disabled, were obliged to pass the night under the fatigues of a retreat; their wounded were stiff and bleeding, and the difficulties of the march increased momentarily. The wounded were unable to advance farther on foot, and they were *forty miles* from Fort William Henry, where only relief could be obtained. Nothing daunted, John Stark and two others started upon snow-shoes to travel

this long distance, in order to bring relief to their dying and disabled companions.

He reached the fort, a distance of forty miles, by evening of the next day, and the morning light saw them, with aid and comfort, ready to resume their retreat. No man, without the iron frame of Stark, could possibly have achieved this; and no one, with a heart less warm and energetic, would have been prompted to travel eighty miles, one half of it on foot, after having sustained a battle of many hours; and all this without the intervention of sleep. He was promoted to the rank of captain, on this occasion. Fort William Henry subsequently capitulated to the French, and the melancholy prisoners of war met the fate which Stark anticipated for his gallant Rangers, had they been forced, by an ill-timed retreat, to surrender. They were all dragged out, and tomahawked by the Indian allies of the French.

Stark was actively efficient in the expedition against Ticonderoga, and shared the perils of that most disastrous enterprise, in which perished Lord Howe—brother to him who subsequently headed the British army in the war of the Revolution. Stark was warmly attached to this nobleman, who had often joined his band of Rangers, to learn their mode of warfare, and witness their skill and readiness of action.

At the defeat of Ticonderoga, in which five hundred regulars were killed, and twelve hundred wounded, and of the colonial corps one hundred killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded, the British still twice outnumbered the French; notwithstanding this, a hasty retreat was ordered—but Lord Howe had been killed at the first onset of battle, and the Rangers of Rogers and Stark had covered themselves with glory, had been first and last at the post of danger, and now they must turn upon their steps, and leave their friends unavenged. To whatever cause these disasters may be imputed, whether, as Stark believed, to

the reaction caused by the death of Howe, or to the inefficiency of the British officers, it is difficult, at this late day, to determine; but the army could only see the disgrace, without the ability to apply the remedy.

After this, the brunt of the service fell upon the New Hampshire Rangers, in which various battles were fought, scarcely noted in history, and only important as keeping the enemy at bay. In one of these Israel Putnam, of intrepid memory, was engaged; and being taken prisoner, he was tied to a tree, within range of the shots of both parties. As his Indian captors passed and repassed the tree of their victim, they would amuse themselves by slinging their tomahawks into the bark above his head—a test of dexterity which even the stout Putnam might have been willing to decline. The enemy were at length routed, but succeeded in bearing him into captivity. The sufferings and adventures of this brave man are now the theme of every schoolboy's winter evening tale, and this is not the place for their relation.

The following year a more successful enterprise reduced Ticonderoga and Crown Point to the Anglo-American arms. In this expedition Stark, as usual, displayed the hardihood of his northern Rangers with all the pride of a soldier. Had these successes been followed up with the required promptitude, the noble Wolf might have been spared the disasters of Quebec; but General Amherst went into winter quarters early in autumn, leaving that officer without the co-operation he had been led to expect for the reduction of Canada.

The final peace concluded between the two countries closed this hazardous and bloody species of warfare, in which, however conducted, while allies are made of the original occupants of the soil, atrocities too terrible for detail must ensue. The frontier settlement, the defenceless pioneer, and the insufficient garrison, are each and all exposed to the most shocking cruelties, and cold-

blooded outrage. The historian and the poet have each celebrated the destruction of Wyoming, the burning of Schenectady, and the fate of Jane M'Crea; but these records, while they cast a veil of interest over the scenes they delineate, can in nowise soften their more than tragic terrors.

A *peace* of *twelve* years ensued during which the colonies had time to recover from the protracted and exhausting warfare in which they had been engaged. Major Rogers disbanded his corps of Rangers, in which Captain Stark had served through the "seven years' war," and now entered permanently into the British service—where the war of the Revolution found him opposed to his old brother in arms.

Melancholy as are the details of the French and Indian war, it nevertheless developed largely the resources of our own people; and by rendering them familiar with war, and the best modes of conducting it in a new and widespread territory—by making them at home in the camp, and in military usages, drew their attention from the pettiness of sectarian and civilian life, and from the meanness of trade, conducted, as it then was, not as a broad system of commerce, but as a species of subordinate barter, developed or hindered by the caprice or policy of the higher power across the water. These things would have naturally served to narrow down the views of men, and, by confining them to the usages of a people condemned to the thousand toilful expedients of a new country, would have tended greatly to throw back the progress of enlightened civilization; but the intervention of a war brought them into intimate contact not only with the exasperated original owners of the soil, which must have called forth all their sagacity and all their hardihood, but likewise into companionship with the first representatives of the two most enlightened and polished nations on the globe.

The subsequent twelve years of peace gave them time

to rally from the sufferings of warfare—gave them leisure to cultivate the earth, become familiar with the needs and the blessings of life—time to rear families and deepen the sentiments of love and attachment to the soil. The strong men, who were to be the hereafter fathers of the republic, were found, at this period, busy in all the offices of good citizenship—"diligent in business"—gathering thought and strength from the experience of the past, and looking to the future, not with idle discontent, but with the composure of men willing to bide their time, knowing their own strength. We find Stark not inactive; subsequently, when disappointment and injustice compelled him to retire for awhile from the high and honourable duty of a soldier, he marshalled forth his *four sons*, and sent them, with a father's and a patriot's "God speed," to fight a good fight for their country.

The sword had been beaten into ploughshares, and the spear into pruning-hooks, and we were loth to see too much even when feeling most the evils of the measures of the British government in regard to her colonies. The blessings of peace were too sure and immediate to be lightly hazarded, and our people remonstrated, appealed, and forbore till the iron entered the very soul—till not to resist was to betray the great interests of humanity, to be false to God, to our country, and our children. We have been called an irritable, unmanageable people—we say nothing of what we are now, but prior to the Revolution, we were certainly a good-natured, rather tame people, in our subordination. We loved England so well, beholding in her all that was great as a nation, and powerful in intellect, and were proud of our relation to her, and childishly—we had almost said foolishly—were we attached to her institutions. We loved her laws when wisely administered, and that we might keep fast hold of the liberty therein guarantied, we were finally roused to resistance; not to escape her authority, but that we might cling to the rights of Bri-

tish subjects—good-natured as we were, affectionate and devoted as we were in our attachment to England, ours was no blind devotion, no imbecile amiability—our isolated position rendered us clear in our views of legislative justice, and firm in our exactions of right; when, therefore, the emergencies of the times made it fitting and necessary, not only for us to make a stand against oppression, but also to put forth our strength for a national birth, we were not easily soothed, nor easily terrified into submission.

At length the affairs of the country reached their crisis—the 19th of April witnessed the first blood shed, not in rebellion, but for the defence of human rights upon this continent—not for glory, nor territory, nor perishable goods, but for the great and inalienable rights of free-born men; the blood shed, was not for ourselves alone, not for our children only, but for all the great family of man, who should henceforth learn to hold fast to the principles of human and national justice. It would be well if England could learn from her experience through us, to loose her iron grasp upon unhappy Ireland, before her terrible day of retribution shall come.

The battle of Lexington passed like a thrill throughout the country. Every portion of it was ready with its co-operating response, and Stark, within ten minutes of the tidings, had buckled on his sword, and was on the way to the spot where brave hearts and true service were most needed. On his way, he called upon all who loved their country and its free heritage, to meet him at Medford—while he should go on and see what must first be done. Twelve hundred men answered the summons, and from these he organized two regiments ready for action under the provincial authority.

Then came the ever memorable seventeenth of June, in which battle, the thoroughly drilled and finely ordered royal army, found itself worsted by men who came to the contest fresh from the recently turned furrow, stained with

the dust of travel, and the effects of labour—who had dropped the implements of trade, or turned aside the learned tome to grasp sword and musket—who stood up before a disciplined and lavishly accoutred soldiery, in the plain garb of citizen and yeomen, with powder-horn in lieu of cartridge-box, and bullet *hammered* down to the size of the rusty and uncouth musket—men who found no time for elaborate defence, but with sinewy hands wrested the rail fence from its position and planting it by the side of a stone wall, filled the space between with the new hay, which the rake and scythe had but just left, and behind this hasty breastwork, stood up for God and the right. Onward came the foe, in full military order, with banner and spirit-stirring drum, and fife, and many a jest at the expense of those who came forth to the British soldier, a whining, nasal, raw, and ludicrous throng, who talked in this wise:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Good'in,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'."

Onward they came, each with his bold, handsome front, till the sturdy yeomen, bearing his horn of powder, could see "the white in the eye of his foe," and then arose a volley that caused these stout men to stagger backward, and to feel that an uncouth garb, and an uncouth tongue, are only ridiculous when debased by an internal debasement—but when armed with the majesty of a noble purpose, and swelled by the eloquence of a high sentiment, become more than regal in their calm and sublime energy. Stark with his New Hampshire volunteers, fully sustained the reputation acquired in the seven years' war. He was in the hottest of the battle, and his stout heart forgot, as we have before related, every feeling but the patriot soldier, in this great stand for freedom. The brave soldiers of the British moved up company after company, against

these rude fighters behind the grass fence, only to be shot down the moment presented, till scarcely a half dozen was left in a company to tell the tale of those stout farmers behind their embankment of hay.

The contest for our rights continued with various success, and we find Stark always ready at his post, prepared for danger, and efficient in every service of trust or difficulty. Sixteen years after his exploits at Ticonderoga, in the French war, he is again upon the old battle-field, and hears the declaration of our independence read to his brave soldiers, who listened with shouts of applause. Then follow the disasters of New York—the army is impoverished, disheartened, and compelled to retreat before a foe flushed with victory, and made brave by all the comforts and appliances of a well appointed army. The strongest hearts are well nigh crushed at the difficulties which surround us. Various expedients are devised—Washington, wonderful as he was, for that god-like state of mind enjoined by Jesus—"in your patience, possess ye your souls," must have often been tempted to despair in that gloomy and most portentous period. Impelled to action he could not as yet risk his naked, barefoot, and hungry men, worn by disease and travel, and shivering with cold, before his powerful adversary. Stark writes of this period, "Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pickaxes for safety, but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States, you must teach them to rely upon their firearms."

Washington, nothing irritated at the boldness of his officer, hailed with joy the spirit of daring which it implied, wrote instantly in return—"This is what we have agreed upon. We are to march to-morrow upon Trenton. You are to command the *right wing* of the advanced guard, and General Greene the left."

The success of this most difficult enterprise is one of

the proudest triumphs of the American arms, and can only be appreciated by a survey of the whole mass of suffering and disheartenment to which these staunch advocates for freedom were subjected at the time. Then followed the battle of Princeton, and these signal tokens of success infused life and hope into the whole country. In the midst of these better auspices, the army seemed likely to disappear at the moment of our greatest need. The term of enlistment of the men had expired, and we cannot wonder that people who had suffered so much should desire a momentary respite from their toil. Temporary enlistments were effected through the personal and sectional influence of the patriots of the day. Hundreds, whose names have never reached us, threw their whole fortunes into the cause. Women denied themselves the elegancies and luxuries of life, to promote the great national cause. Stark stood foremost on this occasion. The enthusiasm of his men for their leader induced the regiment, to a man, to re-enlist for six weeks, till the country should find space to breathe.

In the mean while he returned to New Hampshire, confident of raising his old friends and companions in arms once more to the cause. His success was complete, and the delight of the patriot and the soldier may well be conceived. It was at this moment of triumph, when the veteran of so many battles placed himself in the midst of a willing soldiery, that Stark found himself superseded by his juniors in years and by tyros in the art of war. He repaired to the council, and protested against the insult and injustice. Finding remonstrance of no avail, he threw up his commission, and retired to his farm, where he armed every retainer of size and strength for battle, and sent them forth to the great work; he girded his four sons, and then turned himself to his bereaved household, and resumed the spade and scythe in lieu of sword and cannon. It was in vain that the chivalrous Schuyler, who

subsequently suffered from a like injustice, urged him to remain in the service; the reply of Stark is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"*An officer who cannot maintain his own rank, and assert his own rights, cannot be trusted to vindicate those of his country.*"

He continued to watch the operations of the army, and point out what seemed, in his judgment, essential to its well-being; and always declared his readiness to take the field whenever the country should require his services.

The summer of 1777 opened with its full share of disheartenment to our people. It seemed next to an impossibility to keep an army in the field under the pressure of poverty, and the scantiness of munitions of war. A triumphant and fully supplied enemy was penetrating the heart of the country by the way of Canada, and the demonstrations of Lord Howe left no doubt of a design to conjoin the two forces by means of the Hudson, and thus totally divide the country into two sections. The want of military enterprise in Burgoyne, which led him to act in detachments, instead of precipitating himself *en masse* upon our territory, was undoubtedly the secret of our safety. The region of Lake Champlain, so often the field of battle, became once more the theatre of war. Ticonderoga is again lost, and still the foe advances onward. Vermont is in imminent peril;—they apply for protection, or declare they must abandon their homes, and seek refuge east of Connecticut river. All is dismay—the northern army is accused of pusilanimity—and a deputation is sent to Exeter, to demand succour from the Assembly. John Langdon is speaker of the house—a merchant of Portsmouth, and full of devotion to the cause—he rises in his seat—hear him.

"I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more; I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the

most it will bring. These are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly maintained the honour of our state at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

The pride of Stark half revolted at this partisan warfare, into which the raising of troops by the New Hampshire Assembly would thrust him; but the urgencies of the country left small space for punctilio, and he accepted the command of the forces thus raised, stipulating only that he should act entirely under the command of New Hampshire, should not be obliged to join the main army, but be allowed the defence of the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was then called. His stipulations were fully acceded to, and John Stark is once more in the field at the head of his enthusiastic followers. The militia flocked to his standard without delay, and he appears upon the grand scene so renowned in our history.

Arrived at Bennington, he is met by General Lincoln, with orders from General Schuyler to conduct his militia to the west bank of the Hudson. Stark stated the orders under which he acted, and the perils to which the people of Vermont would be exposed in the presence of a triumphant soldiery, unless he remained for their defence. He refused, under existing circumstances, to leave this portion of the country unprotected, and declared his intention to resist the progress of Burgoyne here, before he should make farther way into the country. This, at the time, was regarded as an infringement of military subordination, and was strongly reprehended; but subsequent events justified the decision of Stark, and Washington himself signified his approval.

Burgoyne, flushed with success and confident in the aid of the tories, who every where welcomed his approach,

and contributed to the support of his army, detached a party of six hundred men, under the command of Colonel Baum, to obtain a supply of stores and provisions known to have been collected at Bennington. General Stark became apprized of this circumstance, and that a party of Indians, tories, and British were within twelve miles of Bennington, and a much larger force, with artillery, and all finely accoutred, were rapidly on their way to Bennington.

On the 14th of August, Stark moved forward to the support of Colonel Gregg, who had been ordered to the defence of Bennington. He met the detachment in full retreat, and Stark instantly halted and prepared for action. A battle of little moment followed, making two upon the fourteenth. The next day was rainy, and each party was content to act mostly upon the defensive. Some skirmishing took place, and many of the Indian allies of the enemy began to desert. On the morning of the sixteenth, the crisis of the great battle of Bennington took place. It is not our design, in a limited sketch like this, to give the details of the engagement; suffice it to say, that the disposition of his forces, the order and skill with which Stark moved on with his ill-appointed soldiery in the face of the lavishly-appointed foe, infusing into them, by his own hardy enthusiasm, the bearing and the courage of veterans of the field—they mounted breastworks, often with neither sword nor bayonet—without artillery confronted the cannon's mouth—and, impelled by the hope of freedom and by devotion to their commander, accomplished the labour of disciplined troops.

Stark says—"The action lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever knew. It *was like one continued* clap of thunder." It commenced at three o'clock—the day was excessively hot—and lasted, as we have seen, two hours, when a total rout of the enemy took place, and a hot pursuit, which lasted till dark, when Stark drew off his men, lest they should fire upon each other. On this occasion,

our forces captured seven hundred prisoners, four pieces of brass cannon, many hundred stand of arms, broadswords, drums, &c.

By this brilliant achievement Stark at once placed himself in the front rank of military leaders, and taught Congress to feel its obligations to the man they had injured. A vote of thanks immediately followed, although Stark did not condescend to report his victory; and he was at once reinstated in the American army as brigadier-general. Too true in his patriotism to hazard collisions of any kind that might interfere with the great cause so dear to his heart, Stark, after being farther reinforced—for such was his popularity the people thronged in crowds to put themselves under such a leader—moved forward to the headquarters of the army, at Behmus's Heights, under General Gates.

Subsequently, we find him in active service, raising recruits, vigilant in all occasions, and, as ever, doing brave service for his country, with little thought for himself. Stationed at West Point, he became one of the court-martial appointed for the trial of Major Andre. Painful as must have been the conviction, he fully concurred in the decision of that body, by which this most accomplished youth was sacrificed to the usages of war.

The final surrender of Cornwallis virtually closed the war, and Stark, impaired in health, and worn by a long life of hardship and warfare, returned once more to his farm. The veteran of two protracted wars, who had passed fifteen years in the field, lived to see that of 1812; making the three great eras in our national history. He was now full of years and honours. John Stark, the hero of Bennington, was sought and revered by the greatest in the nation, renowned as a patriot, idolized as a leader, and affectionately cherished by friends and neighbours; yet the hero of so many wars, the man foremost in danger and stoutest in peril, could count no scars, for he had

never been wounded. He had passed unscathed amid the "iron sleet," where he had been most prodigal of his presence, and not a weapon had taken effect upon this modern Achilles, who never showed a heel.

When the news reached him of the capitulation of General Hull, and the loss of the cannon which he had won at Bennington, "my guns," as he fondly called them, the old warrior, fired with indignation, started from his chair, eager for the rescue; but he was no longer for the armed host—

> "Full seventy years he now had seen,
> And scarce seven years of rest."

The battle rolled afar off, and he like the worn heroes of Ossian, could but lean upon his spear, and enjoy the repose of heroes. He lived to the age of ninety-four, the last but one survivor of the generals of the Revolution. His tomb is built upon the banks of the Merrimack, upon a rising ground commanding a view of a long reach of river and country. His monument is an obelisk of granite, (granite only should be the material to commemorate the great men of our Revolution:) the inscription simply—

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK.

We could wish it were less, and yet more than this,

JOHN STARK.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM MOULTRIE.

The name of Moultrie is honourably associated with one of the earliest and best fought battles of the Revolution. It was under his eye and direction—the result of his skill and spirit—that a British fleet, hitherto deemed invincible, was dispersed, in shame and confusion, before one of the feeblest fortresses that was ever thrown up on the shores of America. A great victory in the south, following close upon that in the north, at the heights near Boston, fitly preluded that grand declaration of a nation's rights, which must always make 1776 famous in the annals of liberty. Were there nothing else in the life and career of William Moultrie, his gallant defence of the Palmetto fortress of Carolina, in the opening of the Revolution, against the combined land and sea forces of Great Britain, led by Sir Peter Parker, would render him honourably dear to all succeeding time. But he had other claims to the gratitude of his country, which we shall endeavour briefly to unfold.

William Moultrie came of a good Scotch ancestry. He was born in 1731. Of his early life we have few or no memorials. His education was respectable, and quite as good as it was in the power of the colony of South Carolina in that early day to afford. He soon won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens; and we find him seeking a military reputation as a captain of volunteers against the Cherokee Indians, in 1761. He was now thirty years old, of hardy, vigorous frame, and a cool, determined, deliberate courage. His first campaign increased his military ardour, and taught him some of the best lessons of his art. It was a service at once arduous

and perilous. The Cherokees inhabited the mountain regions of South and North Carolina. The settled abodes of the Europeans were chiefly along the sea. But few settlements had been made in the vast forest region which lay between the mountains and the seaboard. The troops of the colony, seeking their wild adversaries in their native fastnesses, were compelled to traverse a dreary interval of waste, and to encounter a thousand privations. But the training was of vast benefit to the Carolinians in preparing them for the encounter with a more powerful foe. It was in this school that Moultrie was prepared for good service during the Revolution. Here, also, Marion, Pickens, and Huger, who afterwards distinguished themselves in defence of the national independence, were initiated into the first duties of the soldier. Marion was the lieutenant of Moultrie, on this expedition, which was conducted by Colonel Grant, of the British army, and Colonel Middleton, of the provincials. It was Marion who led the forlorn hope at the battle of Etchoe. Here, in one of their most difficult passes, the key to several of their towns, the Cherokees made their most formidable stand. They held the heights, and were ambushed in forests that seemed almost inaccessible. The forlorn hope suffered terribly at the first fire; but the Indians were beaten with considerable slaughter. Severe, indeed, was the punishment that followed. Their towns were burnt, their cornfields and granaries destroyed, and, in the destitution of their wretched women and children, they were compelled to sue for peace. In thus teaching the provincials to fight their own battles, the British were paving the way, unconsciously, to the independence of their colonies. Moultrie was one of those who profited by their lessons to their own cost. This first taste of war was grateful to his temper; and his conduct, in this campaign, naturally taught his countrymen where to look for valiant

service and good conduct whenever the exigencies of the state rendered military talent desirable.

It was not long before the popular presentiment counselled timely preparation for the necessity. The mother country was gradually drawing her vast and powerful folds around the infant liberties of the colonies. But they were not wanting to their inheritance of mind and freedom; nor so wholly feeble and deficient of resources, as the foreign ruler fancied them to be. They began to discover that, only *officered* by the British, they had, for some time past, been fighting their own battles, with their own men and money, against the French and Indians. This discovered, and it was easy to understand how they should use the sinews of their strength against *any* enemy. Besides, the burden of their struggles, thrown wholly upon themselves, it was quite as natural that a shrewd people should ask in what lay the advantage of their connection with a power which they knew only by exaction and monopoly. It needed but a conviction of their own strength, to see it fully exercised for their emancipation, as soon as it was fairly understood that the tie which bound the parties together was no longer equally profitable to both. This conviction was not yet reached by the provincials; but the unwise tyrannies of Britain were fast forcing it upon them. Inevitable in the end, in the progress of a few years, it was yet in the power of a prudent administration to have retarded the event which their cupidity contrived to hasten.

Suffering less than her sister colonies—something of a favourite, indeed, with the mother country—South Carolina was yet among the first to declare her independence. Her proceedings in this great national cause are to be read in her histories. It suffices here to say, that William Moultrie was one of those whom she called to her earliest councils in the day of her trouble. He was returned to

the provincial Congress, in 1775, from the parish of St. Helena. The acts of this Congress furnish an honourable record of the spirit and the wisdom of the time and people. The progress of events kept him active. Britain, rashly resolving to coerce rather than conciliate, the colonists began to look around them for weapons of defence. The South Carolinians were greatly deficient in supplies of this nature. But the king's stores were tolerably well provided, and Moultrie was one of a party of patriotic citizens to apply the wrench to bolt and bar, at midnight, when it became necessary to relieve the public arsenals of their hoarded arms and ammunition. The king's stores were disburdened, by this bold proceeding, of twelve hundred stand of arms, and some three thousand pounds of powder. "Fairly entered upon the business," says Moultrie himself, in his Memoirs, "we could not step back, and not brake open the magazines." The news of the battle of Lexington led to the organization of the militia as regular troops, and Moultrie was elected to the colonelcy of the second regiment of South Carolina. He designed the temporary flag of the colony, under whose folds its first victory was gained. This was a single field of blue, with a silver crescent in the dexter corner, the design suggested by the uniform of the state troops, which was blue, and by the silver ornament upon their caps. Two British sloops-of-war occupied the harbour of Charleston, and, daily, by their threats, kept the citizens in alarm, lest the town should be bombarded. It was necessary to curb this insolence; and Moultrie was despatched, under cover of a stormy night, with a select body of troops, and a few pieces of artillery, to Haddrill's Point, from which these vessels might be commanded. A rude breastwork was rapidly thrown up, the guns mounted, and, at daylight opening with long shot upon the enemy, they were compelled to haul off to a more respectful distance.

These were acts quite too decisive to suffer the colony

long to escape the vengeance of the mother country. It was soon understood that an expedition was preparing against the south. The wealth and supposed weakness of Charleston, seemed to invite assault; and the Carolinians began to provide against it. Moultrie, who had driven the sloops down the bay, by his fort on Haddrill's Point—who had taken possession of Fort Johnson, which the British had been compelled to abandon, in anticipation of his attack—upon whom, during the absence of Colonel Gadsden at Philadelphia, had devolved the charge of both the local regiments—and who was, even at this time, a member of the legislative council—in other words, a "council of safety," to which all provincial measures, in the extremity of affairs, had been confided by the popular government—Moultrie was despatched to Sullivan's Island, to superintend the erection of temporary defences in that quarter. Sullivan's Island was regarded as the key to the harbour. Lying within point-blank shot of the channel, it was particularly susceptible of employment in retarding or harassing an enemy's fleet; and the difficulties of the bar, which was unfavourable to the passage of very large vessels of war, increased the value of the position, as a key to the entrance. Hither, accordingly, he proceeded early in March, 1776. The island, which is now occupied by a pleasing summer village, was then a wilderness, having in its bosom, upon the spot subsequently covered in great part by the fortress, a deep morass, which was sheltered by massive live-oaks, and by a dense covert of myrtle, sprinkled with palmetto trees. The palmettos were soon hewn down, and made to serve as the outer wall of the fortress, which was rendered dense and massive by sand and earth thrown into the spaces between the logs. These were fastened together, in alternate layers, rudely notched at the extremities, and secured by pegs of wood. Upon its density, and the soft porous character of the palmetto timber, which did not fracture

when wounded by shot, rather than the strength of the works, did the garrison rely for safety. It was at best a cover, rather than a shelter. The common opinion was, that a British frigate would knock it about the ears of the defenders in half an hour. To one who uttered this opinion in the ears of Moultrie, he answered, that he "could still fight the enemy, and prevent their landing, from behind the ruins." His coolness during all this time, and when all other persons were excited, led to suspicions of his energy. He was somewhat phlegmatic in his moods, and was thought to take things quite too easily. Indeed, it must be admitted that his good temper was sometimes too indulgent. He was not sufficiently the disciplinarian, and did not succeed in extorting and extracting from those about him, what they might have done, and what the emergency seems to have required. But his coolness and fortitude amply compensated for this deficiency, and had the happiest effect in inspiring his men with confidence "General Lee thinks me quite too easy," says Moultrie himself, good-naturedly enough;—"for my part, I never was uneasy." In this respect he certainly was a philosopher. Charles Lee would have had the post abandoned without an effort. He had a profound faith in British frigates, to do any thing; and pronounced the fort on Sullivan's Island to be a mere slaughter-pen. To his exhortations that the place should be abandoned, Governor Rutledge opposed a steady refusal. He had asked Moultrie if he could defend it. The reply was affirmative. "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not do so without an order from me; I will sooner cut off my hand than write one." He knew Moultrie. Lee was particularly anxious, finding that he could not effect this object, that the means of retreat should be furnished for the garrison. Moultrie never gave himself any concern on this account; and this led to Lee's impatience with him. "I never was uneasy," says he, "at having no re-

treat, as I never imagined that the enemy could force me to this necessity. I always considered myself able to defend the post." Lee thought otherwise; and, even had the post been defensible, did not conceive Moultrie to be the man for such a trust. His phlegm and coolness annoyed the impetuous and restless spirit of this mercurial soldier. Moultrie says—"General Lee does not like my having command of this important post. He does not doubt my courage, but says I am 'too easy in command.'" A little of that calm of temper, which was so conspicuous in Moultrie, might have saved Lee himself from all his mortifications.

Moultrie's confidence in himself and companions was soon put to the heaviest test. The British fleet, more than fifty sail, vessels of war and transports, appeared before the bar. Some days were employed in effecting their entrance. At length, on the 28th day of June, 1776, the grim array, consisting of two fifty-gun ships, four frigates, and a number of smaller vessels, including a bomb ketch, called the Thunder, advanced to the assault. Their thunders soon opened upon the little fortress, to which they pressed forward, with flying vans, and all the pomp of streamers, as if rushing on to certain victory. The phlegm of Moultrie did not desert him in the slightest degree, at this fearful moment. That he was actually suffering from the gout, during the battle, did not lessen his enjoyment of it. With pipe in mouth, he coolly superintended the mixing of certain buckets of "grog,"—a mixture of Jamaica rum and water, with possibly a moderate infusion of molasses, by way of reconciling the beverage to every taste. He knew the necessity for some such cheering beverage for his men, at such a season, exposed as they were to the burning sun of a Carolina June, usually the hottest period of the year. The approach of the enemy occasioned no precipitation in his movements. Not a shot was prematurely discharged from the fort. Not a fuse lighted, until

it was very sure that every shot would tell. The moment was one of intense anxiety to all, seemingly, but himself. The wharves of the city, its steeples and housetops, were thronged with the inhabitants, doubtful of the conflict, and looking momently to the necessity of meeting the successful invader at the water's edge, in a last struggle for their homes. Moultrie was not without his emotions. He could see these anxious multitudes. It was the city of his love that he was commanded to defend, and his heart was full of the twofold convictions of duty and affection. But his was the courage which declares itself in a perfect self-possession. As soon as his cannon could be trained to bear, he gave the word for action, and thirty pieces, eighteens and twenty-fours, sent out their destructive missiles upon the advancing frigates of the enemy. These still continued on their way, until abreast of the fort, when, letting go their anchors, with springs on their cables, they poured forth their terrors in a broadside, which made the lowly fortress tremble to its foundations. Then it was discovered, for the first time, that riflemen could make the very best artillerists. Very brief had been the training of the troops of Carolina at the cannon; but every man was a marksman. Accustomed to the deadly aim of the rifle, they applied their skill to the larger implements of death. Dearly did the British frigates suffer from this peculiar training. Hot and heavy was the fire from the fort, and terrible the havoc that followed. There was no random firing that day. The officers themselves sighted the pieces ere the match was applied; and now might the slight form of Marion be seen, and now the more massive figure of Moultrie, as removing the pipes from their mouths, they ranged the grim outline of the twenty-fours, and despatched its winged missiles to the work of destruction. The Thunder bomb was soon in a condition to spout no more thunder. Her sides shattered, her beds disabled—she drifted out of the field of conflict, no longer an object

of fear or attention. Her shells had done but little injury. The morass which occupied a portion of the interior of the fortress, had received the greater number of them, and its moist ooze had kindly extinguished their burning matches. Few of them had burst within the enclosure, and these, fortunately, without effect. The attention of the garrison was given to more imposing game. The fifty-gun ships demanded their greatest consideration. "Mind the commodore!" was the cry that ran along the walls, and declared a proper sense of what was due to superior dignity. "Mind both the fifty-gun ships!" was the echo, which betrayed a desire for impartiality in the treatment of the strangers, for which, it is very sure, that neither of them was properly grateful. Never was such havoc wrought in British ships before. At one moment, the commodore swung round with her stern to the fort, drawing upon her the iron hail from every cannon which could be trained to bear. She paid dearly for the distinguished attention she received, and would have been destroyed, but for the scarcity of powder in the fortress. Despatches were sent to the city for a new supply, and in the midst of the action, Marion volunteered to obtain some from a small sloop which lay between Haddrill's and the fort. He succeeded in his quest; and five hundred pounds were sent from Charleston. But all this was inadequate to the work in hand. It was necessary to economize it well, to time every discharge, and to see that none was idly expended in the air. "Be cool, and do mischief," was the advice of Rutledge to Moultrie, accompanying the gunpowder. It was just the policy of our commander. His coolness, though quite annoying to the impetuous Lee, was quite as much so to the British commodore. Yet so deliberately was it necessary that they should use their cannon, that, at one moment, it was thought that the fort was silenced; but the shouts of the British crews, at this fond but delusive suggestion, were soon silenced in the

terrible answer, written in flame and iron, that came rushing and rending through the shattered sides of their vessels. At another moment, their united broadsides, striking the fort at the same instant, gave it such a tremor, that Moultrie himself was impressed with the fear that a few more such would bring it down about his ears. But his men were not troubled with this apprehension. They caught his infectious coolness, and, when a random shot, taking in its flight a coat which one of the soldiers had thrown aside, the more coolly to perform his task—they could turn from the foe in front, with a merry laughter, crying to one another to watch the progress of the coat, as it sped into a neighbouring tree. Their *sang froid* was by no means shared by their anxious brethren who beheld the progress of the battle from the distant city. These, as the guns of the fortress ceased to respond, except at long intervals, to the unceasing cannonade of the British, sunk into despondency; and their hearts utterly fell, when, smitten by a cannon ball, the crescent flag of Moultrie disappeared before their eyes. It fell without the fortress and upon the beach. It was not suffered to lie there; but, while the British shouted with new hopes of victory, and while their volleys still filled the air with missiles, Serjeant Jasper leaped over the battlements, and, in spite of their fire, proudly replanted the banner once more upon the ramparts. This was an incident—an achievement—to inspire confidence, and to warm every heart with exulting courage. And other examples, akin to this, were not wanting to this famous occasion. A brave fellow, named McDaniel, a serjeant also, was shattered by a shot that raked the embrasure at which he stood. He cried to his comrades as he was borne away from the platform—"I die, comrades, but you will fight on for liberty and our country." And they did fight on. For nearly twelve hours did the strife continue—three hundred against thirty cannon—three thousand men against four hundred. The

battle began at ten o'clock in the day, and continued more or less violently while the day lasted. It did not close with the approach of darkness. It was then that the British commodore concentrated all his resources for a final effort. The cannonade, incessant as it had been, was now a continued volley of flame and thunder. Broadside after broadside tried the nerves of the little garrison; but, while they shook their slight bulwarks to the centre, failed to affect the brave defenders. Night came on, and still the battle lighted up the gloom. The British, loth to quit, still clung, like their own bulldog, to the enemy whom they could no longer hope to subdue. Their plans and hopes had equally failed them. They had made no impression on the fortress—they had slain but few of the garrison—their land forces had not succeeded in a design to cross a frith or arm of the sea, in order to take the fortress in the rear. Their failure in these objects implied, not only the utter defeat of their plans, but a terrible loss to them in *materiel* and *personnel*. Three vessels, the Acteon, the Sphynx, and Syren, that had been sent round to attack the western extremity of the fort—which was unfinished—had become entangled with a shoal, and ran foul of each other. The Syren and Sphynx succeeded in extricating themselves, but not till they had so severely suffered as to be put *hors de combat;* while the Acteon stuck fast, and was abandoned by her crew, and destroyed; but not before a detachment of the Carolinians had boarded her, and discharged her loaded cannon at her retreating consorts. It was half past nine o'clock, before the shouts of the garrison announced the withdrawal of the enemy's shipping from before the fortress, by which they had been so roughly handled. The fifty-gun ships had been the slaughter-pens. Never had been such a carnage in proportion to the number of persons engaged in ships of war before. The Bristol alone had forty men killed, and seventy-one wounded. The Experiment suffered in like

manner. The commodore himself lost an arm; and Lord William Campbell, late governor of the province, was mortally wounded. Never was so great a victory obtained at so small a cost. The garrison lost but ten men slain, and twice that number wounded. The soft spongy wood which formed their walls, and which closed over the enemy's shot without splintering, and the morass in the interior of the fort, in which the shells buried themselves without exploding, were among the causes which contributed to their fortunate escape from harm. A few hours left only the *debris* of the British fleet in the harbour ot Charleston. The assailants withdrew as soon as possible, without renewing the attack; leaving the Carolinians to a long period of repose, which was due entirely to this gallant action. Lee, who would have foregone the opportunity entirely, received, as general of the army of the south, the thanks of Congress for an affair, the honours of which were chiefly due to Moultrie. But the latter was not left unhonoured. From that moment, he secured the lasting gratitude and affection of his countrymen. It will not be out of place, even in a biography so brief as this, to advert to some of the scenes, more mild and grateful in character, that followed this fearful conflict, and displayed to Moultrie, and his garrison, the feelings of those in whose behalf they had done such gallant service. The citizens crowded down to the island, the day after the battle. They had beheld its closing event, in the explosion of the Acteon,* and their impatience was no longer to be restrained. Each day brought new proofs to the brave garrison of the esteem in which they were held. The thanks of the governor; the compliments of General Lee, who affirmed that "no men ever did, and it was impossible

* Moultrie thus describes the event in his Memoirs.—"She blew up, and from the explosion issued a grand pillar of smoke, which soon expanded itself at the top, and, to appearance, formed the figure of a palmetto tree. The ship immediately burst into a great blaze," &c.

that any men ever could, behave better," were but natural ebullitions of justice, heightened in their value by the warm sympathies, and the tearful eyes of admiring beauty. One of the ladies of Charleston—Mrs. Barnard Elliott—a lady held in immemorial esteem, presented a pair of colours to the regiment, with a speech, in which she confidently invoked its courage to defend them, "as long as they can wave in the air of liberty." The promise was frankly made, and never were colours more honourably supported. Subsequently, planted by a storming party upon the British lines at Savannah, the ensign bearers, Lieutenants Bush and Hume, were both shot down; Lieutenant Gray, making an effort to carry them forward, shared the same fate. Serjeant Jasper, to whom Governor Rutledge gave a sword after the battle of Fort Moultrie, seizing one of the flags from the falling Hume, received his death wound also; but he bore away the precious ensign in safety. They were both subsequently lost at the surrender of Charleston, and are now among the innumerable trophies of British triumph in the Tower of London.

Moultrie received the thanks of Congress after Lee. The fort which he had so well defended, was called by his name, under legislative enactment. He rose, in spite of his easy disposition, in the estimation of General Lee, who proposed to him to lead an expedition against St. Augustine. Moultrie's brother held the place as a British loyalist. Lee apprehended that this might be a difficulty, and approached the subject with much hesitation and delicacy. Moultrie soon reassured him in this respect. "I told him that my brother being there, would be no objection with me." A severe sense of moral duty was, with him, by no means inconsistent with a good-natured and easy disposition. But there were other and more serious objections to the enterprise. There was no *materiel* for the service. Eight hundred men were necessary, and so many articles to be procured, which the poverty of the

colony could not furnish, that, without declining the duty, Moultrie showed himself disposed to waive it. "I told him I knew what it was to march an army through the wilderness. I had been warring against Indians. I had seen an army of three thousand men, in an enemy's country, reduced to a single day's provisions." These and other arguments arrested the expedition.

Moultrie, with his regiment, was now put on the continental establishment. He was transferred to the command of a body of North Carolinians, at Haddrill's Point. He was made a brigadier, and from this moment, is to be found contributing, by daily service, to the military interests of Carolina and Georgia. His duties were tedious and troublesome, rather than perilous or exhausting. The battle of Fort Moultrie afforded a three years respite to the state, from the trials and terrors of warfare. Occasional difficulties with the Indians and the loyalists, while they required vigilance, readiness, and a continual watch, did not frequently compel the Carolinians to buckle on their armour. The Cherokees were severely scourged by General Williamson, and a second invasion of the loyal territory of Florida was projected, but, owing to deficiency of resources, such as Moultrie had pointed out, resulted only in failure. The campaign of 1779 opened with a renewal of British hostilities against South Carolina. The fruit was now nearly ripe for the spoiler. General Lincoln, a brave and worthy gentleman, was sent to take charge of the army in Carolina. Moultrie, to whom it might have been quite as well to have confided this trust, with the commission of a major-general, if necessary, was stationed at Port Royal Island. Here he encountered a British force superior to his own, led by Major Gardner, whom he defeated in a sharp encounter, and drove from the island. The British suffered severely, and lost nearly all their officers. The troops of Moultrie, all of whom were militia, sustained but little loss. This attempt of the British, pre-

faced a more vigorous effort. Savannah had fallen into their hands the year before. From this point they prepared to penetrate Carolina in force. Lincoln, at the same time, passed into Georgia, with the view to diverting the enemy from his objects; and, if possible, of confining his operations to the sea-coast of Georgia only. One of his detached bodies, however, under General Ash, suffered a surprise, which greatly enfeebled his strength, and encouraged his opponent. General Prevost, the active commander of the British, aware of Lincoln's absence with the great body of the American force, in the interior, suddenly resolved upon throwing himself between him and the seaboard, and pressing forward to Charleston. His object was a *coup de main*. But Moultrie lay in his path with a thousand militia. He succeeded in retarding the advance which he could not resist, and thus gained time for the citizens to put themselves in trim for the reception of the foe. His despatches apprized Lincoln of the British enterprise, and summoned to his assistance Governor Rutledge, at the head of the country militia. Five large bodies of men were accordingly in motion at the same moment, all striving for the same point. The British, amounting to three thousand men, pressed rapidly upon the heels of Moultrie. One or two skirmishes, which took place between small parties, soon satisfied the latter that it would not be prudent, with his inferior force, wholly of militia, to attempt a stand short of Charleston. He had prepared to try the strength of the enemy at Tulifinall, but was discouraged by the result of a skirmish between his own and the British light troops. He has been censured for not having done so, and it has been suggested, that, in the frequent swamps and dense forests through which his progress lay, there were adequate covers and fastnesses, in which to baffle and arrest an enemy. But the routes were various. His opposition might have been turned, and the prize was quite too important—the safety of Charleston—to peril by

any rash confidence in the coolness and temper of an inexperienced militia. He reached Charleston but a little while before Prevost appeared in sight. He found the citizens in great consternation, and proceeded to reassure them, and put the town in a posture of defence. On the 11th of May, the advance of the British army crossed Ashley river. Their cavalry was encountered in a spirited skirmish by the legion of Count Pulaski. Unprepared for a siege, the hope of Prevost was in the vigour of a prompt assault. To meet this, the garrison stood to their arms all night. The next day the place was formally summoned. In the panic of the citizens, the proposition of surrender was really entertained. Fortunately, the negotiation was left to Moultrie. Prior to this, all things were in confusion. A question as to the proper authority arose in the minds of many. Orders were brought to the military, equally from the governor, the privy council, and the brigadier. Moultrie gave a proof of his decision at this moment. "Obey no orders from the privy council," was his stern command, as he rode along the lines. "It will never do," were his words to the governor and council, "we shall be ruined and undone, if we have so many commanders. It is absolutely necessary to choose one commander, and leave all military affairs to him." He was unanimously appointed to the station, and soon closed the negotiations with the enemy, by a stern and laconic answer, which silenced all the arguments of the timid. "We will fight it out!" The resolution was, in fact, victory! Prevost had no time for fighting. Lincoln was rapidly approaching with four thousand men; and, fearful of a foe so powerful in his rear, and with no longer a hope of effecting any thing by *coup de main*, the British general suddenly recrossed the Ashley in the night. He retired to James's Island, where he was watched closely by the Americans under Lincoln. An attempt made upon his entrenchments at Storo Ferry, in which Moultrie attempted

to co-operate, but failed to reach the field in due season, was creditable to the spirit of the American troops, but did not realize the wished-for consequences. It sufficed, however, with the vigilant watch maintained upon the British, to discourage their enterprise; and they gradually drew off, by way of the Sea Island, to their *point d'appui*, in Georgia. And thus ended the second expedition against the metropolis of Carolina.

In the whole anxious period in which the presence of the enemy was either felt or feared, Moultrie exhibited the cool, steadfast courage by which he was distinguished, with all the unremitted vigilance and activity which characterized the zeal of one having deeply at heart the great interests which are confided to his hands. Hitherto, he had successfully opposed himself to the progress of the enemy;—but the fortune of war was about to change. Baffled twice in their attempts upon Charleston, the British prepared themselves, with all their energies, for a third effort. The absolute possession of Georgia, and the melancholy failure of the united forces of France and America against the British garrison at Savannah, greatly encouraged the undertaking. The southern army was seriously diminished in consequence of this latter misfortune; and neither in the munitions of war, nor in the number of troops, was Carolina prepared to resist the powerful armament which Sir Henry Clinton brought against her metropolis. On the 11th of February, 1780, the British force, amounting to more than ten thousand men, were within thirty miles of Charleston. Their fleet, availing themselves of favourable winds and tides, hurried past Fort Moultrie without repeating the error of Sir Peter Parker, in stopping to engage it. Their ships suffered considerably from its fire, and one was destroyed, but the mischief done was not such as to embarrass or retard their progress. The British army, occupying a neck of land, lying above the city, and between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, opened

their batteries on the 12th of April. To oppose their formidable armament, the Charlestonians could bring into the field but five thousand men. The approach of summer, with the appearance of small-pox in the capital, effectually discouraged the militia of the interior from hastening to the defence. The garrison was accordingly composed wholly of citizen militia, including a force of less than a thousand men from Virginia and North Carolina. Lincoln was still first in command; Moultrie second, but enjoying, perhaps, something more than a secondary influence. Sir Henry Clinton was a slow and cautious commander. The fortifications of Charleston were field-works only. A force so powerful as that of the British should have overrun them in a single night. Yet the siege continued for six weeks. The city was finally reduced by famine; but not until the works were completely overawed by the besiegers, and their artillery rendered almost useless. General Moultrie was conspicuously active during the siege. Philip Neyle, one of his aids, was slain; and he lost a brother, Thomas Moultrie, the only victim in one of the most successful sorties which were made by the garrison. He himself had a narrow escape on one occasion, having just left his bed, when it was traversed and torn asunder by a cannon shot. This was not his only escape. His coolness and phlegm did not desert him, as he walked the ramparts, or passed from them to the city, not heeding the covered way, though the route which he took was one which was completely commanded by the bullets of the Hessian yagers. It was thought miraculous that he should have escaped their aim.

After the city had been surrendered, the prisoners of war were commanded to deliver their arms at a certain depot, where a considerable quantity of gunpowder had also been accumulated. They were received by a British guard of fifty men, stationed in the building. This humiliating necessity, always calculated to mortify a brave

people, produced in the Charlestonians a certain degree of recklessness. Their muskets were frequently charged to the muzzle with their remaining cartridges, and flung indifferently into a promiscuous heap. The consequence was an explosion. The powder was fired, and the building thrown into the air, destroying the entire guard of fifty men, at a single blow. Their dismembered fragments were found far from the scene of explosion. One poor wretch was flung with such violence against the steeple of a neighbouring church as to impress it distinctly with the bloody outlines of his mangled carcass. The neighbouring houses were thrown down in the earthquake that followed, or set on fire by the rising flames. As the fire spread on every side, another of the magazines became endangered, and produced general consternation. The British troops regarding these events as the result of design on the part of the citizens, turned out tumultuously; and Moultrie himself was arrested by a Hessian officer, who charged the treachery upon him. Seized and put in close confinement, he might have incurred the worst peril from the suspicions of the ignorant Hessians, but that he contrived to convey to the British general (Leslie) an account of his predicament, and he immediately ordered his release. Of Moultrie's coolness at this juncture, an anecdote remains which is worth telling. While the alarm was wildest, he met a British officer, who asked him what quantity of powder was in the magazine supposed to be endangered. When answered that there were ten thousand pounds, he exclaimed—"Sir, if it takes fire, it will blow your town to hell!" "It will certainly make a hell of a blast," was the reply of Moultrie, in a similar spirit, and continuing his walk. The *blow* and *blast* were equally spared to the terrified city. The flames were extinguished, the magazine saved, and the powder preserved for mischief of another sort.

Moultrie remained a captive for two years in the hands

of the British. They were prepared to take him more nearly to their affections. They knew his *value*, and were disposed to secure his support for the crown; but they made one mistake, in not having duly known his *worth*. Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour's written proposals to his son are still on record. He writes thus—"Mr. Moultrie, your father's character and your own have been represented to me in such a light that I wish to serve you both. What I have to say, I will sum up in few words. I wish you to propose to your father to relinquish the cause he is now engaged in, which he may do without the least dishonour to himself. He has only to enclose his commission to the first general (General Greene, for instance)—the command will devolve on the next officer. This is often done in our service. Any officer may resign his commission in the field, if he chooses. If your father will do this, he may rely on me. He shall have his estate restored, and all damages paid. I believe you are the only heir of your father. For you, sir, if he continues firm, I shall never ask you to bear arms against him. These favours, you may depend, I shall be able to obtain from my Lord Cornwallis. You may rely upon my honour—this matter shall never be divulged by me."

Young Moultrie was fashioned in the same mould with his sire. The process described as so innocent by Balfour—"as easy as lying," in the words of Hamlet—was but little to his taste. He at once declined the dishonourable service, saying, that he should convey no such proposal to his father, whom, he was very sure, would never listen to it. But the arch-enemy was not to be so easily baffled. The attempt was renewed through another medium. Lord Charles Montague—formerly a governor of the province—was the personal friend of Moultrie. They had served together on the provincial establishment; and frequent intercourse, and a real esteem, had cemented their intimacy into friendship. The British authorities

determined to avail themselves of this medium to dishonour both the parties. Montague, after requesting an interview with Moultrie, which seems to have been declined, writes him thus. We make extracts from his letter only.

"You have now fought bravely in the cause of your country for many years, and, in my opinion, have fulfilled the duty which every individual owes to it. You have had your share of hardship and difficulties; and if the contest is still to be continued, younger hands should now take the toil from yours. You have now a fair opening for quitting that service with honour and reputation to yourself, by going to Jamaica with me. The world will readily attribute it to the known friendship that has subsisted between us; and by quitting this country for a short time, you would avoid any disagreeable conversations, and might return at leisure, to take possession of your estates and family."

In proof of his sincerity, Montague offers to yield to Moultrie the command of his regiment, and serve under him. He appeals to him by his old friendship—by their long and pleasant intimacy—and by the great importance, to both nations, of conciliation and peace. But the very earnestness of his appeal, betrays his own doubts of his success. Moultrie acquits him of having voluntarily conceived the application. His answer, from which we extract passages only, is full of the mild majesty of an indignation sobered by a contempt of the occasion which provokes it.

"I flattered myself that I stood in a more favourable light with you. . . . . You are pleased to compliment me with having fought bravely in my country's cause. . . . . In your opinion, I have fulfilled the duty that every individual owes it. . . . . I differ very widely from you in thinking that I have discharged my duty to my country, while it is still deluged with

blood, and overrun by British troops, who exercise the most savage cruelties. . . . . When I entered into this contest I did it after the most mature deliberation, and with a determined resolution to risk life and fortune in the cause. The hardships I have gone through, I look back upon with the greatest pleasure and honour to myself. I shall continue as I have begun; that my example may encourage the youth of America to stand forth in defence of their rights and liberties. You tell me I have a fair opening for quitting that service with honour and reputation, by going with you to Jamaica. Good God! is it possible that such an idea can arise in the breast of a man of honour! I am sorry you should imagine I have so little regard for reputation as to listen to such dishonourable proposals. Would you wish to have the man whom you have honoured with your friendship play the traitor? Surely not! You say that, by quitting this country for a short time, I might avoid disagreeable conversations; and that I might return at my leisure, and take possession of my estates, for myself and family! *But you have forgot to tell me how I am to get rid of the feelings of an injured and honest heart—and where I am to hide myself from myself!* Could I be guilty of so much baseness, I should hate myself, and shun mankind. *This would be a fatal exchange for my present situation—with an easy and approving conscience—having done my duty, and conducted myself as a man of honour.* . . . . . I wish for a reconciliation as much as any man, but only upon honourable terms. The repossessing my estates—the offer of your regiment—the honour you propose of serving under me—are paltry considerations, to the loss of my reputation. No! not the fee-simple of all Jamaica should induce me to part with my integrity. . . . . My Lord, as you have made one proposal, give me leave to make another, which will be more honourable to us both. . . . . I would have you propose the withdrawing of the British

troops from the continent of America, allow its independence, and propose a peace. This done, I will use all my interest to accept the terms, and allow Great Britain a free trade with America."

This performance, equally unaffected, unstudied, and noble, deserves to be kept on record. It shows the most sterling stuff for a national character. It is worthy of the best patriotism of our country. It silenced the tempter. It showed not only a virtue above temptation, but an intelligence which no subtlety could deceive. Moultrie was not to be lured to Jamaica by the suggestion that he should not, in this way, be serving the British cause against his countrymen. For every tenderly-conscienced American whom this plausible suggestion seduced from his duty, an English soldier was relieved of service in the West Indies, to fight against America at her own firesides.

The two years that Moultrie remained in captivity, were very far from being years of idleness and repose. He was busy in a constant warfare with the British authorities, in urging justice for the prisoners, and for the people of the country; in vigilantly keeping the enemy to the terms of the capitulation, and in remonstrating against the repeated violation of the guaranties. His correspondence, preserved in his "Memoirs," is singularly voluminous and valuable. These "Memoirs," in two octavos, form one of the most interesting and useful bodies of historical material. He preserved his papers with remarkable care, and notes events with singular circumspection and accuracy. He is not a practised writer; but he is clear, frank, unaffected; and his pages are interspersed with frequent instances of a quiet humour, which make his recitals cheerful and attractive.

By the terms of a cartel made on the 3d May, 1781, Moultrie was suffered to go to Philadelphia. An exchange of the prisoners taken with Burgoyne, occasioned his final release from captivity; but this event did not take

place, nor was his parole cancelled, until the close of February, 1782. He was promoted by Congress to the rank of major-general; but the day of active service and farther distinction was gone by. While Moultrie remained a prisoner, the most exciting events in the war were in progress. Gates had been defeated at Camden; Greene had succeeded to the command. The battles of Hobkirk, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Guilford, had taken place; and nothing remained of the conflict, but the closing scenes; the two armies, exhausted combatants, sullenly gazing on each other, with unsubdued ferocity, but without the vigour to renew the combat. A single extract from the "Memoirs" of our veteran will not only afford us a just picture of this condition of the two armies, and of the field of struggle, but will show Moultrie's manner as a writer. He prepares to visit the camps of Generals Greene and Marion, and leaves Winyah late in September. "It was the most dull, melancholy, and dreary ride that any one could possibly take, of about one hundred miles, through the woods of that country which I had been accustomed to see abound with live-stock and wild fowl of every kind. It was now destitute of all. It had been so completely chequered by the different parties, that not one part of it had been left unexplored. Consequently, not a vestige of horses, cattle, hogs, or deer, was to be found. The squirrels, and birds of every kind, were totally destroyed. The dragoons told me that, on their scouts, no living creature was to be seen; except now and then a few camp scavengers, (turkey buzzards,) picking the bones of some unfortunate fellows, who had been shot or cut down, and left in the woods above ground. In my visit to General Greene's camp, as there was some danger from the enemy, I made a circuitous route to General Marion's camp, then on Santee river, to get an escort; which he gave me, of twenty infantry and twenty cavalry. These, with the volunteers that attended me from George-

town, made us pretty strong. On my way from General Marion's to General Greene's camp, my plantation was in the direct road, where I called and stayed a night. On entering the place, as soon as the negroes discovered that I was of the party, there was immediately a general alarm, and an outcry through the plantation, that '*Maussa was come! Maussa* was come!' and they were running from every part with great joy to see me. I stood in the piazza to receive them. They gazed at me with astonishment, and every one came and took me by the hand, saying, 'God bless you, Maussa! we glad for see you, Maussa,' and every now and then some one or other would come out with a 'Ky!'* and the old Africans joined in a war song in their own language, of 'Welcome the warrior home!' It was an affecting meeting between the slaves and their master. The tears stole from my eyes and ran down my cheeks. A number of gentlemen who were with me at the time, could not help being affected by the scene. I then possessed about two hundred slaves, and not one of them left me during the war, although they had great offers—nay, some were carried down to work on the British lines; yet they always contrived to make their escape and return home. My plantation I found to be a desolate place; stock of every kind taken off; the furniture carried away. My estate had been under sequestration. The next day we arrived at General Greene's camp," &c.

The *bonhommie* of this narrative is delightful. It shows something of that amiable character, which curiously contrasted, in Moultrie, with his firmness of purpose, and inflexible decision. On the 14th December, 1782, the British evacuated Charleston, and the American army under Greene, resumed possession of it. Moultrie was necessarily conspicuous in the triumphant procession. His feel-

* "Ky!" An African interjection, showing a delighted astonishment, equivalent to "Is it possible?—can the good news be really true?"—*Editor.*

ings may be conjectured. He returned to the native city for which he had so frequently fought, now in the smiles, and now under the frowns of fortune. "It was a proud day to me," he exclaims, in the fulness of his heart; "and I felt myself much elated at seeing the balconies, the doors and windows, crowded with the patriotic fair, the aged citizens and others, congratulating us on our return home, saying, 'God bless you, gentlemen—God bless you!—You are welcome home!'"

The close of the revolutionary war did not close the public career of Moultrie. The establishment of a new government—that of a republican state—afforded a grateful opportunity to his countrymen, of which they promptly availed themselves, to acknowledge his great and patriotic service. In 1785, he was raised to the gubernatorial chair of South Carolina, being the third person to whom this honour had been accorded. During his administration, the town of Columbia was laid out for the seat of government. In 1794, he was a second time elected to this office, the duties of which he fulfilled with honour and to the satisfaction of all parties. His career, henceforward, to the close of his life, was one of uninterrupted and honourable repose. Slander never presumed to smutch his garments. Of a calm, equable temper, great good sense, a firm undaunted spirit, a kind heart, and easy indulgent moods, he was beloved by his personal associates, and revered by all. His character is one of those of which his career will sufficiently speak. He lived beyond the appointed limits of human life—dying on the 27th September, 1805, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His name, deeds, and virtues, constitute a noble portion of American character, to which we may point the attention of our sons, with a sure confidence in the excellence of his example.

to co-operate, but failed to reach the field in due season, was creditable to the spirit of the American troops, but did not realize the wished-for consequences. It sufficed, however, with the vigilant watch maintained upon the British, to discourage their enterprise; and they gradually drew off, by way of the Sea Island, to their *point d'appui*, in Georgia. And thus ended the second expedition against the metropolis of Carolina.

In the whole anxious period in which the presence of the enemy was either felt or feared, Moultrie exhibited the cool, steadfast courage by which he was distinguished, with all the unremitted vigilance and activity which characterized the zeal of one having deeply at heart the great interests which are confided to his hands. Hitherto, he had successfully opposed himself to the progress of the enemy;—but the fortune of war was about to change. Baffled twice in their attempts upon Charleston, the British prepared themselves, with all their energies, for a third effort. The absolute possession of Georgia, and the melancholy failure of the united forces of France and America against the British garrison at Savannah, greatly encouraged the undertaking. The southern army was seriously diminished in consequence of this latter misfortune; and neither in the munitions of war, nor in the number of troops, was Carolina prepared to resist the powerful armament which Sir Henry Clinton brought against her metropolis. On the 11th of February, 1780, the British force, amounting to more than ten thousand men, were within thirty miles of Charleston. Their fleet, availing themselves of favourable winds and tides, hurried past Fort Moultrie without repeating the error of Sir Peter Parker, in stopping to engage it. Their ships suffered considerably from its fire, and one was destroyed, but the mischief done was not such as to embarrass or retard their progress. The British army, occupying a neck of land, lying above the city, and between the rivers Ashley and Cooper, opened

their batteries on the 12th of April. To oppose their formidable armament, the Charlestonians could bring into the field but five thousand men. The approach of summer, with the appearance of small-pox in the capital, effectually discouraged the militia of the interior from hastening to the defence. The garrison was accordingly composed wholly of citizen militia, including a force of less than a thousand men from Virginia and North Carolina. Lincoln was still first in command; Moultrie second, but enjoying, perhaps, something more than a secondary influence. Sir Henry Clinton was a slow and cautious commander. The fortifications of Charleston were field-works only. A force so powerful as that of the British should have overrun them in a single night. Yet the siege continued for six weeks. The city was finally reduced by famine; but not until the works were completely overawed by the besiegers, and their artillery rendered almost useless. General Moultrie was conspicuously active during the siege. Philip Neyle, one of his aids, was slain; and he lost a brother, Thomas Moultrie, the only victim in one of the most successful sorties which were made by the garrison. He himself had a narrow escape on one occasion, having just left his bed, when it was traversed and torn asunder by a cannon shot. This was not his only escape. His coolness and phlegm did not desert him, as he walked the ramparts, or passed from them to the city, not heeding the covered way, though the route which he took was one which was completely commanded by the bullets of the Hessian yagers. It was thought miraculous that he should have escaped their aim.

After the city had been surrendered, the prisoners of war were commanded to deliver their arms at a certain depot, where a considerable quantity of gunpowder had also been accumulated. They were received by a British guard of fifty men, stationed in the building. This humiliating necessity, always calculated to mortify a brave

people, produced in the Charlestonians a certain degree of recklessness. Their muskets were frequently charged to the muzzle with their remaining cartridges, and flung indifferently into a promiscuous heap. The consequence was an explosion. The powder was fired, and the building thrown into the air, destroying the entire guard of fifty men, at a single blow. Their dismembered fragments were found far from the scene of explosion. One poor wretch was flung with such violence against the steeple of a neighbouring church as to impress it distinctly with the bloody outlines of his mangled carcass. The neighbouring houses were thrown down in the earthquake that followed, or set on fire by the rising flames. As the fire spread on every side, another of the magazines became endangered, and produced general consternation. The British troops regarding these events as the result of design on the part of the citizens, turned out tumultuously; and Moultrie himself was arrested by a Hessian officer, who charged the treachery upon him. Seized and put in close confinement, he might have incurred the worst peril from the suspicions of the ignorant Hessians, but that he contrived to convey to the British general (Leslie) an account of his predicament, and he immediately ordered his release. Of Moultrie's coolness at this juncture, an anecdote remains which is worth telling. While the alarm was wildest, he met a British officer, who asked him what quantity of powder was in the magazine supposed to be endangered. When answered that there were ten thousand pounds, he exclaimed—"Sir, if it takes fire, it will blow your town to hell!" "It will certainly make a hell of a blast," was the reply of Moultrie, in a similar spirit, and continuing his walk. The *blow* and *blast* were equally spared to the terrified city. The flames were extinguished, the magazine saved, and the powder preserved for mischief of another sort.

Moultrie remained a captive for two years in the hands

of the British. They were prepared to take him more nearly to their affections. They knew his *value*, and were disposed to secure his support for the crown; but they made one mistake, in not having duly known his *worth*. Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour's written proposals to his son are still on record. He writes thus—"Mr. Moultrie, your father's character and your own have been represented to me in such a light that I wish to serve you both. What I have to say, I will sum up in few words. I wish you to propose to your father to relinquish the cause he is now engaged in, which he may do without the least dishonour to himself. He has only to enclose his commission to the first general (General Greene, for instance)—the command will devolve on the next officer. This is often done in our service. Any officer may resign his commission in the field, if he chooses. If your father will do this, he may rely on me. He shall have his estate restored, and all damages paid. I believe you are the only heir of your father. For you, sir, if he continues firm, I shall never ask you to bear arms against him. These favours, you may depend, I shall be able to obtain from my Lord Cornwallis. You may rely upon my honour—this matter shall never be divulged by me."

Young Moultrie was fashioned in the same mould with his sire. The process described as so innocent by Balfour—"as easy as lying," in the words of Hamlet—was but little to his taste. He at once declined the dishonourable service, saying, that he should convey no such proposal to his father, whom, he was very sure, would never listen to it. But the arch-enemy was not to be so easily baffled. The attempt was renewed through another medium. Lord Charles Montague—formerly a governor of the province—was the personal friend of Moultrie. They had served together on the provincial establishment; and frequent intercourse, and a real esteem, had cemented their intimacy into friendship. The British authorities

can protect an opposer of the public voice and conduct. A spirit and resolution is manifested which would not have disgraced the Romans in their best days."

It was to his friend and fellow-patriot, Josiah Quincy, that Reed wrote: "All now is union and firmness; and I trust we shall exhibit such a proof of public virtue and enlightened zeal in the most glorious of all causes, as will hand down the present age with the most illustrious characters of antiquity. * * * England must see that opposition to parliamentary tyranny is not local or partial. I congratulate you, my dear sir, upon the rising glory of America. Our operations have been almost too slow for the accumulated sufferings of Boston. Should this bloodless war fail of its effect, a great majority of the colonies will make the last appeal, before they resign their liberties into the hands of any ministerial tyrant."

How true and earnest a sympathy dwelt in the hearts of the men of those times, and how solemn were their forebodings and their hopes, may be seen in the impressive response of Quincy, whose words sound with a deeper awe, proving as they did almost the last utterance of the dying patriot.

"I look to my countrymen with the feelings of one who verily believes they must yet seal their faith and constancy with their blood. This is a distressing witness indeed. But hath not this ever been the lot of humanity? Hath not blood and treasure in all ages been the price of civil liberty? Can Americans hope a reversal of the laws of our nature, and that the best of blessings will be obtained and secured without the sharpest trials? Adieu, my friend, my heart is with you, and whenever my countrymen command, my person shall be also."

When Washington came to Philadelphia as a delegate from Virginia to the first continental Congress, there appears to have grown up during his abode there an intimacy between him and Joseph Reed, and it was in the

sympathies and conferences of those times that the foundation was laid of a confidential friendship which was strengthened by the union of counsels and efforts in the most anxious hours of the Revolution. When by virtue of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington proceeded to the seat of war, he was accompanied by several of his personal friends. Among them Mr. Reed found himself attracted to the camp at Cambridge and Washington's head-quarters by the joint motives of private friendship and public zeal. It was unexpected news to his family and the friends he had left in the quiet homes where the war had not yet reached, when intelligence was brought that he had accepted from Washington the appointment of his military secretary. This unpremeditated and unlooked-for step was the beginning of a military career which made Joseph Reed one of the generals in the war of American independence. It was probably with no thought of changing civil for military life that he had left his home, but in reply to some friendly remonstrance against the step he had taken, he wrote: "I have no inclination to be hanged for half-treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince he must cut his way through, if he means afterwards to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition to renounce without disgrace the public cause when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan measures he has not spirit to execute."

Mr. Reed was thus brought into relations of constant and domestic intimacy with Washington. He was a member of his family, and the duties of the secretaryship were such as not only to lead to intercourse of a most confidential nature, but to enable the secretary to give valuable assistance to the commander-in-chief amid the manifold and perplexing cares of his station. The office was also important as giving Mr. Reed a kind of military

apprenticeship, and of bringing into exercise the talents and energies which he possessed for a soldier's life. It was in this first service, and in such close connection with Washington, that he learned a soldier's duties, and acquired apparently that taste for a soldier's life, which during an important part of the war led him away from civil into military service. When the pressure of public and private business made it necessary for Reed to return for a season to Philadelphia, the value of his services and the strength of Washington's affection for him are best shown by the extended and confidential correspondence which was maintained between them. To no one did Washington more freely unbosom himself in his most anxious hours—from no one did he more freely invite unreserved and candid counsel. It has been remarked that Washington wrote to his first secretary with an openness, a carelessness, a familiarity, and a jocularity of tone which he seems never to have used to any other person, and which places his character almost in a new light.

In the early part of 1776, the office of adjutant-general became vacant by the promotion of General Gates, and Washington's mind immediately turned to his favourite secretary as his choice for this important and difficult post. During a visit to Philadelphia he held a personal conference with Congress, and, at his recommendation, Joseph Reed was elected adjutant-general of the continental army. Thus it is that in periods of revolutionary changes, men become soldiers almost unawares. The appointment, sudden and unsolicited, gave a new direction to Reed's life. The manly affection with which he communicated it to his wife is at once characteristic of the man and of the times.

"You will be surprised," he wrote to her, "but I hope not dejected, when I tell you that a great revolution has happened in my prospects and views. Yesterday the general sent for me, and in a very obliging manner

pressed me to accept the office of adjutant-general, which General Gates lately filled. The proposal was new and surprising, so that I requested till this day to consider of it. I objected my want of military knowledge, but several members of Congress and the general treated it so lightly, and in short said so many things, that I have consented to go. The appointments of the office will help to support us till these calamitous times are at an end. Besides, this post is honourable, and if the issue is favourable to America, must put me on a respectable scale. Should it be otherwise, I have done enough to expose myself to ruin. I have endeavoured to act for the best, and hope you will think so."

In a few days after his appointment, Colonel Reed joined the army and entered on his new duties. The adjutant-generalship of even a well-disciplined and veteran army is a post of high responsibility and of arduous labours. The toils and responsibilities of the office were greatly aggravated in an army like the continental army, composed not only of raw and untrained troops, but of elements in all respects heterogeneous. The task of discipline was most discouraging, but the share of it which belonged to the adjutant-general was executed with a vigilance and energy which justified Washington's choice; and when the office was resigned, Reed was entitled to say to Congress: "I have the satisfaction of reflecting that, during my continuance in office, the army never was surprised, (for Long Island was a separate command, and I was not there till I accompanied the general,) that I never was absent one hour from duty during the whole summer, fall, and winter, till sent to stir up the militia of Jersey."

It belongs to history or to more elaborate biography than a work like this, to trace the course of the campaign in New York and New Jersey, and the services of the general and staff officers who shared in it with Washington.

It will be appropriate here rather to notice some of the interesting incidents connected with the history of that period, especially those in which the subject of this notice bore a part.

When Lord Howe arrived in America, as the British commander-in-chief and commissioner, it is well known that at the outset difficulties in the way of the proposed negotiation arose from the reluctance to recognise in any way the official rank and title of the American commander-in-chief. To Reed, as adjutant-general, was intrusted the conduct of the first interview. It took place on the 14th of July, about half-way between Governor's Island and Staten Island, where the boats met. The particulars are thus given by Colonel Reed:

"After I had written my letter to you, a flag came in from Lord Howe. The general officers advised the general not to receive any letter directed to him as a private gentleman. I was sent down to meet the flag. A gentleman, an officer of the navy, met us, and said he had a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. Washington. I told him we knew no such person in the army. He then took out a letter directed to George Washington, Esquire, and offered it to me. I told him I could not receive a letter to the general under such a direction. Upon which he expressed much concern; said the letter was rather of a civil than military nature; that Lord Howe regretted he had not come sooner; that he had great powers, and it was much to be wished the letter could be received. I told him I could not receive it consistently with my duty. Here we parted. After he had gone some distance he put about, and we again met him. He then asked me under what title General—but catching himself—Mr. Washington chose to be addressed. I told him the general's station in the army was well known; that they could be at no loss; that this matter had been discussed last summer, of which I supposed the admiral could not be ignorant.

He then expressed his sorrow at the disappointment, and here we parted. I cannot help thinking but that we shall have a renewal of it to-day, or a communication of the business in some other way. For though I have no hopes that the letter contains any terms to which we can accede, or, in short, any thing more than a summons of submission, yet the curiosity of the people is so great, and if it is, as may be supposed, couched in strong and debasing terms, it would animate the army exceedingly to do their duty."

Reed's first service in battle was at the time of the series of engagements on Long Island, at the close of the month of August, 1776. He accompanied Washington when he crossed over from New York to Brooklyn, and remained on Long Island till the embarkation of the whole American forces was effected, and the troops landed in New York. Disastrous as had been the result of the battle of Long Island, it was the first time in the war that American soldiers had met the enemy in the field, and it had in some measure given proof of their ability to encounter a disciplined army in open conflict. The heavy loss upon Long Island had however dispirited the troops, and this became evident in the disorderly flight, which Washington witnessed with so much indignation, when the advance guards of the British army landed on New York Island. The engagement that unexpectedly occurred on the 17th of September, had a happy effect in restoring the confidence of the American soldiers, and proving their strength. It was indeed their first successful encounter in open field. Colonel Reed was so fortunate as to participate in it. Speaking of it, he said:— "It hardly deserves the name of a battle; but as it was a scene so different from what had happened the day before, it elevated the spirits of our troops, and in that respect has been of great service." A report was brought to head-quarters that the enemy was advancing in three

large columns. The frequency of false alarms of the kind causing some distrust, the adjutant-general went down to the most advanced post, and while conversing with the officer of the guard, the enemy's advance appeared and gave their fire, at the distance of about fifty yards. The fire was returned, and the men held their ground, until being overpowered with numbers they were forced to retire,—the enemy continuing to advance rapidly. The British bugles were sounded, as in a fox-chase, as an insult to their retreating foe. The adjutant-general hastened to head-quarters to obtain Washington's orders for a proper support to the guards that had been driven in, and returned, in company with Putnam and Greene, with a detachment of Virginians, commanded by Major Leitch. These were joined by a party of Connecticut troops, led by Colonel Knowlton. "In a few minutes," as Reed described it, "our brave fellows mounted up the rocks, and attacked the enemy with great spirit, and pressing on with great ardour, the enemy gave way, and left us the ground, which was strewed pretty thick with dead, chiefly the enemy, though it since turns out that our loss is also considerable. The pursuit of a flying enemy was so new a scene that it was with difficulty our men could be brought to retreat, which they did in very good order. You can hardly conceive the change it has made in our army. The men have recovered their spirits, and feel a confidence which before they had quite lost." This advantage was not gained, however, without the loss of Knowlton and Leitch, who both fell mortally wounded. "Our greatest loss," said Reed, "is poor Knowlton, whose name and spirit ought to be immortal. I assisted him off, and when gasping in the agonies of death, all his inquiry was, if we had driven the enemy."

Reed continued to share with Washington the cares and dangers of the campaign of 1776, and remained with

him until he was despatched, during the retreat through New Jersey, to use his influence with the legislature of that state to raise more troops. It was at that time that he proceeded to carry into effect the intention which he had already communicated to Washington, of resigning the commission of adjutant-general. Believing that the active operations of the campaign were over, and that both armies were about to go into winter-quarters, Col. Reed sent his commission in a letter to the president of Congress. At midnight of the same day he received an express from Washington, informing him that the enemy, encouraged by the broken state of the American army, had changed their plan, and were advancing rapidly towards the Delaware. On receiving this intelligence, he instantly despatched a messenger to recall his resignation. The messenger reached Philadelphia before the session of Congress was opened for the day, and returned with the commission, with which Reed rejoined Washington at Trenton. After a few days he was ordered by the commander-in-chief, as the bearer of a special message to Congress, to urge the necessity of hastening on the reinforcements to the army, now alarmingly diminished. This appeal brought out a body of Pennsylvania militia, which were posted under the command of General Cadwalader, at Bristol, where the adjutant-general was sent by Washington to assist in organizing these new levies. His knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the inhabitants, enabled him also to render important service, by obtaining accurate information for Washington respecting the movements of the enemy. During the campaign Reed appears to have been the earnest advocate of offensive operations, wherever there was a reasonable prospect of success. This was characteristic of a spirit that appears to have been full of enterprise and energy, and of an ardent and somewhat impetuous temper; he thought, too that the state of the American cause left no choice

but to run the risk of striking a bold and decisive blow. "The militia," he argued, "must be taken before their spirits and patience are exhausted; and the scattered, divided state of the enemy affords us a fair opportunity of trying what our men will do when called to an offensive attack." His great solicitude at this time especially was for resuming offensive operations, and it was from Bristol, on the 22d of December, he wrote to Washington: "Will it not be possible, my dear general, for your troops, or such part of them as can act with advantage, to make a diversion or something more, at or about Trenton? The greater the alarm, the more likely will success attend the attacks. If we could possess ourselves again of New Jersey, or any considerable part of it, the effects would be greater than if we had never left it."

It was with the frankness of a true friendship, and with confidence in the wisdom and good feeling of Washington, that Reed added: "Allow me to hope that you will consult your own good judgment and spirit, and not let the goodness of your heart subject you to the influence of opinions from men in every respect your inferiors." On the same day that this letter was written to urge a movement which, perhaps, was already in contemplation at headquarters, Washington sent for Reed, and communicated to him the outlines of a plan of attack on the Hessians at Trenton. The adjutant-general was then sent to assist in the command of an attack to be made simultaneously on the Hessians under Count Donop, posted lower down. The latter movement having failed in consequence of the state of the river, Reed rejoined the main body of the army in time to share in the battle of Princeton, and the operations that led to it.

The success of military operations being always more or less dependent on accurate topographical knowledge, this was especially the case at the close of the campaign of 1776, and to the knowledge thus needed it was hap-

pily in Reed's power to contribute largely. Trenton was his birth-place, the home of his boyhood,—Princeton was his abode during his college years, but how little could he have dreamed, in the early days of his life, in the times of colonial loyalty, that the familiarity which, as a youth, he was, almost unconsciously, acquiring with the roads, and water-courses and fords, would one day enable him to do good service to his country in her hour of peril. The ravages of the enemy had struck such terror among the people, that no rewards could tempt any of them to go into Princeton, where the main body of the British army had advanced, to obtain intelligence. The adjutant-general having secured the services of six horsemen, volunteers from the Philadelphia troop, went to reconnoitre the enemy's advance-posts; and this little party did not return until, besides accomplishing their special object, they had distinguished themselves by an adventure, the intrepidity of which was as remarkable as its success. The party had advanced to within about two miles of Princeton, near enough to have sight of the top of the college buildings, when a British soldier was seen passing from a barn to a farm-house. Two of the party were sent to bring him in, but others being seen, the whole of the small party was ordered to charge. The charge was made, and twelve dragoons, well armed, with their pieces loaded, and with the advantage of the house, surrendered to seven horsemen, six of whom had never seen an enemy before, and, almost in sight of the British army, were carried off and brought prisoners into the American camp at Trenton on the same evening. The intelligence gained by this gallant adventure, under Reed's command, was that Cornwallis had reached Princeton with a large reinforcement, and that the whole British force, amounting to some seven or eight thousand men, were soon to march to dislodge Washington from Trenton.

It was undoubtedly the most critical moment in the American Revolution, when the advance division of the British army made its appearance in Washington's front, posted as he was, near Trenton, with nearly the whole force on which the cause of American freedom depended. It is easy now to see how narrow was the escape from utter ruin—how the fresh-won victory at Trenton might have proved the delusive prelude to the slaughter or the surrender of the American army. Washington's position was apparently a strong one, but the real danger of it was felt, when Reed, from his intimate knowledge of the country, suggested that while the stream, behind which the army lay, was not fordable in their front, or the immediate neighbourhood, there were fords at no great distance,—that if the enemy should divert them in front and at the same time throw a body of troops across the Assanpink, a few miles up, the American army would be completely enclosed, with the Delaware in their rear, over which there would be neither time nor means to effect a retreat. The adjutant-general was accordingly ordered to ascertain the condition of the fords, one of which, at a distance of only three miles, was found to admit of an easy passage. The campaign which had begun with the surprise in the battle of Long Island, might have ended with a surprise far more disastrous, for it would have been without the possibility of retreat. The position of the army was untenable. To await for defence was to await destruction. When the sun went down on the 2d of January, 1777, the advance guards of the two armies were separated only by a narrow stream: the sentinels were walking within sound of each other's tread; the American and the British fires were burning so near that they seemed like the fires of one encampment. From that extremity of danger came the final glory of the campaign, for the midnight march on Princeton was resolved upon. The only letter or written order

which is known to remain as a memorial of the doings of that night of anxiety and of peril, is the adjutant-general's letter to Putnam. It was probably written when the midnight march had just begun—when the fires of the abandoned American camp were still burning.

"*East side of Trenton Creek, January 2d*, 1777.
"*Twelve o'clock at night.*

"DEAR GENERAL PUTNAM,—The enemy advanced upon us to-day. We came to the east side of the river or creek which runs through Trenton, when it was resolved to make a forced march and attack the enemy in Princeton. In order to do this with the greater security, our baggage is sent off to Burlington. His excellency begs you will march immediately forward with all the force you can collect at Crosswicks, where you will find a very advantageous post: your advanced party at Allentown. You will also send a good guard for our baggage, wherever it may be. Let us hear from you as often as possible. We shall do the same by you.

"Yours, J. REED."

This letter is quoted, not because the plan of this work admits of the introduction of original documents, but because no language of mere description presents the doings of that important night so vividly to the imagination.

Having transmitted the commander-in-chief's last order on leaving the banks of the Assanpink, Reed, with the other staff officers, accompanied Washington to Princeton, and on that well-fought field bore his part in a battle to which his knowledge of the country had contributed.

After a campaign so gloriously ended, and when the army was fairly settled in winter-quarters, the adjutant-general of the army of 1776 was well entitled to carry

into effect his postponed purpose of resigning his commission. From the first to the very last of the difficult service of that doubtful, and at one time almost desperate campaign, he was in the unintermitted discharge of his duties—ever active, enterprising, and intrepid. Enjoying Washington's confidential friendship, he knew, as the world has since known from the published correspondence, the deep cares—the thoughtful forebodings that saddened Washington's heroic mind. With Washington, Reed thought that, unless their countrymen rallied so as to give the enemy some successful stroke, the cause was hopeless. In the gloomiest days of the Revolution, Reed never ceased to be what he had been in more hopeful seasons, the earnest advocate of bold offensive operations, and his only fear was the apprehension of the predominance of undecisive counsels. The gloom which hung over the country, as it witnessed the fading fortunes of a retreating army, never daunted him, and when there was least encouragement for activity, his zeal and patriotism displayed their highest energy. With feelings as ardent in private as in public life, he took not from his country's service one hour for domestic use, though his unprotected family were fugitives before a victorious enemy whose ravages struck dismay wherever they moved amid a helpless people.

It was immediately at the close of this campaign that Washington recommended Congress to confer upon Reed the command of the cavalry in the continental army. It was an honourable tribute to his services, and showed the high sense which Washington entertained of his character as a soldier, and of his zealous fidelity to their common cause. The public sentiment was expressed in the vote of Congress, by which the late adjutant-general was elected a brigadier, and a special power of appointment being given to Washington, he was enabled to accomplish his wish of placing General Reed in command of the cavalry.

It is a fact honourable to both parties, and especially to the magnanimity of Washington, that at the very time he was applauding the services of General Reed, and not only recommending him to Congress, but himself promptly conferring a distinguished command in the army, their private friendship, which had been marked with so much of mutual esteem and confidential intimacy, was interrupted by a painful misunderstanding. There is something both in the conduct of the parties during this temporary and accidental alienation, and in their reconciliation, so finely illustrative of the lofty spirit of the heroic age of our American annals, that it may well be referred to as giving to later times a salutary lesson. The circumstances were briefly these: during the retreat through the Jerseys, Reed wrote to General Charles Lee, with whom he was on familiar terms, lamenting the loss of the garrison at Fort Washington, and referring to the suspense in which, on that occasion, the mind of the commander-in-chief had been held by the conflicting opinions in his council. Lee's answer was full of characteristic extravagance of language, denouncing what he called "the curse of military indecision—that fatal indecision of mind, which is a greater disqualification than stupidity or cowardice." This letter reached head-quarters while the adjutant-general was absent on his mission to the Jersey legislature, and, with the thought that it was official and not private, was opened and read by Washington, who, conjecturing that it must be the echo of some unfriendly expression on the part of one whom he had believed to be one of his nearest friends, was deeply wounded. The matchless mastery over his feelings, which crowned Washington's character with such placid dignity, was not, however, disturbed, and his sense of wrong was simply shown by inclosing Lee's letter in a note to General Reed, in which the familiar and

affectionate cordiality of his former and frequent correspondence was changed to cold and formal courtesy.

Distressed as Reed was at thus finding himself the victim of false appearances, and Washington's cherished friendship for him forfeited by a misapprehension, he did not lose his self-control, but calmly resolved to reserve himself for the means of a simple and manly explanation, by obtaining his own letter to Lee, and by placing it before Washington's eyes, to convince him that, natural as was his conjecture, it was a mistaken one. This was unhappily frustrated by Lee's capture, and the multiplied movements of the army at the close of the campaign allowed neither time nor opportunity for mere personal cares. Now, what is noticeable and worthy of all imitation is that this private estrangement of the two friends did not in the smallest measure effect their official relations: it cannot be discovered that it was allowed by either of them to injure or even embarrass the public service. At no time did Reed render to Washington more active and untiring support and co-operation—never did he counsel or labour more earnestly to retrieve the fortunes of Washington's most arduous campaign. At no time did Washington place more unreserved confidence in Reed's public zeal and patriotism, and when the campaign of 1776 had been brought to its triumphant close, it was, while the occasion of his private dissatisfaction remained yet unexplained, that Washington paid to Reed's military character and services the high tribute of raising him to one of the most responsible and honourable stations in the army. Such was Washington's magnanimity—such was the heroic elevation of his sense of public duty, beyond the reach of the common passions and frailties of humanity!

Having been disappointed in obtaining the letter to Lee, General Reed sought the only means of explanation left, by frankly stating to Washington the real character

of the expressions he had used. This explanation was welcomed with the same candour with which it was given, and Washington hastened to express the gratification which he felt in finding himself relieved from the painful influence of his misapprehension. All doubt and suspicion was dispelled, and they were friends again as of old, with all the affection and cordiality and confidence of their well-proved friendship restored for ever.

It is a curious and striking illustration of revolutionary times—their influence on the currents of men's lives, and the strange blending of civil and military occupations, that within the short space of about two months, Reed was elected a brigadier, and appointed by Washington general of cavalry, and also unanimously chosen, by the Executive council of Pennsylvania, Chief Justice of that state. His unpremeditated soldier's life had won for him a soldier's honours, and his purposed professional career had secured such confidence as to place the highest judicial office in his state at his disposal.

The lust for office or rank appears not to have been an element in General Reed's public career, and it may perhaps be regarded as an example of primitive American republicanism, that he declined the several appointments just mentioned. In declining the military appointments, it was not his intention to separate himself from military service, which he knew that his intimate relations with Washington would always enable him to find as a volunteer. He accordingly joined the army again, at the first news of the approach of the British army before the battle of Brandywine. The plan of this work being not so much to give a biographical detail of the services of the generals of the Revolution, as to pourtray their characters and illustrate their lives, it will be enough to say, that during the campaign of 1777, General Reed's services displayed that same active intrepidity—the unwearied passion for military enterprise and adventure, which had attracted

Washington's admiration in the campaign of 1776, and caused him to select Reed for the command of the cavalry. Wherever we follow him in the military memorials of that campaign, we find him at one time rescuing his family at the approach of the British advance guard, who were in possession of his house on the Schuylkill within fifteen minutes after he had quitted it; then rallying a small party with which he returned and carried off some prisoners; we find him again charged with the duty of reconnoitering with a party of Pulaski's horsemen, before the battle of Germantown, or with Lee's dragoons, to find plans of relief to the forts on the Delaware. His love of a soldier's life appears to have gone on increasing with his continuance of service, and perhaps with some consciousness of military talent. He appears too to have been actuated by a zeal to change, as far as possible, the defensive character of the American operations; and now, as in the previous year, he is the advocate of offensive movements, suggesting or supporting plans of attack. When, at the battle of Germantown, the halt took place in consequence of Musgrave's regiment throwing itself into Chew's house, and the military scruple was suggested, that a fort in the enemy's possession must not be left in their rear, it is upon Reed's lips that an historian has placed the exclamation, uttered in the council of war—"What! call this a fort, and lose the happy moment!"

The same earnestness for active operations of attack, and the fertility of invention of military plans, are shown in the remarkable letter addressed to Washington, in anticipation of the army going into winter-quarters after the campaign of 1777. The prospect of attacking the British army within their intrenchments in Philadelphia had been abandoned, but General Reed, remembering how the successes at Trenton and Princeton had turned the tide of war a twelvemonth before, was hopeful enough to believe that the British garrison in New York might be surprised,

and that city recovered, together with the capture of valuable military stores there. Having matured this idea in his own mind, he submitted to Washington an elaborate plan for a forced march and attack on New York, accompanied with an amount of military argument and practical detail which shows how deeply his mind had become interested in the science of war, and how familiar with its business. In anticipation of the objection that the British troops would move from Philadelphia to the support of the garrison in New York, he added, "With fifty horsemen and one hundred foot, I will undertake, by the destruction of bridges and the felling of trees, to make the march through New Jersey, at this season, a three weeks' journey for them." The plan was warmly supported by Greene, and some of the most energetic in Washington's council, but it was not thought advisable to attempt it. It would be idle, indeed, now to speculate on what might have been its success, but one cannot forbear thinking how it might have been the means of sparing the miseries of the cantonment at the Valley Forge, and snatching from the enemy a city which remained in their occupation till the close of the war.

Sharing as General Reed did in the most important operations of the campaign of 1777, his time was divided between the duties of camp and Congress, into which he had been elected some time before. A letter from Washington called him to head-quarters, to consult on the subject of winter-quarters: his attendance for this purpose gave him an unlooked-for opportunity of taking part in the last engagement of the campaign, when the British army came out in full force, and the skirmish at Whitemarsh took place. General Reed was there without any command, being on a visit at head-quarters during an absence from Congress. While observing, at Washington's desire, the movements of the enemy on one part of the ground, a body of Pennsylvania militia was driven in

by a superior force. Rallying a party of the scattered troops, Reed led them on again, but at a second fire they broke and retreated, leaving him on the ground entangled by the fall of his horse, which had been shot under him. That gallant Delaware officer, Allen McLane, seeing his fall, and a party of the enemy advancing to bayonet him, ordered another charge, and at the same instant a single Maryland trooper galloped forward, and extricating General Reed, mounting him on his horse, effected his rescue.

During the sad winter of the Valley Forge encampment, General Reed blended his congressional and military services by his presence at camp as a member of the committee sent there at Washington's solicitation; and it is characteristic that he found his duties in that wretched cantonment, with his former companions in arms, rather than on the floor of Congress. It was at that time one of his cares to devise some means of checking the atrocious system of irregular predatory warfare, which, conducted by refugee officers, and stimulated by Tories in Philadelphia, was spreading desolation and misery in the neighbourhood of the city. "If troops can be raised," said he, "for the special service of covering the country thus exposed, though I have given over all thoughts of proceeding further in the military line, I would, for so desirable an end, accept any post in which I could be useful."

Though General Reed's services had for some time been only as a volunteer, and blended with his congressional functions, his attachment to the army was too strong for him to separate himself from its fortunes, until having accompanied Washington to the battle of Monmouth, he witnessed on that field the close of that part of the war of the Revolution which belongs to the Northern and Middle States. Having had some share in the four campaigns of 1775, 1776, 1777, and 1778, he closed a

military career, which had been extended far beyond his original intention, when he unexpectedly changed a citizen into a soldier's life. He was recalled to civic life, by being elected President of the state of Pennsylvania.

It was just at the time that General Reed's military career closed, that he gave to his country the undying fame of an American patriot's incorruptible integrity. It was on the day before he left Philadelphia for the battle-field of Monmouth that he was approached by the corrupt offer of the British commissioner—ten thousand pounds sterling, and any office in the colonies in the king's gift. The vast temptation came in the insidious form of a proposed remuneration for influence and services to be employed in reconciling the two countries—it came to a man, who, during some of the best years of his life had thrown aside his means of peaceful livelihood for the service of his country—it came to an impoverished soldier, with domestic claims upon him, which perhaps there might, in the future, be nought but poverty to provide for. The temptation was repulsed as promptly and decidedly as it had come insidiously, when he answered—"I AM NOT WORTH PURCHASING, BUT SUCH AS I AM, THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN IS NOT RICH ENOUGH TO DO IT." The answer was made with all the simplicity of a soldier's speech, and it will live for ever with the story of the American Revolution. It gives to a page of our country's annals a glory which makes the splendid contrast to that other page which is black with the record of Arnold's perfidy. The former tells us of a temptation that came of a sudden and insidiously, and how the instinctive innocence of a true man's purity was proof against it: the latter tells how the traitor was his own tempter—the architect of his own treason—the deliberate contriver of the iniquity which has assigned his name to desperate infamy.

When General Reed was withdrawn from military association with Washington and the generals of the

by a superior force. Rallying a party [illegible] cy of troops, Reed led them on again, but at [illegible] k fresh broke and retreated, leaving him on [illegible] uld have by the fall of his horse, which ha[illegible] ion cause, That gallant Delaware officer, [illegible] nose autho- fall, and a party of the enem[illegible] cution of the ordered another charge, ar[illegible] treat of Presi- Maryland trooper gall[illegible] to say that in the General Reed, moun[illegible] advocate of an active rescue. [illegible] government, and of strict

During the s[illegible] had to encounter the opposition ment, General [illegible] faction, and far more malevolent tary service [illegible] unrelenting malice of disappointed toryism; committe[illegible] fearless and straightforward on his path of is cha[illegible] the avowal of this indomitable resolution:— can[illegible] "While there is a British soldier left in arms in these th[illegible] United States, not all the efforts of party, secret or open, poverty or danger, shall induce me to relinquish the station in which public confidence has placed me, and in which I can best oppose the common enemy. When these dangers are passed away, I care not how soon I fall into the rank of a private citizen, a station better suited to my talents and inclination." The confidence of the people, on which President Reed relied, never forsook him, and having been twice re-elected, his administration closed in the same month in which the surrender of the British army at Yorktown really ended the war of the Revolution. It was then that private life was welcome to General Reed.

It may be added, that at one period of his administration he appears gladly to have availed himself of an occasion to renew his military services in connection with his official station. "Your intention," wrote Washington to him, "of leading your militia, in case they can be brought into the field, is a circumstance honourable to yourself and flattering to me. The example alone would have

ts weight; but, seconded by your knowledge of discipline, abilities, activity and bravery, it cannot fail of happy ...ts. Men are influenced greatly by the conduct of superiors, and particularly so, when they have their ...nce and affections." President Reed once more a soldier's duties, when he took the field in command of the new levies, intended to co-operate in a movement against New York, and remained at the camp, which was at Trenton, until Washington, finding himself ...liged to relinquish the proposed attack, recommended that the Pennsylvania troops return to their homes.

A few months before his death, General Reed was again called to public life, by being elected to Congress, but his health was fast failing. Ten years of public service—official cares and labours—the manifold anxieties of troublous times—and superadded to all these, grief of the deepest and most sacred kind, had been doing their irreparable work upon him, and an early death completed a career of patriotic self-sacrifice—a life of public virtue founded on the only sure basis, private Christian morality. He died on the 5th of March, 1785, at the age of forty-three years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GREATON.

John Greaton, of Massachusetts, commanded one of the regiments despatched to Canada under General Thompson, in April, 1776. He was constantly but not conspicuously engaged during the war. On the 7th of January, 1783, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and he remained with the army until it was discharged.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

In few things was the war of American independence more distinguished than in the variety of talent and of character manifested by those who contributed chiefly to its success. In its civil aspect it was promoted by the power of refined and untutored eloquence, of deep and accurate learning, and of native sagacity, which knew little of human lore; and its military sages were alike only in their steady devotion to the cause of their country. The utmost attainments of European science often met in the council of war with the rude soldier of America, who had been taught by no masters save his own brave heart, and the scenes of a life in the wilderness.

Among the boldest and most successful of the officers whom America may claim as peculiarly her own, was General Daniel Morgan. He was born of Welch parentage, in New Jersey, in the year 1736. We know but little of his early life. His family was of the middling class, by no means so poor as has been represented by most of his biographers, and it had an interest in some lands in Virginia, to attend to which he first visited that colony, when about seventeen years of age. With a fine physical constitution, and a mind full of buoyancy and enterprise, being pleased with the country, he determined to remain there; and investing his stock of money in a pair of horses and a wagon, entered upon some business in which there was reason for supposing he could make them profitable, near the town of Winchester. He continued here many years in the pursuits in which he first engaged, excellently fitted to strengthen the bodily powers and to increase such a love for excitement and hazard as he is known to have possessed in after life.

BRIG. GEN.L D. MORGAN.

Dan Morgan

When General Braddock's army commenced its march against Fort Duquesne, it was accompanied by several corps of provincial troops, and we are not surprised to find Morgan in its ranks. He was now nineteen years of age, and though yet hardly arrived at man's estate, he had attained his full stature and was possessed of great bodily strength. He drove his own team in the baggage train, and while on the route an incident occurred which might well be considered as a disgraceful omen for the British arms. The ruggedness of the way caused much difficulty with the baggage train. When some impediment had stopped a number of teams, a British officer approached Morgan, and with much impatience demanded why he did not go forward. He replied that he would move as soon as he was able. The officer yielded to increasing irritation, and with unmerited harshness declared that if he did not obey his orders he would run him through with his sword. The high spirit of the American could not endure this insult: he gave a fierce reply, and the officer made a pass at him with his weapon. Morgan held in his hand a heavy wagon whip; parrying the stroke with the quickness of thought, he closed with the officer; the sword was broken in the struggle, and then using his whip with the skill which long practice had given him, he inflicted upon the Englishman a most severe castigation. Such a breach of military law was of course not to be forgiven. Morgan was tried by a court-martial which sentenced him to receive five hundred lashes. Preparations were immediately made to carry this sentence into effect, and from good authority we learn that the young victim bore this horrible punishment with unshaken constancy. After receiving four hundred and fifty strokes he fainted from suffering and loss of blood, and the remainder of the sentence was remitted. Three days afterwards the officer who had been the occasion of this barbarity became convinced of his injustice, and seeking Morgan in the camp hospital, he implored

his forgiveness. Thus the brave woodsman was rendered unfit for duty, and was spared the danger and the disgrace of Braddock's battle-field.*

Not long after his return from this unhappy campaign, Morgan was appointed an ensign in the colonial service. His merit had become apparent to the government of his colony, and he had already gained the friendship of Washington, which afterwards availed him on many trying occasions. His known courage and activity caused him to be employed in services from which a more timid soul would have shrunk with alarm. Accompanied by two soldiers he was employed in carrying despatches to a fort on one of the dangerous frontiers of Virginia. While in cautious progress through the forest, suddenly the discharge of rifles was heard, and his two companions fell dead by his side, and he himself received the only severe wound that he ever had during his whole military career: a rifle ball entered the back of his neck, and shattering his jaw passed out through his left cheek. Though he believed himself mortally wounded his presence of mind did not fail. Leaning forward on his saddle he grasped the mane of his horse, and pressing his spurs into his side he darted forward at full speed towards the fort. A single Indian followed him, eager for his scalp, and Morgan in after years often spoke of the appearance of this savage, who ran with his mouth open and his tomahawk raised to strike the fatal blow. But finding his pursuit vain, the savage threw the tomahawk with all his force, hoping it would reach the soldier; but it fell short; the horse with his bleeding rider gained the fort. Morgan was taken from the saddle perfectly insensible, but proper treatment in six months entirely restored him.

* The incident here related must have occurred at some point between Mill's Creek and Fort Duquesne. A tradition, not worthy of credit, points out the tree to which Morgan was bound, near Wytheville in one of the southern counties of Virginia. See Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia, p. 515.

From this time until the commencement of the revolutionary war he remained in Frederick county, employed in his former occupation. In this interval tradition tells us much of his fondness for rude sports, and for the excitement of the gaming table. Pugilistic encounters were his daily pastime, and as his stature was lofty and his muscular system very powerful, he was generally the victor. Few men of his time encountered him without signal defeat. His fist was generally the first and last argument to which he resorted, and if it did not fully convince the reason of those upon whom it was employed, it had a persuasive power which few were disposed to gainsay. So frequent did these conflicts become that the place at which they usually occurred gained the distinctive name of "Battletown," and only within a few years past has it yielded this title for the more peaceful name of Berryville. It is now the county-seat of Clarke, which was cut off from Frederick county in 1836. But though Morgan was generally successful, he has himself informed us of one reverse he encountered, which carries with it a moral too good to be lost. Passing along a road with his wagon, he met a gentleman of refined manners and appearance, riding on the pathway, who as he approached Morgan had his hat struck off by a bough overhead. This stopped him for a time, and Morgan, thinking, doubtless, that the stranger felt undue pride in sustaining the character of a gentleman, determined if possible to humble him. Alighting from his horse he addressed him: "Well, sir, if you want a fight I am ready for you!" The stranger in amazement assured him that he wanted no fight, and had made no signals to such purpose. But Morgan was not to be thus repulsed: he renewed his attempt, and urged a contest upon him until the gentleman became enraged, and in short terms accepted the challenge. The battle commenced, and in brief space the stranger planted such a series of rapid and scientific blows upon Morgan's front

that he knocked him down, and inflicted a most salutary chastisement. Morgan never forgot this reverse, and often spoke of it afterwards as having had a happy effect upon his character.*

With the first alarm of the revolutionary war the gallant wagoner was in motion, and ready to aid his country. Congress appointed him a captain of provincials, and so great was his reputation, that a short time after he proposed for recruits, ninety-six riflemen were enrolled in his company. This was the nucleus of that celebrated rifle corps which rendered so much brilliant service during the war. It was composed of men who had been trained in the forest, and accustomed to use their own weapon until they had acquired wonderful skill. They were hardy in body and dauntless in heart. Among them were a number of German extraction, who were afterwards well known as the "Dutch Mess," and of these Peter Lanck and John Shultz have won for themselves names which merit preservation. Morgan's men were all clad in the cheap but graceful hunting shirt worn by the woodman of that day, and on arriving at the camp of Washington at Cambridge, they were warmly greeted, and received the applause of all for their expeditious march. They well deserved this praise, for in three weeks they had travelled from Frederick county in Virginia, to Cambridge in Massachusetts, a distance of nearly six hundred miles.

For the comforts of a peaceful home, Morgan had now voluntarily accepted a service of unequalled hardship and danger. His industry in Frederick county had enabled him to purchase a fine farm, and his own labour had done much to render it productive. But in the camp of Washington his spirit could not long be kept inactive. The commander-in-chief was contemplating an expedition

* For this incident we are indebted to General J. H. Carson of Frederick county, Virginia, who thinks it entirely authentic.

which in its accomplishment rivalled the most daring enterprises of departed ages. Montgomery was already in Canada where partial success had crowned his arms; but the capture of Quebec was deemed all-important, and to ensure it Washington resolved to send a detachment across the unexplored country between the province of Maine and the St. Lawrence river. To form any idea of the difficulty of the route, it should be remembered that the whole of this region was then covered by gloomy forests, in which even the red man could hardly find subsistence, and that in the winter season the country was bound in ice and snow which only yielded to the heats of a summer's sun. To command the expedition, Colonel Benedict Arnold was selected, and Captain Morgan eagerly sought a service so congenial to his habits and character.

The whole detachment consisted of eleven hundred men, and they were formed into three divisions. After ascending the Kennebec as far as it was navigable, they were compelled to take to the forest roads. Morgan at the head of his riflemen formed the van guard, upon whom devolved the duty of exploring the country, sounding the fords, pioneering for their companions, and seeking out spots where the batteaux might again be employed on the streams. They were then forced to pass through forests where man had never dwelt, to scale rugged mountains, to contend with torrents swollen by the snow storms of that region, to wade through marshes and quagmires which threatened to engulf them. Not only the baggage of the army but often their boats were borne on their shoulders at those places where the rivers were frozen, or where rapids and cataracts prevented their passage. The sufferings of this devoted band could not be exaggerated. No subsistence could be obtained from the country, and to their other trials was soon added the horror of famine. They were driven to feed upon their dogs, and even upon

the leather of their shoes, before they reached the first settlements of the Canadians, and astonished them by their account of an achievement which had theretofore been regarded as beyond human power.

So much patient courage entitled them to success. But reinforcements had been received in Quebec. The garrison was prepared, and Arnold, after making some demonstrations, was induced to retire to Point au Tremble twenty miles above the city, and await the coming of Montgomery. When the two forces were joined, they were yet inadequate to the assault of the strongest fortress in America; but the hero who now commanded the Americans could not bear the thought of retreat. On the last day of the year 1775, in the midst of a furious snow-storm, the memorable attack was made, which resulted in the defeat of the assailants and the death of their illustrious leader. We must follow Morgan through a conflict in which he bore a distinguished part. He was in Arnold's division which attacked the side of the city farthest from the river. As they advanced, Arnold received a musket-ball in the leg, and notwithstanding his own opposition, he was borne from the field. The command now devolved upon Morgan, who rushed to the combat with all the enthusiasm of his nature. It was not yet daybreak, and the snow continued to fall in blinding eddies, but the American riflemen advanced to the very foot of the works. Grapeshot were discharged from the garrison with but little effect; the keen rifles were levelled through the embrasures, and many of the enemy fell beneath their fire. Ladders were planted, and Morgan, in a voice which rose above the din of conflict, called to his men to follow, and immediately mounting, he sprang down among the garrison. He was followed by Cadet Charles Porterfield, and then by his whole corps. The enemy, appalled by such heroism, fell back to the second barrier. Success seemed now certain; and had the attack on the other side

been prosperous, the lower city must have been captured. But the gallant Montgomery had already fallen, and when the riflemen found themselves unsupported, their spirits began naturally to droop. Yet Morgan led them to the second barrier, and urged on a desperate attack. But the snow had now rendered their guns almost useless, and to climb the wall in the face of a double row of bayonets were beyond their power. The garrison, encouraged by accounts from the other side of the city, left the barrier and assaulted them in overwhelming numbers, and after an obstinate resistance, Morgan and his corps were forced to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war.

The English could not be insensible to the merit of the man who by his bravery had so nearly retrieved the fortune of the American arms in this attack. While Morgan was a prisoner, the rank of colonel in the English service was offered to him, and many persuasive reasons were urged why he should accept it. But he always rejected the temptation with scorn, and his conduct in this matter did much to increase the high estimate which Washington already placed upon him. Immediately on being exchanged, he was appointed a colonel by Congress. In the letters of the commander-in-chief recommending this measure, we find a particular notice of Morgan's conduct in the assault upon Quebec, and of his patriotism after his capture. The rifle brigade which was placed under his command consisted of about five hundred men, and it was speedily employed in important service. Washington proved his confidence in Morgan by assigning him posts of danger, and relying upon his judgment for their defence. In one of his letters, dated 13th June, 1777, he directs him to take his stand at Van Vechten's Bridge, and to harass the flank of the enemy whenever he was able. He recommends the use of spears to keep off cavalry, and suggests an Indian dress as one most appro-

priate and formidable. A short time afterwards the corps distinguished itself by driving in the English piquets near Brunswick, and cutting down many of their number before they were compelled to retreat by the advance of the main body.

But when Burgoyne advanced from the north, and the army under Gates prepared to meet him, Washington determined to send Morgan and his brigade to reinforce the northern army. His letter, dated August 16, 1777, speaks of the Indians accompanying the British force as being formidable to our troops, and he declares his intention to send "Colonel Morgan to fight them in their own way."

Burgoyne had now taken the decisive step of crossing the Hudson, and found himself opposed by the army of Gates in front, while a broad river was in his rear, with its farther bank defended by vigilant parties of republicans. His situation became every day more critical. Knowing that safety could only be found in advancing, he offered battle to his enemy. In the first conflict at Stillwater, Morgan and his riflemen distinguished themselves by their vigorous attack upon the Canadians and savages, who were defeated and driven in upon the main army. Though the English have claimed this battle as a victory, because they retained possession of the field, yet it was easy to see who had the real advantage. The royal army sought to advance, and the Americans prevented it: this was all they desired,—it secured the ruin of the enemy. In the subsequent contests upon the plains of Saratoga, Morgan and his corps were constantly in action, and English writers have themselves borne testimony to their efficiency. But after the surrender of Burgoyne took place, Gates neglected to acknowledge the merit of his brave subordinate in his messages to Congress. There is but one satisfactory mode of accounting for this shameful omission. Ambition had urged General Gates to seek the

chief command of the army, and while some were weak enough to countenance his view, Morgan steadily opposed him, and upheld the fame of Washington. This was enough to produce coolness between them, though it seems afterwards to have been forgotten, as we find Morgan willing to serve under Gates in the southern campaign.

In the year 1780, delicate health had induced him to retire from active service, and return to his farm in Frederick county, Virginia. He was already suffering from rheumatism, probably contracted amid the ice and snow of Canada. When we remember his excessive exposure in that memorable expedition, we are prepared for his subsequent sufferings. At times he was so much afflicted that he was incapable of motion, and was compelled to lie in bed until an interval of relief returned. But in his retirement he was remembered by all who had known him. Congress kept their eyes upon him, and offered him the rank of brigadier-general by brevet if he would again take his place in the southern army. Full of love to his country and of enthusiasm in her cause, Morgan again left his home to repair to the field. He did not join the army until after the disastrous battle of Camden, in which the ambitious hopes of Gates were drowned in the blood of his own countrymen. How far the presence of Morgan in the army would have operated to prevent this misfortune we cannot say, but it seems certain that his influence would have been exerted to delay the action. Though he was brave as a lion, and roused to fierce excitement in the hour of battle, yet he was prudent and sagacious, and was never known to hazard a contest in which he did not achieve success.

In December, 1780, General Greene reached the American camp, and assumed command of the southern army. He was attended by General Morgan at the head of a body of Virginia regulars and a few light troops. Greene's object

was to prevent a general engagement in the open field, for which he was ill-prepared. He resolved by prudent means to rouse the spirit of the country, already excited by the cruelty of the English; to suppress the meeting of Tories, and to keep the enemy in check. Having taken post with the main body of his army at Hick's Creek, he sent Morgan to the country bordering on the Pacolet river, that he might organize resistance to the enemy, and make a demonstration against Ninety-Six. Morgan's whole command consisted of not more than six hundred men—three hundred infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, two hundred Virginia riflemen, and about one hundred gallant dragoons under Colonel Washington.

When Cornwallis learned of his movements he despatched his celebrated subordinate, Colonel Tarleton, to oppose him, and if possible to force him into action. The name of Tarleton had become proverbial through the country for his activity, his success, and his harsh measures towards the patriots. He promised himself an easy victory over the wagoner, and the force at his command seemed fully to justify his expectations. He had light and legion infantry, fusileers, three hundred and fifty cavalry, and a fine battalion of the seventy-first regiment, making in all eleven hundred men, besides two field-pieces well served by artillerists. But he had now to encounter a general who had braved the snows of Camden, had scaled the walls of Quebec, and had faced the legions of Burgoyne, and he soon found that his reputation was not unfounded. With consummate prudence Morgan retreated, until he reached the memorable field of Cowpens, near one of the branches of Pacolet river. Here in the face of a superior enemy he determined to make a stand. He communicated his design to his inferior officers, and with ready spirit they prepared the minds of their men for the expected combat. Morgan's arrangement was simple but masterly, and showed a perfect knowledge of the character,

both of his own force and of that of Tarleton. In the open wood, which formed the Cowpens, he established three lines; the first consisted of the militia, under Colonel Pickens, a brave officer who had been recently released from captivity among the English. The next line embraced all the regular infantry and the Virginia riflemen, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The third was formed by Washington's dragoons, and about fifty mounted militia, armed with swords and pistols. Knowing that the militia, though full of courage, were liable to panics, Morgan directed that the first line, if overpowered, should gradually retire and form on the right and left of the second. When Tarleton found his foe drawn up in battle order, he rejoiced in the hope of a speedy victory, and though his troops were somewhat fatigued by a rapid march, he gave orders for a charge. Before his first line was perfectly formed, he placed himself at its head and in person rushed to the onset. Colonel Pickens ordered his men not to fire until their adversaries were within fifty yards, and their fire was delivered with great steadiness and with severe effect. But so impetuous was the British charge that the militia gave way, and falling back attempted to form on the flanks of the second line.

At the head of his legion and fusileers, Tarleton pressed upon the regulars and riflemen, and notwithstanding their stern resistance they were borne down by numbers, and forced to yield their ground. The British regarded their victory as secured, and for a time at least the hearts of the republicans failed. But Morgan was everywhere encouraging his men by his voice and presence. At this moment, when their very success had caused some confusion among the fusileers, Washington at the head of his dragoons made a furious charge, and dashing in among them overthrew them in a moment. His horses passed over the British infantry like a storm, and the swords of his men

hewed them down with resistless sway. In this happy crisis Howard succeeded in restoring the continentals to order, and Pickens rallied the militia and brought them again into line. Morgan gave the word to advance, and with presented bayonets the compact line bore down upon the royalists. Struck with astonishment at finding themselves thus assaulted, by men whom just before they looked upon as defeated, the English troops wavered and then broke in disorder before the charge. In vain their officers endeavoured to rally them for a renewed stand. The spirits of the patriots were roused, and pressing forward with their bayonets they carried every thing before them. Infantry and cavalry were alike broken by their violence. Nearly two hundred of Tarleton's horse retreated in dismay from the field, riding over their comrades and involving them in confusion beyond remedy. The Americans gained the two field-pieces, and Colonel Howard having come up with a large body of infantry and summoned them to surrender, they laid down their arms on the field. The rout of the British was now complete: a more signal victory had never been achieved. Washington and his horse followed the flying foe during several hours, and Tarleton himself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of his determined pursuer.

Such was the brilliant battle of the Cowpens, and beyond doubt the success of the Americans must be largely attributed to the prudent arrangement of General Morgan, and to the presence of his own brave spirit which he had succeeded in infusing into his men. To form some idea of the importance of this victory, we must recall the loss of the enemy and the gain of the republicans. The British lost ten officers and more than one hundred privates killed, two hundred men wounded, twenty-nine officers and above five hundred privates prisoners. The Americans captured two field-pieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and more than

one hundred cavalry horses; and they lost but twelve men killed and sixty wounded.

But great as was the effect of this battle in restoring the confidence of the Americans, it was hardly more important to the future fame of Morgan than his subsequent retreat. When Cornwallis learned of the total defeat of his favourite Tarleton, and of the destruction of his corps, he was deeply mortified, but instead of yielding to despondency he resolved to pursue the victor and wrest the fruits of triumph from his hands. Leaving behind him heavy baggage and every thing that could impede his progress, he pressed on, hoping to overtake his enemy and crush him at a blow ere he could cross the Catawba river. But the sagacious American had anticipated his movements and prepared to counteract his design. Sending his prisoners on before under a strong guard of militia, he manœuvred in the rear with his regulars and riflemen whom he knew he could at any time push to a rapid march. Thus the vanguard and prisoners crossed the Catawba on the 29th of January, and Morgan still retreating before Cornwallis, passed the river in safety on the evening of the same day. Hardly had he crossed, before the English army appeared on the other side, but during the night a tremendous fall of rain took place and so swelled the river that a passage became impracticable. Thus nature herself seemed to come to the aid of liberty; nor was this the only occasion in which she interposed in behalf of the patriot army. General Greene had feared for Morgan's safety, and believing that his own presence in this division of the army would contribute to its success in the retreat yet before it, he left the main body at Hick's Creek under General Huger, directing him to retire as rapidly as possible and form a junction with Morgan's division at Guilford Court-house in North Carolina. When Greene reached the camp of his subordinate on the 31st of January, the two generals immediately entered

into consultation as to the best route for their continued retreat. Morgan thought a road over the mountains the most eligible, as he believed his men accustomed to such localities, and he knew the roughness of the way would oppose many obstacles to a pursuing army. But Greene preferred the lower route, and when Morgan urged his wishes and declared that if the mountain road were not taken he would not be answerable for the consequences, Greene replied, "Neither will you be answerable, for I shall take the measure upon myself." Thus the dispute was ended and the march commenced.

Cornwallis marched rapidly up the Catawba river to cross at McGowan's ford. Had a sufficient force, even of resolute militia, opposed him on the northern bank, it is not probable that his passage would have been effected without severe loss. But the Americans had unhappily taken post too far from the bank. A small number only disputed the point, and the British army forded in safety, though the water was generally up to the middle of their bodies. The American General Davidson was killed in the skirmish and the militia rapidly retreated. Thus Greene was again in danger, and it seems that had he taken the mountain route recommended by Morgan, he might have been overwhelmed by his vigilant enemy. Reaching the banks of the Yadkin, he crossed on the 2d and 3d of February. The passage was made partly in flats and partly by fording, and all the boats were secured on the northern side. Cornwallis was so close on his rear that the light troops of both armies skirmished with each other, and the Virginia riflemen did good service. But in the night rain fell in torrents and the waters of the Yadkin rose suddenly to a height which rendered fording impossible. Again the British general was foiled. The American army was saved from a dangerous encounter, and the patriots, not without reason, ascribed their deliverance to divine intervention.

At Guilford Court-house, the two divisions of the army united, and a few days were allowed for refreshment after the late rapid marching. General Morgan here resigned his command and suggested Colonel Otho Williams as his successor, who was immediately appointed by Greene. It has been thought by many that Morgan's resignation was caused by his dispute with his superior, but we have the best reason to believe that this was not the case. Though firm and proud, he was generous and intelligent, and he could not have failed to perceive that Greene's measures had been prudent, and that the course he himself had preferred would have been highly dangerous. We have a much more satisfactory explanation of his wish for retirement. His old malady, the rheumatism, had returned upon him, and aggravated by his late exposure it had rendered him incapable of exertion. After crossing the Yadkin, it became so violent that he was unable to retain his command, and had he remained with the army it would have been only in the character of an invalid. Under these circumstances it cannot be surprising that he should have sought repose at his home in Virginia. To prove that he remained on terms of friendly intercourse with General Greene, we have a letter from the latter to him, directed to Frederick county, and as it is highly characteristic of both officers, it shall here be inserted. It is dated

"August 26, 1781.

"DEAR MORGAN—Your letter of 24th of June arrived safe at head-quarters; and your compliments to Williams, Washington, and Lee, have been properly distributed. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have had you with me. The people of this country *adore* you. Had you been with me a few weeks past you could have had it in your power to give the world the pleasure of reading a second Cowpens affair . . . . the expedition

ought to have realized us six hundred men, and the chances were more than fifty times as great in our favour as they were at Tarleton's defeat. Great generals are scarce: there are few Morgans to be found. The ladies toast you——"

No American of that day could have been insensible to the merit of the hero of the Cowpens. When a full report of the victory was made to Congress, it passed a vote of thanks to Morgan and his officers, and directed that a gold medal should be prepared for him, with a suitable device and inscription expressive of their sense of his value. The legislature of Virginia voted him a horse, and we have yet among our records the letter of Governor Nelson to Morgan informing him of this vote and urging him to select the best horse he could procure, as their design was to pay him a substantial compliment.

We have reason to believe that he needed at this time such aid as the gratitude of his country could bestow. His farm had been neglected during his absence, and heavy taxes had done much to drink up his profits. His own health was so impaired that he could not give personal attention to his interests, and the fearful depreciation in the colonial paper money left him without resource from this means of supplying his wants. It is at this time that we find him addressing a letter to Governor Jefferson of Virginia, in which, with touching and manly simplicity, he sets forth his difficulties. It is dated from Frederick county, March 13, 1781. He begins by stating that he had learned that some officers had received par value for the paper money they held, and asks whether a similar indulgence may be extended to him. He speaks of his necessities with perfect freedom but without affectation. "My expenses in the army and taxes at home have almost reduced me to poverty, and I fear will soon complete it."

He declares that he had much difficulty in obtaining decent clothes, and that this prevented him from appearing in person at the seat of government. His feeble health is also mentioned, but he says that it was then improving, and he hoped would soon be entirely restored. Yet amid so many causes of depression, we find an unconquerable spirit of patriotism still in full exercise and casting its light even over his darkest hours. His letter concludes with some allusions to the army, and to "his old friend Arnold," with whom he had suffered in the Canada campaign, but who had now become a traitor to his country; and the following closing words may show how deeply Morgan deplored the necessity which kept him from the field. "Nothing this side of heaven would give me greater happiness than to be able to lend my aid at this critical juncture."* It is to such a spirit that we owe our independence. A spirit which, amid sickness, poverty and nakedness, longed with insatiate desire for the very service which had been the occasion of its misfortunes. England contended in vain against a country in whose behalf such men were enlisted.

Morgan's industry and prudence soon retrieved his domestic affairs from the confusion in which they were involved, but his country could not yet dispense with his services. When Cornwallis advanced into Virginia, he again joined the republican army, and General Lafayette bestowed upon him the command of the cavalry in his little force. He retired to his country-seat again after the siege of Yorktown, which virtually ended the revolutionary war. His place was called "Saratoga," from the name of the spot where some of his greenest laurels had been gathered. It was not far from the town of Win-

* The original letter has been examined by the writer, in the office of the secretary of state in Richmond, Virginia. It is believed that it has never appeared in print. The handwriting is irregular but legible, and the few errors in orthography are probably accidental.

chester. Here his time was quietly spent in agricultural pursuits and in the care of his family. While young he had neglected the cultivation of his mind, but in middle life it is certain that he read much and became thoroughly acquainted with such history as might be gained from works in his own language. His letters at this time are well written, and give evidence of a strong and keen mind which neglected trifles and seized at once upon the marked points of his subject.

In 1791, when the war against the western Indians was determined on, Washington was anxious that Morgan should have command of the army to proceed against them: but the pretensions of General St. Clair were so well sustained that the post was assigned to him. The unfortunate result is too well known. St. Clair was defeated with immense loss. Had Morgan been in command, it may be that the errors which caused the disaster would have been avoided, though these errors were not all on the part of the unfortunate commander.

In 1794 the "whiskey insurrection" of Pennsylvania took place, and an armed force was sent under Morgan to suppress it. No actual fighting occurred; but the duty of quelling the insurgents was successfully performed. On returning to Frederick he became a candidate to represent his district in Congress, and after a brief canvass was duly elected. He served two sessions, and though we know little of his career as a law-maker, we may presume that his excellent sense and his practical knowledge made him valuable in his sphere. Feeble health compelled him to retire. He removed to Winchester, and after two years of constantly growing debility, he died on the 6th day of July, 1802. In one of the grave-yards of that town rest the mortal remains of this brave soldier of the Revolution. His monument is a simple slab of marble placed horizontally on a mound raised a few feet from the earth. The inscription deserves a record.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN
Departed this Life, July the 6th, 1802,
In the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age.
Patriotism and Valour were the Prominent Features in his Character,
And the Honourable Service
He rendered to his Country, during the Revolutionary War,
Covered him with Glory,
And will remain, in the Hearts of his Countrymen,
A Perpetual Monument to his Memory.

The widow of General Morgan survived him nearly fourteen years. Soon after his death, she removed to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, where her oldest daughter resided. He left two daughters, both of whom married officers of the Revolution; the eldest married General Presley Neville of Pittsburgh, and the younger Major Heard of New Jersey.

Among the worthies of our glorious age Daniel Morgan must always claim a dignified rank. As a military man he was surpassed by few of his contemporaries. Though impetuous in his disposition, his cool judgment corrected the ardour of his temperament, and it has been remarked that he never risked a blow which was not successful. One who in modern times has contemplated his career with just admiration calls him "The hero of Quebec, of Saratoga, and the Cowpens: the bravest among the brave, and the Ney of the West." But it is not merely as a soldier that he merits our praise. He was of a kind and generous disposition, which ever impelled him to serve the needy and unfortunate. In early life, his habits were wild, perhaps vicious; but as increasing years calmed the heat of youth, he deplored his past excesses, and warned others against them. He was never infected with the spirit of infidelity which so fatally pervaded our military officers during the closing years of the Revolutionary war. He was always a believer in Christianity, and some time before his death its truths affected him so strongly that he

united himself with the Presbyterian church of Winchester, then under the care of the Rev. Dr. Hill. To this minister he often spoke of the history of his past life, and on one occasion he related occurrences which may be described in the words of him who originally recorded them. "People thought that Daniel Morgan never prayed, but they were mistaken. On the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm with his men paraded, for the word to advance, he felt unhappy: the enterprise appeared more than perilous: it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside, and kneeling by a munition of war, he most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence, for nothing but an Almighty arm could protect him. He continued on his knees until the word passed along the line. He fully believed that his safety during that night of peril was from the interposition of God." And of the battle of Cowpens he said, that after "drawing up his army in three lines on the hill-side: contemplating the scene in the distance, the glitter of the enemy, he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear, he kneeled and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself, and for his country. With relieved spirits he returned to the lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled."

Such was the testimony given by a brave man to the value of that reliance upon a divine Protector which constitutes an essential feature in every exalted character. In this respect Daniel Morgan was like the Father of his country, who in the hour of danger was known to appeal often to the God of battles for aid in defending the cause of weakness and freedom against tyranny and power.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

When Louis XIV. of France yielded to the bigotry of spirit which had long possessed him, and recalled the edict of Nantz, suffering and dismay were immediately spread among the Protestant families of his immense kingdom. They were at once deprived of the protection granted to them under the reign of the heroic Henry Quatre, and were exposed to persecution from the papists, who would willingly have seen them exterminated. Harassed even unto death in their own country, thousands of Huguenots left the shores of France and took refuge in England and America. They fled from their homes when they could no longer worship God as their consciences required, and hoped to find in the western continent the freedom which was denied them in the old world. The warm climate and generous soil of South Carolina tempted many of these wanderers to her borders; and the Hugèrs, the Trapiers, the Ravenels, and Prióleaus, still found in her bosom, attest the truly noble origin of many of her families.

Among the Huguenots who left France in 1685, were Gabriel Marion and Louise, his wife, who, after reaching the shores of South Carolina, retired into the country and purchased a small farm on a creek not far from the city of Charleston. Here, peaceful and contented, they lived for many years. Their oldest son was called Gabriel, after his father. He married Charlotte Cordes, and became the farther of seven children, five sons and two daughters. Francis Marion, whose name has since become so justly renowned, was the youngest of this family. He was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, in South Carolina, in 1732—

the same year witnessed the birth of George Washington in Virginia. No admirer of either will attempt to compare these two men. Their spheres of action were different, and each in his own sphere was the friend, almost the saviour of his country. If Washington, at the head of the American armies, was always prudent yet always courageous, often successful and finally triumphant, Marion leading his brigade amid the forests and swamps of Carolina, was the man who in a season of gloom and despondency restored the fortunes of the south, and prepared the way for her ultimate deliverance from British control.

The infancy of the famous partisan promised little of his future distinction. He was so small in body as to excite surprise and serious fears among his relatives, and until his twelfth year he remained feeble in physical constitution. But at this time a change took place. He began to delight in active sports and in exercise which braced his muscles and increased his strength. Even when in the vigour of manhood he was of small stature, but he gradually acquired a body uniting remarkable activity with a hardness and power of endurance possessed by few men of his time.

When about fifteen years of age, he yielded to his natural love of enterprise, and went to sea in a small schooner employed in the West India trade. While on the voyage an accident, supposed to have been the stroke of a whale, tore out a plank from the bottom of the vessel, and notwithstanding the exertions of the crew at the pumps, she leaked so rapidly that she foundered immediately after her people had pushed from her side in the jolly-boat. So sudden was the disaster that they had not saved a particle either of food or water, and were forced to feed upon a small dog which swam to them from the unfortunate bark just before she sank. Upon the ocean and under a burning sun, they remained for six days, suffering tortures of famine and thirst which caused the death of four of the party, ere they were relieved by a

vessel which at length happily hove in sight. But though strong men died the feeble Marion survived, and was restored to his country to serve her in the seasons of danger that were approaching.

He seems to have felt no longer a wish to follow a life of sea service. For thirteen years he cultivated the soil, and during this time he gained the esteem of all who knew him by his unobtrusive virtues. Few advantages of education were afforded to him, and it is probable that the modest attainments to be gained in a grammar school were the best he enjoyed. Yet this is a fact which we may not deplore. America then needed her statesmen and her soldiers, and she found them ready. The first proved that they possessed learning equal to the crisis, and if the latter knew little of Greek and Latin, or of the abstruse sciences, they proved that they had knowledge much more important; they knew how to wield the sword, to suffer and to die in the cause of their country. Marion remained on his farm until the year 1761, when he was first called to enlist in the armies of his state against a dangerous foe.

The Cherokee Indians were numerous and brave. On the frontiers of Carolina they had native settlements, and frequent inroads upon the whites evinced their strength and hostility.

In the campaign of 1760, Colonel Montgomery, at the head of nearly two thousand men composed of provincials and British regulars, had attacked their stronghold in a mountain pass near the town of Etchoee, and after a bloody combat had forced the savages to sue for peace. In this campaign, it is probable that Marion took part as a volunteer, though we have no certain evidence either of his presence or of his deeds. But in 1761 the Cherokees again commenced their incursions, and conducted them with so much treachery and violence, that it was adjudged necessary to strike a blow which should prostrate their

strength, and render them impotent for the future. Twelve hundred regulars under Colonel Grant were soon in the field; and to these were added a few friendly Indians, and a complete regiment of provincial troops under Colonel Middleton. Marion now offered himself as a volunteer to the governor, and so highly was he already esteemed, that his excellency appointed him a lieutenant of the provincial regiment, and gave him a place under the command of the gallant Captain Moultrie. On the 7th of June, the army, consisting of twenty-six hundred men, marched from Fort Prince George against the savages. Taught by past experience, the Indians selected the mountain defile near Etchoee, where they had previously made a stand, and they prepared to defend it with greater obstinacy than before. The pass through the mountain was narrow and dangerous; rugged heights rose abruptly on either side, and forest trees descending even to the path, cast a gloomy shade over the scene, and afforded shelter to the savage enemy. It required a heart of no ordinary firmness to be willing to lead in this attack: but Marion volunteered for the forlorn hope. Already his dauntless courage began to appear, and the foundation was laid for that fame which will endure with the records of America.

At the head of thirty men, he advanced up the hill and entered the defile, every part of which was full of danger. Hardly were they within the gorge before a terrible war-whoop was heard, and a sheet of fire from savage rifles illumined the forest. The discharge was most deadly. Twenty-one men fell to the ground; but Marion was unhurt. The rapid advance of the next detachment saved the survivors, who fell back and united with their companions. The battle now became general; the regulars remained in order and poured continuous volleys of musketry into the wood; the provincials resorted to their rifles, and with unerring aim brought down the Indians as

they appeared on each side of the pass. The contest was close and bloody; the regulars at length resorting to the bayonet and driving the savages before them. From eight o'clock until two, the battle continued; but the whites achieved a signal victory. One hundred and three natives were slain ere they yielded the ground, and left a free passage to Grant and his army.

The Cherokee town of Etchoee was immediately reduced to ashes, and the whites then proceeded to burn their wigwams, and lay waste their country. The fields in which the corn was already tasselled and ripening for harvest, were overrun and utterly ruined. Severity may have been necessary in order to break the spirit of the savages; but we cannot regard such devastation without profound sorrow. On this point Marion presents himself to us in an interesting light, and his own words shall be used to prove that to the courage and the firmness of the soldier, he united the tender feelings of a true philanthropist:—"I saw," he says, "everywhere around, the footsteps of the little Indian children where they had lately played under the shade of this rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and happy fields, where they had so often played. 'Who did this?' they will ask their mothers; 'The white people did it,' the mothers reply; 'the Christians did it.'"*

After this war of devastation, the army returned and was disbanded. They had encountered severe toil and bloody conflict; but their object was accomplished. The Cherokees were effectually subdued, and even in the subsequent war with England they gave the Americans but little annoyance. Marion left his regiment and returned

* Marion's letter in Weems, 25; Simms's Marion, 52.

to the repose of rural life. For some years his pursuits were strictly pacific, and his course was marked by much that was gentle and amiable. His gun was sometimes resorted to for the amusement of an idle hour, and his angling-rod was his companion upon the streams which bordered his plantation. In this interval, those who knew him best, have borne testimony to his mild and unassuming character.

In 1775 commenced the great struggle between the mother-country and her American colonies which was to result in their independence. In this year we find Marion elected, and returned as a member of the provincial Congress of South Carolina from the district of St. John's, Berkeley county. Subjects of high moment were to be considered by this Congress, nor do we find them reluctant in the task. They solemnly pledged the people of this state to the principles of the Revolution, and adopting the American Bill of Rights, they recommended that all persons should subscribe an agreement to import no goods, wares or merchandise from England. Nor did they stop here: under their sanction the public armory at Charleston was broken open, and eight hundred muskets, two hundred cutlasses, cartouches, flints, matches, and other military munitions were withdrawn. A party commissioned by the Congress seized upon the public powder at Hobeau; another party possessed itself of the arms in Cochran's magazine. Committees of safety and correspondence were established through the state, and every preparation was made for the approaching struggle. In these vigorous *parliamentary* proceedings, it is not to be supposed that Marion remained an idle spectator; but as the time drew near when blood was actually to flow in conflict, he could no longer bear the mere duties of a lawmaker. He felt that, with his own hand, he must draw the sword in behalf of his country.

The Assembly having passed a law for raising two

regiments of infantry, and four hundred and fifty horse, Marion applied for military duty, and he was immediately appointed a captain in the second regiment under his former superior, Colonel Moultrie. In company with his devoted friend Captain Peter Horry, he set forth on a recruiting excursion, and notwithstanding the want of money and the dangerous character of the service, they soon raised two fine companies of sixty men each. From the beginning of his career Marion was successful in inspiring his followers with that confidence in their leader which is all-important in the hour of danger. His skill as a drilling officer was conspicuous, and in a short time the raw materials he had collected began to assume a bold and soldier-like aspect, which drew upon them the notice of the superior officers. In the mean time, the enemy was not idle. Lord William Campbell, the English governor, was yet in Charleston, organizing resistance to the provincials; two British ships lay opposite Sullivan's Island; Fort Johnson, on another isle in the outlet, was in possession of the king's troops, and many Tories were gathering in various parts of the state to paralyze the energies of the patriots. The first duty in which Marion engaged was an attack on Fort Johnson. Colonel Moultrie led a strong detachment against it, but on gaining the fort they encountered no resistance. The guns had been dismounted; the garrison withdrawn to the ships; and thus, a gunner and three men only fell into the hands of the Americans.

During some time after this capture, matters affecting Charleston remained undecided. The English governor retired to the fleet, believing that it would be no longer safe to remain among the people he had been sent to rule. Marion was constantly engaged in drilling the men of his regiment, and he was intrusted with several commands, which proved the confidence felt in his ability and faithfulness. Soon after his appointment as major was con-

ferred, Colonel Moultrie with the second regiment was ordered to Sullivan's island, to build the fort which was afterwards to be the scene of one of the most brilliant actions of the revolutionary war. The account of the defence of this fort more properly belongs to the life of the heroic Moultrie, in which it will be found at length. The bombardment took place on the 20th day of June, 1776, and was a total failure. It is related that five thousand pounds of powder were all the garrison possessed at the commencement of the action. This supply was used with the utmost economy, but at length so nearly was it exhausted that long intervals occurred between the discharges from the fort. The English began to hope for victory, but in this crisis Major Marion proceeded with a small party to the schooner Defence, lying in a creek above them, and obtained a supply which was used until five hundred pounds were received from the city. With this the fire was re-opened, and the British fleet being already almost dismantled hastened to draw off to a place of safety. A well preserved tradition has told us of the effect produced by the last shot fired from the American fort. The gun was aimed by Marion himself, and with his own hand the match was applied. The ball entered the cabin windows of the Bristol, (one of the fifty gun ships,) and killed two young officers who had just retired from the bloody scenes of the gun deck to take refreshment below; then ranging forward the same messenger of death passed through the steerage, striking down three seamen on its way, and finally bursting through the forecastle it fell into the sea. There is little reason to doubt the truth of this event, and it might well be considered as ominous of the fatal power of Marion in his subsequent encounters with the English.

The noble defence of Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's island saved Charleston, and secured to South Carolina long exemption from the horrors of war. For three years no military movement of much importance occurred. Gene-

ral Lincoln was in command of the southern army, and contented himself with watching the motions of General Prevost, the British chief, who kept his troops concentrated in or near Savannah. Marion continued with the army, though during this time his active spirit had few opportunities for full exercise. But in September, 1779, the French Count D'Estaing, with a large fleet, appeared off Savannah, and summoned the English garrison to surrender. Had the attack been immediately urged, the capture of the place was almost inevitable, for the defences were so imperfect that resistance would have been madness. But D'Estaing granted the British commander twenty-four hours to consider, and this interval was vigorously employed in completing the fortifications and mounting cannon. When Marion heard of this imprudent delay, he was unable to suppress his amazement. His words have been preserved. "What," he exclaimed, "first allow an enemy to entrench and then fight him! See the destruction brought upon the British at Bunker Hill—yet our troops there were only militia—raw, half-armed clodhoppers, and not a mortar, nor carronade, nor even a swivel —but only their ducking guns!"

The fears of Marion were more than realized. When the American army, under General Lincoln, joined the French, a combined attack upon the works around Savannah was prepared. But the foe was now ready to receive them. Two columns, one of French, the other American, advanced gallantly to the attack. Storms of grape-shot poured upon them as they approached, and after losing nearly half their numbers they were driven back, even from the very foot of the entrenchments. In this contest the Polish hero, Count Pulaski, was slain, and Sergeant Jasper fell, bearing, even to his last and mortal wound, the standard committed to him after the battle at Fort Moultrie. Marion was in the hottest of the fight, but escaped without injury.

The disaster of the Americans before the works of Savannah was soon followed by a more signal misfortune. In February, 1780, a large British armament and military force under the commander in chief, Sir Henry Clinton, invested Charleston and pressed the siege with cautious vigour. Here General Lincoln, with the flower of the southern American army, was surrounded, and after a protracted defence he was forced to surrender the city, and at the same time to give up his troops as prisoners of war. It is with pleasure that we find Marion escaping this unhappy fate, and the event which saved him well merits our notice. In Tradd street in Charleston, he had joined a number of friends at a dinner party, and their host, with the mistaken hospitality but too common in those days, had locked his outer doors in order that not one of his guests might be found sober at one o'clock in the morning. But Marion though convivial in his feelings was temperate in his habits, and to avoid the debauch, he raised a window in the second story and sprang out into the street. The fall fractured his ancle, and so severe was the injury that for several months he was not restored to health. Finding him unable to do duty, General Lincoln included him in the order for removing the impotent from the city, and he was conveyed to his plantation in St. John's parish. Here he remained until he was sufficiently recovered to resume the saddle.

Immediately after the surrender of Charleston, the British commenced that series of sanguinary measures which converted the war in the south into something like a strife of extermination. Marauding parties of dragoons under Tarleton, Wemyss, and other partisan officers, scoured the country and spread devastation on every side. Growing crops were destroyed, houses were burned, fences were torn down, men were hanged or cruelly beaten, women were insulted, and every measure of violence was adopted that was deemed necessary to break the spirit of the

country. The Tories began to triumph, and enticed by a proclamation of Cornwallis, many who had been patriots renounced the cause of their country and accepted protection under the royal standard. This was a season of heavy gloom to the lovers of America. Even the brave Horry was downcast, and expressed his despondency to his friend. But Marion assumed a cheerful aspect, and with remarkable precision pointed out the effect of the British measures. He well knew that kindness only would disarm the country, and though his heart bled for the sufferings that were daily inflicted, yet he rejoiced in their existence, believing them to be the only means of keeping alive the spirit of resistance to English rule. Had the enemy been capable of a humane and generous policy, they might have conciliated the people and perhaps arrayed them in opposition to freedom: but their cruelties acted like severe *medicines*, bitter and ungrateful at the time, but afterwards productive of the happiest results.

Marion and Horry travelled together to meet the northern army under Baron De Kalb. When General Gates joined them and assumed the command, preparations were made for battle, contrary to the advice of the brave De Kalb and to the opinion of Marion, who knew more of the prospect for success than any other man. Again we are compelled to record the overthrow of the patriot army. At Camden the Americans sustained a defeat in some respects more disastrous than any other they ever met, and among their other misfortunes none perhaps was heavier than the death of the hero who had crossed the Atlantic to fight their battles. Over the grave of De Kalb, Washington himself was afterwards heard to utter with a sigh these memorable words, "There lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits." In contemplating these misfortunes it is at least consoling to reflect that

Marion again escaped death or captivity. He was not in the battle, having been sent by General Gates to superintend the destruction of boats on the Santee river, by which course the infatuated American hoped to prevent the escape of Lord Cornwallis and the English army.

All now seemed lost in South Carolina. Charleston was taken and Gates had been totally defeated. Nothing like an organized force opposed the enemy. Their foraging parties swept through the country and insulted the inhabitants without hazard. The hopes of the most sanguine patriots seemed about to expire. Darkness and gloom were on every side. It was at this crisis that the true value of Francis Marion began to appear; and if the man deserves more admiration who struggles against the current of adversity than he who sails with a prosperous wind, we cannot refuse to admire the course now pursued by the partisan of South Carolina.

He obeyed a summons from a few brave men in the neighbourhood of Williamsburg, who after accepting British protection had been required by Cornwallis to take up arms against their country. Outraged by this breach of faith, they threw off the fetters they had assumed, and invited Marion to come and lead them in the warfare they intended to wage against the enemy. About the 12th of August, 1780, four days after the defeat of Gates, he joined the little band at Linch's Creek, and immediately commenced drilling them for service. He now held a commission as general from Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, and the command of that part of the state in which he intended to act was committed to his hands.

Not more than thirty horsemen were at first assembled, but after the arrival of their commander the number increased. "Marion's brigade" was formed, and it was soon renowned throughout the country. Tories feared it and patriots heard of its deeds with delight. To join Marion, to be one of Marion's men, was esteemed the highest privilege to

which a young man could aspire, who wished to serve his country. These troopers were men admirably adapted to the duty they assumed. Active and hardy in body, they were capable of enduring fatigue and exposure without a murmur; they rode well, and accustomed their horses to the privations they themselves encountered. They used the rifle with unerring skill: swords were at first wanting, but they stripped all the saw-mills of the neighbourhood, and the saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into sabres for the men: and we are informed by a contemporary that their rude swords were so efficient that a strong trooper never failed to cut down an adversary at a single blow.

With such a force Marion commenced the forest warfare which was his only hope. It would have been madness to expose himself to a stroke in the open field: the lives of his men were too precious to be hazarded even in equal combat. He took refuge in the swamps and fastnesses known only to himself and his followers, and lying secure when a superior enemy was within a mile of his position, he would sally out in the night or the day, and quick as lightning would strike a blow which never failed to be successful. His enemies were filled with amazement and alarm. No vigilance could guard against his attacks, no persevering efforts could force him to a conflict when the chances of war were against him. At one time he would appear at one point, and after sweeping a troop of Tories before him and securing their munitions, in an incredibly short period, he would strike another point far distant from the first. He succeeded in infusing his own quiet, cautious, but determined spirit into his men, and though many other regiments performed deeds more brilliant, we know no body of men to whom America is more indebted for her liberty than to the brigade of Francis Marion.

Immediately after taking command of his troopers, he

advanced silently upon the squadron of Major Gainey, an English partisan officer of considerable reputation, and before his approach was known the whole party were his prisoners. Emboldened by this success and by the surprise it produced, he next attempted a more important scheme. A party of about ninety British soldiers passed near Nelson's ferry, conducting at least two hundred American prisoners to Charleston. These captives were from the ill-fated field of Camden. Marion and his band passed the ferry about an hour after sunset, and concealing themselves on the other side awaited the approach of the detachment. After crossing, the English sought the first public-house they could find, in which to pass the night, and dreaming not of danger, they spent many hours in drinking and merriment, and finally fell asleep in a spacious arbour in front of the house, leaving drowsy sentinels to guard their slumbers. In a moment Marion was upon them, the sentinels were stricken down and several of the detachment were slain before they knew who were their enemies. Starting from sleep they found themselves invaded by bold troopers, who dashed among them with their horses and with loud shouts called them to surrender. The English asked for quarter, and not until they were disarmed and their prisoners were all released did they discover how insignificant was the enemy who had vanquished them.

This exploit was soon followed by others of an equally daring character. Hearing that a party of Tories under Captain Burfield were assembling on the Pedee river, the American put his men in motion, and after a rapid ride of forty miles came upon the enemy at three o'clock in the morning. So startling was the assault, that the Tories broke and dispersed without firing a single shot! Of forty-nine composing their number, thirty were either killed or fell into the hands of the patriots. From these two parties, Marion obtained a welcome supply of ammuni-

tion, cartouch-boxes, muskets and horses, which enabled him materially to increase his own strength.

The English officers seem to have been greatly astonished at their defeats. While the whole country was apparently in their power, they found an American partisan leading his troops through the very heart of the province, dealing rapid and disabling blows upon his enemies, alarming the Tories and keeping alive the spirit of resistance. They determined to follow him with an overwhelming force, and to crush him at once, but they found his prudence equal to his courage. With more than two hundred British regulars advancing in front and about five hundred Tories in his rear, Marion commenced a retreat which was conducted with consummate skill and success. His practice was to dismiss many of his men to their houses, receiving from each his word of honour that he would return when summoned, and to the credit of these suffering patriots be it known that their promises in this respect were never violated. At the head of a small band, generally of about sixty men, Marion then plunged into the swamps, and concealing each trace of his passage, he could lie concealed until the immediate danger was over. The privation he encountered in this life has been described to us by eye-witnesses, and it may be well here to give the words of Judge James, who when a boy of sixteen years of age dined with Marion in one of his forest saloons:—"The dinner was set before the company by the general's servant, Oscar, partly on a pine log and partly on the ground. It consisted of lean beef without salt, and sweet potatoes. The author had left a small pot of boiled hominy in his camp and requested leave of his host to send for it, and the proposal was gladly acquiesced in. The hominy had salt in it, and proved, though eaten out of the pot, a most acceptable repast. . . . . We had nothing to drink but bad water, and all the company appeared to be rather grave."

That the company should be grave under such circumstances can hardly be surprising, but under a leader like Marion they were not allowed long to indulge in despondency. Finding that the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, he again turned his troops south, and leaving North Carolina advanced cautiously into his own province. Major Wemyss, who had commanded the British regulars, had retired to Georgetown, but a large body of Tories had taken post at Shepherd's Ferry on the Black Mingo river. Against this traitor class of foes Marion was always signally active, for he well knew their influence in depressing the spirit of liberty in the country. About a mile below Shepherd's Ferry, a long bridge of planks crossed the Black Mingo, and this was the only avenue open to Marion. As his troopers entered upon the bridge, the trampling of their horses was so loud as to arouse the enemy, and immediately an alarm gun was heard from their camp. No time was now to be lost: Marion gave the word to charge, and the whole troop passed the bridge at a sweeping gallop. The Tories were there double in number, and they had drawn up their body on a piece of rising ground near the ferry. A heavy fire received the patriots as they advanced, and for a time their leading corps faltered, but when the whole number came into action their onset was irresistible. After losing their commander, the Tories left their ranks and fled in the utmost disorder. Nearly two-thirds of their number were either killed or wounded, and many were made prisoners. Had they not been alarmed by the noise at the bridge, it is probable they would all have fallen into the hands of the Americans. It is said that after this conflict Marion never crossed a bridge at night, without spreading blankets upon it to deaden the sound. He generally preferred to cross at a ford, where there would be no risk of giving a premature alarm.

After giving to his men a season of rest and recreation, among the people of the state who were friendly to their

cause, he called them again to his side and prepared for active proceedings. His vigilant scouts informed him that Colonel Tynes was raising a body of Tories at Tarcote in the forks of Black River, and that he had brought from Charleston a full supply of saddles and bridles, blankets, pistols and broad-swords, powder and ball for his new levies. These articles were precisely what Marion's men wanted, and they were stimulated to unwonted energy by the hope of accomplishing two objects—the defeat of the Tories and the seizure of their munitions. Tynes suspected no danger and used but little precaution. At midnight Marion and his troops approached and found their enemy. Some were asleep, some were lying on the ground in careless conversation, many were at cards, and the very words they uttered were heard by the Americans as they advanced. Instantly the attack was made, and the Tories took to flight, and all who escaped concealed themselves in the swamps bordering on the Black River. Few were killed, but Colonel Tynes and many of his men, together with all the military wealth he had brought out of Charleston, fell into the hands of the victors. Marion did not lose a single man.

In this succession of gallant deeds, the American proved his ability and thoroughly established his reputation. The British generals had hoped that the country might be considered as conquered, but while such a foe was among them they felt that they had little cause for triumph. We have a letter from Cornwallis himself, in which, while doing great injustice to Marion, he yet bears testimony to his success and his influence. He says, "Colonel Marion had so wrought on the minds of the people, partly by the terror of his threats and cruelty of his punishments, and partly by the promise of plunder, that there was scarcely an inhabitant between the Santee and Pedee that was not in arms against us. Some parties had even crossed the Santee, and carried terror to the

gates of Charleston." Those who knew Marion personally, and who have given sketches of his life, have refuted the charge of cruelty here brought against him. He was proverbially mild and humane in his disposition; he often saved the lives of Tories whom his men would have hanged in retaliation for similar outrages inflicted upon the patriots; even though his own nephew, Gabriel Marion, was murdered, while asking for quarter, when afterwards the supposed murderer was shot by one of his troopers, he sternly censured the deed, and would have punished the perpetrator could he have been detected. The charge of cruelty comes with ill grace from Cornwallis, whose memory even now is stained with the blood of hundreds of Americans, who, while in the condition of helpless prisoners, were put to death under his express commands!

Renewed efforts were made to crush this dangerous foe. It is said that Colonel Tarleton left the room to which he had been confined by sickness in Charleston, and placed himself at the head of his dragoons with the firm resolve not to yield the pursuit until he had secured the enemy. Marion watched his course, and adopted his own with ceaseless caution. At the plantation of General Richardson, the English partisan believed his triumph complete. Marion was at a wood-yard within a mile of him; but warned by the flames of the general's house that his pursuer was near, he took to flight, and when Tarleton arrived he was filled with rage on finding that the prize was gone. Through forests and swamps, thorny hedges, and tangled undergrowth, he followed the retreating troops, but never came near enough to strike a blow. At length, on arriving at Benbow's ferry on Black River, Marion determined to make a stand. The ferry was rapid and dangerous, and behind him was Ox Swamp, through which only three passes were practicable. His men were perfectly familiar with the localities, and having thrown up a breastwork of logs, and made other defences,

they prepared their rifles for the English dragoons. Had Tarleton attempted to carry their position, he would, in the language of Judge James, "have exposed his force to such sharp-shooting as he had not yet experienced, and that in a place where he could not have acted with either his artillery or cavalry." But he prudently turned back; he has himself informed us that his retreat was caused by an order brought by express from Cornwallis; but a well-founded suspicion may be indulged, that he had painful doubts as to the results of a conflict under these circumstances. At the risk of violating the rules of good taste, we will give his own words, stated to have been uttered on reaching the borders of Ox Swamp. "Come, boys," he said, "let us go back. We will soon find the *game cock*;* but as for this *swamp fox* the devil himself could not catch him." The devil would certainly have been a very appropriate comrade for Colonel Tarleton in his partisan excursions through the Carolinas.

In addition to the successes of Marion, about this time occurred two battles in which the cause of freedom triumphed. General Sumter, on the banks of Tyger river, defeated a superior force of British troops, killing ninety-two, and wounding one hundred, while only three Americans were slain, and three wounded. But among the latter was Sumter himself, who was long disabled by a severe wound in the breast. At King's Mountain the British under Major Ferguson were totally defeated, and the hopes of America began again to rise. Marion planned an attack upon Georgetown which had long been held by a British garrison; but in consequence of mismanagement on the part of his subordinates, the attempt failed entirely. He now retired to his favourite retreat on Snow's Island, which lay at the point where Lynch's Creek and the Pedee River unite. Here the camp of the partisan was

* General Sumter.

regularly established, and it was a spot admirably suited to his purposes. Running water enclosed it on all sides, and the current of Lynch's Creek was almost always encumbered by drifting logs and timber. Deep swamps formed the borders of the island, and in the cane-brakes great quantities of game and live-stock might generally be found. The middle part was more elevated, and covered with tall forest trees; here Marion established his strong hold, and increased the natural defences of the island by diligent labour. From this retreat he could sally out in any direction, and by sudden strokes astonish the Tories who were gathering in aid of the British power.

While lying at Snow's Island a mutinous spirit was shown by one of his own officers, but it was promptly suppressed by the decision of Marion. Another incident occurred which has often been recounted, and which has been regarded as worthy to furnish the subject for a historical painting. An exchange of prisoners having been agreed upon, a young English officer was sent from Georgetown to complete the arrangement with Marion. On arriving near the camp, he was carefully blindfolded, and was thus conducted into the presence of the American general. When the bandage was removed, he saw before him a scene for which he was not prepared. Lofty trees surrounded him, casting a sombre shade over all objects beneath them: under these were lying in listless groups the men belonging to the renowned partisan brigade. Active forms and limbs, giving promise of great muscular power, were clad in rude costumes which had already seen much service. Rifles and sabres were seen among the trees, and horses were around ready for instantaneous motion. Before him stood Marion himself, small in stature, slight in person, dark and swarthy in complexion, with a quiet aspect but a brilliant and searching eye. Scarcely could the officer believe that this was indeed the great man whose name had spread terror among all the

enemies of liberty in southern America. After the business before them had been properly arranged, the Englishman was about to retire, but Marion pressed him to stay to dinner. The bewildered officer looked round him in vain for table or plates, knives or forks, roast-meats or savoury vegetables; but his suspense was soon to terminate. Sweet potatoes yet smoking from the ashes were placed upon a piece of bark and set before the American general and his guest. This was the dinner, and while the officer pretended to eat, he asked many questions. "Doubtless this is an accidental meal; you live better in general." "No," was the reply, "we often fare much worse." "Then I hope at least you draw noble pay to compensate?" "Not a cent, sir," replied Marion, "not a cent!" Lost in amazement, the messenger returned to Georgetown, and when questioned as to his seriousness, he declared that he had much cause to be serious, "he had seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, and all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?" In this rude scene might be found one of the most glorious triumphs of the American Revolution. It is said that this young officer resigned his commission, and never afterwards served during the war.

When early in the year 1781 General Greene assumed the command of the southern army, the cause of America began to wear a more cheering aspect. Greene's high opinion of Marion induced him to open a correspondence with him, and to send to his aid the celebrated legion under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee. This distinguished officer rendered service during the continuance of the war, which entitles him to lasting gratitude; and after its close, he did much to preserve its interest in his well-known "Memoirs" which have long been read and admired. On joining Marion, the two officers planned an attack upon Georgetown, but they

and Lee were successful, but not until they had been compelled to burn the house of Mrs. Motte, for which purpose that patriot lady herself furnished a bow and quiver of arrows. From this time, until the close of hostilities in Carolina, Marion was ever active in his partisan duties. He defeated Major Frazier at Parker's ferry, and joined the army of Greene in time to partake of the pleasures of battle at Eutaw Springs.

After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, hostilities languished, and it became evident to all parties that the war could not long endure. While with his brigade at Watboo, Marion was informed that a small party of British troops were near, and that a blow might be struck which would probably be successful, as the enemy were now in the hurry of preparation to depart from the country. But he was as humane as he was brave, and knowing that now the crisis was passed and that independence was gained, he refused to shed blood, which would have ministered only to his personal ambition. In a short time he bade adieu to his brigade and returned to his plantation in St. John's parish. Here he found all of his interests in a state of waste and confusion. His fields had been overrun—his fences destroyed—his horses taken away, and most of his negroes carried off by the English. But with steadiness he commenced reform, and in a short time he restored his affairs to order.

We find him again taking his place in the Senate of South Carolina as the member from St. John's. The "Confiscation act" at first received his sanction. It passed originally in January, 1782, and devoted the property of Tories to meet the public wants. But when peace was fully restored, Marion could no longer approve of this policy, and his voice was raised against it with such effect that it could not long be preserved. We have at this time an incident illustrating the lofty independence of character which distinguished him. A bill was introduced exempt-

ing from legal responsibility many American officers and soldiers, who had been active partisans and who had often been compelled to use private property in securing their ends. The name of Marion was included, but when it was announced he rose, and with a brow flushed with generous shame he insisted that his name should be stricken off. "If," he said, "I have given any occasion for complaint, I am ready to answer in property and person. If I have wronged any man, I am willing to make him restitution." It is not wonderful that such a man should have been honoured by all who knew him.

On the 26th of February, 1783, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Senate of South Carolina:—"Resolved, That the thanks of this House be given to Brigadier-General Marion in his place, as a member of this House, for his eminent and conspicuous services to his country. Resolved, That a gold medal be given to Brigadier-General Marion, as a mark of public approbation for his great, glorious, and meritorious conduct."

In 1784, it was judged expedient by the legislature to fortify anew Fort Johnson in Charleston harbour, and Marion was appointed to its command, with a salary of five hundred pounds. The duties were almost nominal, and it is probable that the salary was intended rather to pay a past debt of gratitude than to compensate for present services. It was afterwards considerably reduced, and the brave soldier of the Revolution might have suffered want, but for an unexpected change in the even tenor of his way. Among his acquaintances was Miss Mary Videau, a maiden lady of the Huguenot descent, of considerable wealth and of most estimable character. She admired Marion so much that her feelings for him assumed a more tender character, and when their friends discovered this, it was not long ere they secured an interchange of views on the subject. When they were united

in marriage, Marion was more than fifty years of age, and we have reason to believe that the lady was not much his junior. They were not blessed with children, but they lived together in tranquil content. She was always his companion in his excursions through the country, and tradition has preserved many proofs of the mutual affection they cherished for each other, even to the end of life.

Thus peaceful and happy were the closing years of a career which had once been one of excitement and bloody conflict. On the 27th day of February, 1795, at his home in St. John's parish, Francis Marion breathed his last. He had reached his sixty-third year. In the hour of death he was composed, and was comforted by the hope of future happiness. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "I can lay my hand on my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any."

In the life of this brave man we see disclosed the true secret of American independence. We do not find in his course those exploits which dazzle the eyes of the soul, and fill us with admiration even for a polluted character; but we find patient courage, firmness in danger, resolution in adversity, hardy endurance amid suffering and want. In hunger and nakedness and toil, he lived, and seemed to live, only that liberty might not die. While the names of many of the greatest conquerors shall be remembered only to serve as beacons to posterity, the name of Marion will grow dearer to every patriot with each succeeding age of the land that has had the privilege of giving him birth.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

It would be absurd to doubt or to deny that, in the first blush of the American Revolution, the colonies were greatly indebted to the military men of foreign birth, who volunteered in defence of their liberties. The colonial feeling of habitual dependence, from which our nation is scarcely free, even at the present moment, needed, at that time, all the encouragement and sympathies of those who brought with them the benefits of a European training. They brought experience and boldness to the infant councils of the states, enforced discipline, taught the drill and manœuvre to their troops, and, to the courage and spirit of the people, which they were free to recognise, contributed, in great degree, the all-important possessions of military art and science. These, certainly, were large advantages resulting from the presence and the help of foreigners; and no history of the United States can possibly do justice to the first progresses of the nation, should it forbear to acknowledge these, and other benefits, which we owe to the brave men and patriots of distant countries. But these benefits had their qualifying circumstances also; and if the foreign officer served us well in these, he somewhat disparaged the fortunes of the nation, in other respects. He was but too frequently disposed to exaggerate his own claims, and to deny those of the native—to overlook the real merits of the latter, in the consideration of his inexperience only—to assert arrogantly a position in relation to the people whom he came to serve, which had never been accorded him by those whom he had left; and, in just the same degree, to exhibit an offensive impatience

of the claims and arguments of the native, whenever they failed, in all respects, to coincide with his own. Flattered into overweening self-forgetfulness by the facility with which, in the want of confidence in their own resources, the colonists yielded to his pretensions, he was but too frequently quite as forgetful of the genius and the endowments of the people, whose independence was the avowed purpose of his mission; and we find him, not unfrequently, arraying himself in the ranks of a party, as assiduous for the overthrow of the most trusted leaders of the Revolution, as were the avowed friends and partisans of British government. It does not so much matter that he himself did not contemplate any such evil influence or object, if we find him, in the pursuit of selfish purposes, inevitably working to such results. It is always sufficient to disparage the merits of the service, if we find it qualified by a self-esteem which insists upon being the exclusive authority in deciding upon its direction; if, professing to serve, the patriot seeks only to sway, and if, insisting tenaciously upon these pretensions, the party conferring the alleged service, betrays a reckless determination to press his own *modus operandi* in spite of every circumstance. Among the distinguished foreigners who volunteered in the cause of American independence, and to whom public opinion is disposed to ascribe some of the objectionable characteristics in this catalogue, is the person to whose career we devote this brief biography.

Charles Lee, a native of England, was the youngest son of General John Lee, of Dunhall, in Cheshire. His mother was Isabella, the second daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, of Stanney, in the same county. He was born in 1731. Destined from childhood to the profession of arms, having received a commission when but eleven years old, his education, we may suppose, was designed with reference to his future career. But of its character and kind we have few means to determine. He enjoyed

the benefits of the grammar school of Bury St. Edmonds, and, subsequently, of a similar school in Switzerland. It is highly probable that his knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, and his thorough acquaintance with the French, were due to other and superior sources. Besides this knowledge, he possessed such an acquaintance with the Spanish, German, and Italian languages, as met the several exigencies of his various and wandering life. To his wandering habits, indeed, the acquisition of these languages may properly be ascribed; they, at least, may have furnished the motive, in part, as they certainly furnished one of the facilities for its indulgence, and probably tended to lessen the strictness and method of that domestic training, the deficiencies of which are very clearly exemplified by his life, and which were much more important to his genius than any of his acquisitions.

As Lee approached manhood, he dedicated himself to the study of his profession. His writings, to say nothing of his career, leave us in no doubt that he had acquired a very thorough knowledge of what was known in that day as the science of war. He speculated upon its principles with the boldness natural to his temperament, and with the ease and freedom of one who had grappled with the matter *con amore*. At the age of twenty-four, we find him at the head of a company of grenadiers. His first experience in arms was to be gained on the American frontier. In June, 1758, he was ordered to New York, with a part of the armament with which the British ministry designed the conquest of Louisburg, then in the possession of the French, and considered the Gibraltar of the New World. Conciliating the Mohawk Indians, while stationed at Schenectady, Lee became a favourite among them; and was graciously received, by adoption, into the Bear family or tribe, under the appropriate name of Ounewaterika, which, in the Indian dialect, is said to signify "boiling water," or "the spirit that never sleeps." The mental

and physical nature of Lee was, perhaps, never better characterized than by this descriptive title accorded him by his copper-coloured associates. His was, indeed, a boiling and restless spirit; which might, fortunately for himself, have acquired its most valuable lessons of patience and self-subjection from his Indian friends, and in those councils in which, by this act of adoption, he was soon permitted to deliberate and smoke. But he was not suffered much time for this. From Schenectady he proceeded with the army, which was collected by the 1st of July, 1758, at Fort William Henry. The assault upon Ticonderoga followed, in which the English were defeated with heavy loss; according to Lee, in consequence of the incompetence of their commander. Lee distinguished himself in the action, and was severely wounded. He led the assault upon one of the breastworks, rushing forward gallantly at the head of his grenadiers, and striving to penetrate or pass the barriers, at the cost of several of his ribs, which were shattered in the struggle. Removed, with other wounded officers, to Albany, he remained there until his hurts were healed. He was then transferred to Long Island, where he remained in a state of inactivity, from which no one could suffer more severely than himself. To be inactive, indeed, with such a spirit, was impossible. We find him, accordingly, engaged in adventures, in which his temper was much more manifest than his prudence. Libelled by "a little cowardly surgeon," Lee subjected the offender to a severe personal chastisement. The victim sought to revenge himself by the practice of the assassin. Placing himself in ambush upon a road which he knew that Lee would pass, he suddenly clapped a pistol to his breast, with one hand, while, with the other, he caught the bridle of his horse. Fortunately for Lee, the swerving of the steed at this sudden interruption, at the moment when the assassin drew his trigger, baffled his aim, and saved the life of the rider, who escaped the

bullet with a slight contusion only. A second pistol which the assassin presented, after the failure of the first, was stricken from his hand before he could use it, by one of Lee's companions. The culprit was expelled the army.

Preparations for a renewal of the war being now complete, Lee's regiment was ordered to proceed against the French garrison at Niagara. This place was invested by a force of three thousand British and Indian troops. After a siege of nineteen days, and a sharp action with a considerable body of French and red men, who were approaching to the relief of the garrison, the place capitulated. Lee again distinguished himself by his audacity and courage. He had more than one narrow escape. In the affair with the force that sought to relieve the fortress, two bullets traversed his hair, but without raising the skin upon his forehead. Despatched, after this success, with a small party of fourteen men, upon a scouting expedition, in order to ascertain the route taken, and the actual condition of that portion of the French army which had escaped from the battle, Lee was the first captain of English troops that ever crossed Lake Erie. He proceeded to Presque Isle, and thence by way of Venango, down the western branch of the Ohio to Fort Du Quesne. Leaving this place, after a march of seven hundred miles, he joined General Amherst at Crown Point, and was then sent on another march, equally wild and tedious, to Oswego. This duty performed, he was ordered to Philadelphia, where he remained throughout the winter, on the recruiting service. The campaign of 1760 found his regiment on its way down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The surrender of this city and garrison completed the British conquest of Canada, and all active military employment ceasing for a while, Lee soon afterwards returned to England. In his American campaigns he had done justice to the parental choice of profession. He had shown skill and spirit in all the

actions in which he had been engaged; and equal intelligence and hardihood in those services which implied other virtues than those of simple courage. His progresses and performances confirmed the expectations of his friends, and satisfied all persons of his possession of large native endowments as a military man.

In returning to England he did not retire into idleness. Exchanging the sword for the pen, with that ready facility which belonged to his impulsive character, he engaged warmly in the controversies which followed the British conquests in America, and in the question of what was to be done with them. It was a much more difficult question in that day than in ours, the uses or disposition of a conquered territory, for which the condition of the world offered no immediate means of population. Lee had the merit, with some of the wise persons of the period, of looking beyond the immediate necessities of the time. He is supposed to have written the tract entitled "Considerations on the importance of Canada, and the Bay and River of St. Lawrence," in which, agreeing with Franklin, he urged the policy upon the British of retaining possession of Canada, a suggestion of the highest importance at a moment when the terms proper for a treaty with the French, furnished the grave subject under discussion. Lee is also thought to have written "A Letter to an Honourable Brigadier-General, Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's forces in Canada"—an assault of particular pungency upon General Townshend, who succeeded to the command of the British army, after the death of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, and whose despatches were thought to have forborne the proper tribute of acknowledgment to the great merits of his predecessor. This publication, assuming that it was written by Lee, is supposed to have been the cause of his failure to find favour with the ministry, some of whose friends were severely handled in its pages. Meanwhile, however, his services in America were ac-

knowledged. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was soon induced to lay aside the pen and assume the sword in foreign service. As the ally of Portugal, Great Britain was required to assist that nation against a threatened invasion of the Spaniards. Eight thousand English troops were accordingly sent to the aid of the Count de la Lippe, to whom the command of the allied forces was confided. Lee's regiment, in this new service, was under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Burgoyne. The campaign was one of great activity, constant marchings and manœuvrings, and frequent skirmishes and conflicts. In all of these Lee showed himself alert and ready, and acquitted himself honourably. In one affair, especially, he acquired great applause. Stationed on the south bank of the Tagus, opposite to the old Moorish castle of Villa Velha, the British division, under Burgoyne, maintained a vigilant watch upon the movements of the Spaniards, by whom the castle, the village, and the surrounding heights were occupied. Discovering, on one occasion, that the usually large force of the Spaniards had been greatly lessened, in consequence of the disposition elsewhere of a large detachment, Burgoyne conceived the design of making an attempt upon the force which still occupied the Spanish encampments. The execution of this purpose was confided to Lee. Crossing the river, with considerable difficulty, in the night time, with a detachment of infantry and cavalry, he continued his march through intricate mountain passes, and succeeded, undiscovered, in gaining the rear of the enemy. His desperate charge, about two o'clock in the morning, upon the encampment of the Spaniards, was totally unexpected, and found them totally unprepared. Though surprised, the Spaniards fought with the thorough stubbornness natural to their nation. The conflict was a sharp and wild one. The grenadiers of Lee plied the bayonet with terrible industry, while his dragoons followed up with the keen

instinct of hounds, the scattered fugitives who sought to fly. The strife was not more severe than short. Horse and foot of the Spaniards were dispersed or stricken down. Before day had dawned the victory was won. The victors did their work perfectly; the post was broken up, the troops scattered, captured, or slain; a brigadier and several other officers of the enemy lay dead upon the field; their magazines were destroyed; their cannon spiked; while a large booty, mules, horses, baggage, and equipments, rewarded the enterprise and valour of the assailants. Lord Loudon described it to the British ministry as "a very gallant action." "So brilliant a stroke speaks for itself," was the eulogium of the Count de la Lippe, who was ever after the friend and correspondent of Lee. He bore with him from this campaign, as brilliant testimonials as rewarded any of its captains.

Lee was not inactive on his return to England. He had already shown a large interest in the affairs of the American colonies, and an equal acquaintance with their facts and politics. To this knowledge he gave a practical character, by proposing to the ministry the establishment of two new colonies, one on the Ohio, and the other on the Illinois. But these projects were not entertained. His pen was not discouraged by the failure, though he directed it to other topics. He disapproved the plans of ministers for prosecuting the Indian war; and when the doctrine was broached, which imposed upon the American colonies the expense of protecting Canada, he did not hesitate to attack the mischievous suggestion with his wonted boldness. In elaborate and well conceived argument, supported equally by history and philosophy, he gave a sufficiently decided indication of the tendency of his own sentiments and sympathies, in that issue which was rapidly approaching. He soon became an habitual politician, suffering no question of public importance to escape him, and plunging as eagerly into the sea of controversy as he

had ever done into that of strife, and with quite as much success and boldness. His opinions were always fearlessly conceived, and as fearlessly expressed as entertained. In their liberality they would do no discredit to the recognised republicanism of the present era.

But even political controversy failed to suffice for the nervous energies of such a temperament. His military ardour was excited by the distractions of Poland, and by the presence of the Turk in force upon the borders of Moldavia. We find him, accordingly, upon his way through Holland, Brunswick, and Prussia, marking his progress by his correspondence; and, finally, at the court of Stanislaus, the king of Poland. Here, warmly welcomed by the king and his nobility, he was soon honoured by the former with an appointment in his staff. But the military anticipations of our adventurer were not realized by this appointment, which was one of compliment rather than exercise. He sought not honours, but employment. The Poles were not prepared at this time to encounter the vast and watchful power of the Russians, nor was Stanislaus Poniatowski the prince to bring into profitable activity the sentiment of patriotism, which he too, in some degree, shared with the people whose liberties he was yet employed to overthrow. Lee soon became dissatisfied with the apathy and inactivity which every where prevailed around him, and readily accepted a proposal of the king to accompany his ambassador to Constantinople. His restless temperament made change always desirable, and he set forth with alacrity on a mission, the hardships of which, even if anticipated, would scarcely have discouraged his passion for adventure. Reaching the frontiers of Turkey, he became impatient of the slow progress of the embassage, and changed his company for that of an escort which guarded a certain treasure destined as tribute for the grand signior, then on its way from Moldavia. In this progress, our volunteer narrowly escaped a double death from cold

and starvation, among the mountains of Bulgaria. It was a miracle that he reached Constantinople, where he at length arrived, after many hardships, and almost overcome by cold and exhaustion. At Constantinople he remained several months, examining, we may suppose, with his usual eagerness, into all that was curious or instructive in the manners and habits of the people. In this period he was permitted another escape from death, in consequence of an earthquake which tumbled his dwelling in ruins about his ears. After this he returned to Poland, and in December, 1766, we find him again in England, where he sought promotion, though without success, at the hands of his own sovereign, to whom he brought a letter of recommendation from his Polish majesty. The neglect of the British king and his ministers, was probably due to some former indiscretions of our hero; to his liberal sentiments, perhaps, or to the severity of his strictures upon persons in authority. Lee did not forgive this treatment, and we may, in some degree, ascribe to his feelings on the subject, something of that very decided course which he took against the crown in the subsequent struggle with the colonies. The stamp act had been passed and repealed while he had been a wanderer in Poland; and the colonies had been growing warm with unusual fires, while he had been freezing in the solitudes of Bulgaria. Lee was the person, above all others, by his eager mercurial temperament, and impetuous industry, to recover lost ground, and put himself in the van of progress. He soon imbued himself with the history of English and American politics, during the period of his absence. His letters to Stanislaus and others, show with what rapidity he overcame space and time. They betray the exultation of his spirit at that which the Americans had displayed. "If another attack of the same nature should be made upon them," is the language of one of his letters to the king of Poland, "by a wicked, blundering minister, I will venture to prophesy

that this country will be shaken to its foundations, in its wealth, credit, naval force, and interior population." But the fruits in America were not yet ripe. Those in Poland were supposed to be so. Lee was one of those who was always impatient of seed-time and harvest. In 1768 he hurried once more to Poland, where such events were in progress as his liberal spirit most ardently desired. The frontiers of that devoted country were overrun by armed parties of the confederates. But the blow for Polish freedom was deferred to a more auspicious season. Lee was again doomed to disappointment. But there was employment to be had. The Turk, the enemy of progress, as well as Christendom, was in the field, ravaging Moldavia: a formidable enemy, and then one of the first powers in the world. Lee volunteered against this foe. "I am to have," says he, in a letter from Vienna, "a command of Cossacks and Wallacks, (Wallachians,) a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in the line; one might as well be a churchwarden." It was the monotony and lack of enterprise, in the one service, that prompted this expression of disgust. His object was practice in his profession, apart from any political preference or sentiment. The Russian service, odious in a conflict with Poland, was yet legitimate and desirable as against the Turks. Lee reached Warsaw early in the spring of 1769. Honoured by the king of Poland with the rank of major-general, he overtook the army in Moldavia, reaching it in season to take part in a very severe action between the hostile forces. Attacked by fifty thousand Turkish cavalry, while passing through a difficult ravine, the left wing of the Russians, consisting chiefly of Cossacks and hussars, was driven back in confusion upon the infantry. Rallied and reformed, after a fierce conflict, they were barely able to keep their ground till reinforced by the second line. The struggle was renewed with superior fierceness, and, though the Russians succeeded in

obtaining better ground for operations, the whole column was more than once in the extremest peril. The assaults of the Turkish cavalry—a splendid body of troops, in which the chief strength of the Moslems lay—upon the oblong squares into which the Russian troops were thrown, were equally terrible and incessant. The Russians were only too fortunate in being able to effect their retreat from a position, into which, thrown by rashness and incompetency, nothing but the tenacious stability and courage of their character, could possibly have kept them safe. It does not need that we should farther describe the events of this campaign, particularly as we have no means for individualizing the performances of our hero. It is sufficient to know that his conduct was approved of. No doubt, what he beheld contributed to his military acquisitions, which were the chief object of his adventure; but rather, it would seem, by the blunders than by the address and intelligence of those with whom he found himself associated. His opinions of the skill and genius of the generals in command were exceedingly scornful and contemptuous. But his term of service, much against his will, ended with the campaign in question. Rheumatism and a slow fever, brought on by bad diet and great exposure, rendered it necessary that he should leave the army, and seek a milder climate. In crossing the Carpathian mountains, in order to try the waters of Buda, he fell dangerously ill, and, in a miserable village of Hungary, his attendants despaired of his life. The strength of his constitution saved him; and, after numerous vicissitudes and toils, we find him, in May, 1770, at Florence, in Italy. He remained in Italy during this summer, relieving the monotony of the season by a duel with a foreign officer, in which, while he killed his adversary, he himself lost two of his fingers. Before the close of the year, he was again in England.

In England it was just as natural that he should rush

into politics, as in Moldavia that he should seek to do battle with the Turks. He now employed himself in frequent assaults upon ministers, who, at that period, it must be confessed, enjoyed a happy facility in provoking the hostilities of the wise and liberal. His essays were not simply partisan. They aimed at something more; and always breathed the most liberal sentiments, and taught the doctrines of a proper republicanism. He aimed always at the highest game, and engaged fearlessly with several opponents of the greatest distinction. He had his sneer for Burke, and his sarcasm for Hume. His ironical letter to the latter is full of wit and spirit. Wit, indeed, was one of his most formidable weapons. It tipped with a subtle poison the shafts which he discharged with an athletic and skilful hand. His admirers, however, are not satisfied that he should enjoy the reputation of an occasional writer only—the guerilla who, when his shaft is spent, disappears from the field of action. These unquestionable, though occasional, proofs of his ability as a writer and thinker do not conclude the claims which they assert for him as an author. They assert for him more enduring laurels. They claim for him the authorship of the famous letters of Junius; and, in spite of some obvious difficulties, which have not fully been overcome, they make out a very plausible case in support of the claim. Lee himself is said, on one occasion, inadvertently to have confessed the authorship. His style, ordinarily, is not that of Junius, being much more free and familiar; and, though quite as epigrammatic, yet less stately and ambitious. His variety and impetuosity would seem to militate against the imputation. He had the same powers of sarcasm, and, we should think, all the adequate knowledge and learning. The sentiments of Junius are not dissimilar to those notoriously entertained by Lee. Parallel passages from his writings, in support of the comparison, have been numerously made, to give countenance to the claim; and,

to the ingenious speculator, a thousand reasons might be given, quite as good, in all probability, as those which sustain the pretensions of any other person, to show that Charles Lee and Junius were the same. Still, we are not satisfied; and such will be the answer of all other readers. The question must be left where we find it. It is one of those questions which can only be adjusted by a direct revelation from the dead. The case made for Lee is a plausible one, embarrassed, however, by some seeming impossibilities.

In 1773 he resolved upon a tour through the American colonies. He arrived in New York on the 10th November of that year, and soon traversed Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, seeking chiefly, and in all quarters, the society of the politicians. In the summer of 1774 he went through the middle and eastern colonies, and returned to Philadelphia in season to be present at the first session of the continental Congress. In these progresses, and while in Philadelphia, he succeeded in making himself favourably known to all persons of distinction. His reputation had preceded him, and created an interest in his behalf; his eccentricities attracted curiosity, while his wit, great resources of thought and observation, and his patriotic and liberal sentiments, secured respect, and frequently compelled admiration. He made a very decided impression upon the American leaders, who were delighted with the acquisition to their cause of a person of such unquestionable worth and talent. He thus prepared the way for the ready and high acknowledgment which they made in favour of his claims, at the very first blush of the Revolution. From this moment, his pen and tongue became equally and constantly active in the cause of the colonies, which he espoused with equal ability and ardour. Our space will not suffer us to detail, at greater length, his services at this period. Enough that they were of importance to the movement which followed. No

native American could have shown a greater zeal, and of a character more perfectly disinterested. It is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that Lee should have gained so greatly upon the favour of the provincials; or that they should be prepared, the moment that the crisis came, to confide to him the second military appointment in the nation. He had completely identified himself with their cause and feelings; and the purchase of a valuable estate in Virginia, and the declaration of his purpose to reside upon it, seemed conclusively to unite his hopes and destinies with those of the country.

The memorable conflicts at Lexington and Concord, which precipitated the crisis in American affairs, determined the future career of Lee. He was appointed, on the 17th June, 1775, the second major-general in the continental army, Washington being the generalissimo. That Lee had really indulged the hope of being first in command, is not improbable. He had all the ambition requisite for such a hope; and there were many persons in the country who shared it with him, and encouraged him in the belief that it would certainly be realized. Brilliant, however, as were his talents, and proper as were his political principles, it is the great good fortune of America that its infant liberties were confided to wiser and stronger hands, and to a spirit more calm and equable. The erratic spirit of Lee, achieving startlingly and wondrously, as a general of brigade, would, as the commander-in-chief, have probably wrecked the fortunes of the nation. If disappointed at the preference shown to another, Lee was prudent enough to suppress every feeling of discontent. He cheerfully accepted the commission tendered him by Congress; but, before doing so, resigned that which he had still held in the British service. He made considerable personal and pecuniary sacrifices by the change. His fortune was ample; his income a trifle less than a thousand pounds per annum. By periling his entire interests upon

the cause of American liberty, he proved the integrity of his principles, and the purity of his professions. Congress, it is true, by a secret article, voluntarily pledged themselves to indemnify him for all losses which he might sustain; but who was to guaranty the Congress? Their capacity to secure Lee against loss, lay wholly in the issue of that doubtful struggle, which the wisest and boldest patriotism still beheld in apprehension and with misgiving.

Lee accompanied Washington to headquarters, then at Cambridge. It was while upon their route that they heard of the battle of Bunker Hill. At Cambridge, for a while, the two generals occupied the same dwelling. In the arrangement of the army, Lee took command of the left wing. Here his capacity and activity were soon and equally made manifest. With no opportunity for brilliant services, he was content to be simply useful; and cheerfully seized upon every chance which could enable him to improve his command, or promote the progress of the cause. Detached on service in Rhode Island, he was at once zealous and efficient; and, while some of his performances were thought of doubtful, and even hurtful policy, no question was entertained of the general propriety and becoming spirit of his conduct. New York, threatened by the British fleet, Lee earnestly solicited from Washington that its defence might be confided to him. He obtained his wishes. His approach, preceded by a report of his desperate resolution, greatly alarmed the good people of Manhattan for their safety. They trembled lest any show of defence might provoke the enemy to fire the town. The authorities wrote to Lee, deprecating all military demonstrations. He laughed at their apprehensions. "If," said he, "the ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly, that, if they make a pretext of my presence to fire upon the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of

some of their best friends." Such was his answer. It contained a quiet hint for the loyalists, for whom the writer entertained a most bitter aversion.

Lee's arrival in New York was the signal for active preparations. He lost no time in putting the city in the best posture for defence. The captains of the British vessels of war threatened fiercely; but he coolly defied their threats. The committee of Congress failed to supply him with the adequate force and *materiel* which had been promised him. He persevered as earnestly as if nothing had been withheld. We can only speak in general terms of his preparations. Among other of his proceedings, he laid strong hands upon the tories. Where they refused the oath of allegiance, he took their persons into custody, and confiscated their arms to the use of the country. He was not the man for half measures in moments of perilous necessity.

It was while Lee was thus engaged that the fall of Montgomery before Quebec suggested to Congress the propriety of employing him as the successor of that greatly regretted captain; but this purpose was soon set aside, in order to meet a more immediate exigency. The British, preparing a descent upon the south, Lee was summarily despatched to take command in that department. He yielded the charge of New York to Lord Stirling, after affording an excellent example of vigilance, good sense, and spirit, in confronting, with equal decision and intelligence, the hostility of the enemy, and the apprehensions of the local authorities. Lee left his command in New York on the 6th March, 1776, and, after a brief delay in Philadelphia, where he received the instructions of Congress, he proceeded on his route into Virginia. Here he found employment for a brief period; and was, indeed, compelled to linger, since it was still uncertain upon which of the southern colonies the attempts of the British would be made. Lord Dunmore, with a considerable fleet of

small vessels was even then in possession of the waters of Virginia, ravaging the shores at pleasure, assessing the towns and settlements, levying contributions where he could, and bringing apprehension and terror every where. Lee's presence and counsels were of great advantage to the militia, who needed nothing but the experience of a practised soldier to apply their patriotism and courage effectually to the preservation of their homes. He counselled the arming of boats, for their rivers, and the organization of a body of cavalry. His plan was to "fit the rivers with twelve or eighteen-oared boats, mounting a six-pounder at the head of each, fortifying the sides with occasional mantlets, musket-proof, and manning them with stout volunteers, whose principle should be boarding." In the absence of better weapons, he recommends the use of spears to the infantry. He gives a preference to this weapon over the bayonet, saying, "I never in my life had any opinion of bayonets." His light-horse were to be armed "with a short rifle carbine, a light pike, eight feet in length, and a tomahawk." We mention these opinions, without presuming to decide upon their merits. That he should think lightly of the bayonet, is certainly a very curious opinion for a British soldier, and perhaps was only an unqualified way of alleging a preference for the pike, which, being lighter, might be carried of much greater length than any musket.

But Lee was not permitted to linger in Virginia sufficiently long to witness any of the results from his suggestions. The destination of the British fleet was soon understood to be South Carolina; and thither, accordingly, he proceeded with all possible expedition. He reached Charleston in advance of the enemy; and prepared, with his usual eagerness and impulse, for their proper reception. "His presence," according to Moultrie, "gave us great spirits. He taught us to think lightly of the enemy, and gave a spur to all our actions." But there was an ob-

stacle to his progress, at the outset. He was a general without troops. The forces assembled for the defence of Carolina were chiefly in the service of the state, of which he was not an officer. Rutledge, however, then president of Carolina using the powers which were vested in him, placed the provincial troops under the control of Lee, whose activity soon justified this confidence. The British fleet, a powerful armament, at length made its appearance; and, on the 28th June, 1776, opened its numerous batteries upon Fort Sullivan, an incomplete fortification, little more than a breastwork, which stood at the very threshold of Charleston harbour. This post was under the command of Colonel Moultrie. To have been arrested by such an obstacle; to have stopped fairly, and stripped for the conflict, with a fortress which could not have much delayed the passage of his fleet to the city, was a great blunder of the British commodore. Fort Sullivan was really no obstacle to his advance. An old military principle, borrowed from the land service, led to the commission of this error, which defeated the objects of the expedition. The city captured, the outpost would have been completely isolated, and must have fallen at a single summons, as it subsequently did. A fair breeze would, in twenty minutes, have carried the British ships beyond the reach of the humble battery of logs and sand, which tore the armament to pieces. The history of this bombardment properly belongs to the biography of General Moultrie. It will be found elsewhere in these pages. Some surprise has been expressed, that Lee should not have taken the defence of this fort upon himself; but, surely, the fact needs but a single moment for reflection, to dissipate all surprise upon the subject. Fort Sullivan was simply one of the outposts by which the approaches to the city were guarded. That the main battle should have been fought at this point was simply the blunder of the British commodore. But for his erroneous tactics, Charleston must have been the scene

of struggle—the true field of conflict—where the greater portion of the troops were assembled, several thousand in number, and where Lee properly took his position, in anticipation momently of the threatening trial. The whole force at Fort Sullivan was but four hundred men. To have received its fire, in passing up to the city, without expending more than a single broadside upon it, was all that the British commodore should have done. It was but a waste of gunpowder, and, as we have seen, an unnecessary imperiling of the *morale* of his troops, to plant himself regularly before it, for a conflict, in which victory would have gained him nothing, since the main fight would still have awaited him at the wharves and bastions of the city. That Lee should not have bestowed himself upon one of his outposts, to the neglect of his principal fortifications, seems quite as obvious as that no good military man would ever have supposed that an invading armament would have expended itself, unnecessarily, in such a conflict.

Lee's interest in the battle was fervent and unremitted. If not actually in command of the post, he gave it much of his attention, and was present at a moment when the conflict raged most fiercely. Nothing was left undone, by him, which could secure the victory to the garrison. He did not withhold himself in the hour of danger, and was twice, going and returning from the city to the fort, exposed to the fire of the enemy. It was highly honourable to him, that, seeing how well Moultrie was playing his part, and with what a glorious prospect of success, he did not selfishly interpose to relieve him of his command, and thus rob him of any of his well-earned laurels.

The defeat and departure of the British fleet, left Lee doubtful in what direction they would next turn. For a while his task was to hold his troops in readiness to march wherever the danger threatened. When, however, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the armament of the enemy

had passed to the north of the Chesapeake, he addressed his energies to other enterprises. He conceived the plan of an expedition against East Florida—a region which, from the beginning, had been the receptacle for all the refugees and discontents of the south; and, from whence, whenever occasion offered, accompanied by motley squads of runaway negroes and hostile Indians, they would emerge for the invasion and annoyance of the neighbouring colonies. It was in the midst of his preparations for this expedition, that Lee was summoned by Congress to Philadelphia. The resignation of General Ward left him next in command to Washington. He was now directed to repair to the camp at Haerlem Heights, where the main army daily expected an attack from the British under Sir William Howe. Here he arrived on the 14th October, and took command of the right wing. The anticipated danger passed away. The post was not attempted. At a council of war, held two days after Lee's arrival, it was decided that the whole force of the army, with the exception of two thousand men, left to garrison Fort Washington, should march across King's Bridge, and so far into the country as at all events to outflank the enemy, who was evidently aiming to bring all his strength to bear upon the rear of the Americans. The only error that seems to have been made in this decision of the council, was that of periling, unnecessarily, the troops assigned to the defence of Fort Washington.

When the army left the heights of Haerlem, the division of Lee was stationed near King's Bridge, the better to protect the rear. This position was a greatly exposed one, and demanded all of his vigilance for its security. Lee, however, was quite too enterprising always, to be content simply to be vigilant. He boldly ventured upon the offensive, and, in harassing the British outposts, his parties frequently skirmished with detachments of the enemy not inferior in force; and with such success, as in every

instance, to speak for the equal courage of his troops and the good judgment which planned their enterprises. The march of the army occupied four days; the column, with its cumbrous trains of baggage and artillery, constantly open on its right, to the assaults of the British, whose demonstrations were consequently frequent. Lee covered its exposed points with admirable efficiency, still keeping between it and the enemy, yet succeeding finally in bringing his division, undiminished and in tact, until he joined it to the main army at White Plains, where a general action was anticipated. The British approached for this purpose; but the post was too strongly taken for Sir William Howe to attempt it. After glaring upon it with the vexation of the beast of prey who finds the caravan too well appointed, he drew off his forces with the intention of making New Jersey the scene of operations. As soon as this became obvious, Washington resolved to cross the Hudson and throw himself in front of the enemy, leaving Lee, with seven thousand men, in the position which he then occupied.

The fall of the two forts, Washington and Lee, opened the way for the progress of Howe. He pressed into New Jersey, while Washington, with a feeble force, which began daily and rapidly to dwindle into greater feebleness, found himself compelled to retreat before him. His situation becoming critical, he wrote to Lee to join him with all possible despatch. Here Lee's misfortunes, if not misconduct, may be said to have begun. He does not seem to have given much, if any, heed to Washington's entreaties. These entreaties were renewed; became exhortations; and, finally, imperative commands. They provoked no adequate attention. Lee was busy, in various ways, and does not appear to have given any consideration to these requisitions. He had his own plans of performance, just at this moment; which, however, did not reach consummation. We have proofs that he made eloquent

entreaties to the New England troops, then about to leave him; which, however, failed to persuade them to continue in the field. There was also, on his hands, a very pretty little quarrel with General Heath, whom he peremptorily ordered to do that which he showed no alacrity to do himself, namely, furnish troops for the relief of the commander-in-chief. Heath, having a special duty to perform, refused to recognise the authority of Lee, who had, fortunately, too much other business to consider, to nurse properly this incidental controversy. At all events, Lee, however employed, made but slow progress in joining his superior. His tardiness in obeying the commands of Washington, on this occasion, is not to be accounted for, and has never been explained. It is supposed that his great passion for operating independently, was just now more than ever predominant in his mind, in consequence of the inception of some brilliant scheme of his own, some bold stroke, by which he was to confound the British at a blow, and make himself the idol-hero of the nation. He loitered and lingered for two or three weeks on the east side of the Hudson; and, even after he had crossed the river, proceeded on his way with a coolness and deliberation strangely remarkable, particularly when it is remembered that he was urged to celerity by continual despatches from the commander-in-chief. He paid the penalty for his misconduct. For reasons which have never been explained, and which we should now vainly seek to fathom, he chose, on the night of the 13th December, to take up his quarters, with only a trifling guard, some three miles from the encampment of his army. Here he was surprised by an enterprising British partisan; and, with bare head, wrapped in blanket coat, and slippers, was carried off in triumph by his enemy—not a blow struck, not a shot fired—not a weapon lifted in his defence. The surprise was so complete as to leave resistance hopeless.

His conduct, in exposing himself to this humiliating

hazard, was at once inexcusable and suspicious; and the proofs now exist of a feeling on his part, even then, inimical to the success of Washington. This, while it furnishes the key to much of his conduct hereafter, deprives him of the benefit of all the excuses offered by his friends on this occasion. There can be little doubt, indeed, that, while Lee had every desire to secure the independence of America, it was not so much a paramount desire in his mind, as that he himself should be the military and political saviour who should accomplish this great achievement.

The misfortune which attended his misconduct in some degree disarmed the severity of that public censure which otherwise must have followed it; and the sympathies of the nation with his condition, made them somewhat forgetful of his errors. The severity of his treatment by his British captors, deprived suspicion of its argument against him; and, in being taught to tremble for his life, as a traitor to the British crown, the Americans were made to acknowledge his patriotism, however much they might suspect his prudence. General Howe at once put Lee into close custody, and wrote to England regarding his case—considering him as a deserter from the British army. Washington offered five Hessian officers in exchange for him; and, this being refused, warned the British general that any violence done to his captive would be surely and severely retaliated upon the British officers, and their foreign allies. The American general followed up his threat by committing half a dozen of his prisoners to close custody also; avowing his resolve to make their treatment depend wholly upon that to which Lee was subjected. This decisive proceeding brought the enemy to his senses. Lee, after a detention of several months, was admitted to his parole; and, some time after, was exchanged, when he rejoined the American army at Valley Forge. His release from captivity was only an apparent good fortune. It

would have been much better for his fame if he had perished in his bonds, a martyr to liberty, and to the hate and fear of the sovereign whose livery he had refused to wear. The events were now rapidly approaching which were to obscure his reputation for ever.

The evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and their subsequent march across New Jersey, under Sir Henry Clinton, drew upon them the vigilant eye of Washington, Without delay, the American general put his troops in motion also, and, crossing the Delaware, soon made his way to Hopewell, in the former state. Here, on the 24th of June, he called a council of war. At this council a warm discussion took place upon the question, whether a general action should be hazarded or not? A majority of the officers declared themselves in the negative; but, at the same time, a nearly unanimous opinion was expressed, that a further detachment of fifteen hundred men should co-operate with the force which was already engaged in harassing the enemy's progress. Lee was amongst those who declared against a general action. His opposition was grounded upon the admitted disparity between the experience and discipline of the troops composing the rival armies—the difference being greatly in favour of the British. No one, as it appears, ventured to urge that a general action should be sought at any hazard; but several were of opinion that, in the event of any favourable opportunity, such arrangements ought to be made as should bring it on. The council had scarcely been dissolved, when Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, wrote separately to Washington, expressing their dissent from the decision of the majority. They gave certain and strong reasons, which we need not here repeat, for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. It is probable that Washington himself, from the outset, entertained similar opinions. At all events, these communications were such as to influence his determination to exercise that discretion which the nature of

his command necessarily conferred upon him, and which, while prudence justified his resort to a council of war, left him free to follow its dictates or not, according to his option. He now resolved to send out "such a detachment as would harass the enemy, and check their progress;" while he himself, marching in person with the main army, should take such a position as would enable him, in the event of a favourable aspect of affairs, to bring, at pleasure, his whole force into immediate action. The command of the advanced troops, of right, belonged to Lee; but, doubting the expediency of the whole proceeding, and predicting the evil consequences which would flow from its adoption, Lee manifested no alacrity in occupying the position which was due to his rank. Witnessing this reluctance, Lafayette solicited the charge, which Lee cheerfully yielded up to him. Lafayette, eager to distinguish himself, had already begun his march towards the British, when Lee, having now had time for reflection, and beginning to feel to what awkward inquiries, if not suspicions, his conduct might give rise, changed his mind, and, in a letter to Washington, now requested that he might be reinstated in his command. To this the answer was a ready assent; and Lafayette restored his *baton* to the capricious general, with all the grace of a Frenchman and a courtier. Lee, in making his demonstration, had with him a force of five thousand men. With these he was to advance, while, at a distance of three miles in the rear, Washington followed with his whole army. During the night, the British were reported to be encamped in the open ground near Monmouth Court-House. Washington's plan was to begin the attack as soon as they should resume their march. Lee was required to make his dispositions accordingly, and to keep his men upon their arms all night. At five o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, the British column was in motion; and Washington's orders to Lee were that he should now move forward, and begin the

attack, "unless there should be very powerful reasons to to the contrary." These orders were certainly discretionary, but they were as certainly of a very imperative description; disobedience to which implied the necessity of showing a very great and unexpected change in the condition of things, differing totally from those which distinguished the relative forces at the time when the instructions were given. Lee was further informed that the second division was pressing forward to his support. These orders, at the outset, were promptly executed by the person to whom they were addressed. Lee overtook the rear column of the British, and sought, by a proper division of his command, to bring it between two fires. The time spent in making these arrangements—unexpected difficulties of the ground—an error on the part of one of the brigadiers—and a considerable reinforcement of the threatened rear, of which Lee had no knowledge—conspired to baffle the success of the scheme; while a retreat, which Lee himself had never contemplated, by one of his brigades, seemed to force upon him the necessity of withdrawing his whole division. This he most reluctantly ordered, with the intention of forming his troops in the rear, whenever he could find the ground suitable to his purposes and operations. He had thus retired about two miles and a half, skirmishing all the while with his now pursuing enemy, when he was encountered by Washington, in advance of the main army. The latter, apprized by the cannonade of the opening of the game, had been left by Lee in total ignorance of the retreat. This had already consumed two hours; yet the latter had never thought to inform the commander-in-chief of the unexpected change in his affairs. His first knowledge of the disaster and disappointment came from his encounter with the fugitives themselves. The surprise and indignation of Washington were naturally great. Sternly demanding of Lee the reason for the disorder which he beheld, he was answered,

according to some of the versions of the affair, with spleen and insolence. A sharp but brief conversation ensued between them, when, after seeing to the formation of some of the fugitive regiments, on ground which he himself pointed out, Washington demanded of Lee, "if he would take the command in that place?" On his assent being given, "I expect then," said Washington, "that measures will immediately be taken to check the enemy." Lee answered, that his "orders should be obeyed;" and that he "would be the last to leave the field." While Washington galloped back to bring up his own command, Lee proceeded to execute his task with equal energy and promptness. The conflict between his division and that of the enemy was resumed with spirit; the British charge was sustained with firmness; and, while the American army was making its appearance on the ground, and forming in the rear, Lee brought off his column in good order. A general action followed, which was continued throughout the day. Darkness alone separated the combatants; and, while the Americans lay on their arms all night, expecting to renew the struggle with the dawn of the coming day, the British troops were marched off silently, without beat of drum, preferring a quick and safe passage to Sandy Hook, to the renewal of another doubtful conflict in such hot weather. Lee tendered his services on the field of battle to the commander-in-chief, as soon as he put his separate command in line, and while the main action was coming on; but what he did—where he led—or how he behaved, during the remainder of the struggle, the historians give us not the smallest information.

The conduct of Lee at Monmouth, though much more severely visited than strict justice is now prepared to approve, was of a piece with that which delayed the junction of his troops with those of Washington, at a moment of great exigency with the latter. It was probably, in part, the result of his habitual eccentricity, and of his reluctance

to serve under a man whom he secretly desired to supersede. But this event would scarcely have ruined him, had he remained unobtrusively quiet—had not his irritable and impatient temper led him to the commission of farther errors. A moderate amount of censure, rather looked than expressed, on the part of the American authorities and people, would probably have concluded the affair. But his tongue, that always restless member, and his pen, that ready agent of his spleen and sarcasm, compelled the attention of the public, and forced upon Washington the necessity of subjecting him to arrest and court-martial. He wrote two very offensive letters to the commander-in-chief, and spoke of him freely and offensively on all occasions. These letters formed a part of the charges brought against him. These charges included—"Disobedience of orders," "misbehaviour before the enemy," and disrespect to the commander-in-chief. Lord Stirling was president of the court appointed for his trial. The inquiry seems to have been ample. Lee's defence was able and ingenious, but, in some respects, was thought to be insincere. The court, after some qualification of the terms, found him guilty of all the charges, and sentenced him to a suspension of twelve months from any command in the army; a sentence of considerable severity, and of which the sanguine disposition of Lee had left him in no apprehension. It would be doing him great injustice to say that the actual *proofs* on the trial justified this decision. But there are offences which the contemporary time alone can understand, and of which the future obtains a partial knowledge only. The undesert of an individual may be thoroughly understood by a community though no detailed records, leading to their judgment, may be placed upon the chronicle. Something of the severity of this sentence was due to the irritation of the American people, at conduct which was at least perplex, and which seemed to be at best motiveless; something to the general dislike of the

officers of the army, and to the continued indiscretions of the offender, who was always giving provocation to his neighbours. That he had committed many and grievous faults, was undeniable; that he was really guilty of disobedience of orders, misbehaviour before the enemy, and a disorderly retreat, at Monmouth, is a decision which the impartial historian, in these calmer periods, will be slow to declare.

Congress confirmed the judgment of the court-martial, but only after considerable delay and much discussion. The event increased the ferocity of Lee, whose denunciations of Washington were bitter and unsparing. He was at length called upon to answer and atone for them by Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina, one of the aids of the commander-in-chief. Shots were exchanged between them, and Lee was wounded in the side. Censured by Chief Justice Drayton, rather gratuitously, it would seem, in a charge to a grand jury in South Carolina, he challenged Drayton to the field; an invitation which the latter declined, on the ground that such a mode of arbitrament would outrage his public character. Disgusted with public life by these events, and the severity of his fortunes, Lee retired to his estates, in Berkley county, Virginia. Here he lived like a hermit, in a rude den rather than dwelling, his dogs, books, and horses, being his only companions. But the restlessness of his mood did not permit that he should wholly deny himself the luxury of an occasional quarrel with the world, and the bitterness of his hates soon found a public utterance from the depths of his solitudes. Three months after his retirement, he wrote and published an assault upon the military and political character of Washington, in the form of queries, which appeared in a Maryland newspaper. These caused a temporary excitement in the breasts of most Americans; his only excepted whom they were most designed to injure. They do not seem to have disturbed the calm of Washington's mind

for a single moment. His comments on these queries, unostentatiously conveyed in a letter to a friend, showed him entirely superior, in the sedate and even temper of his soul, to the feverish hostility of his assailant. Lee was not the person to emulate this serenity. His temperament was too peevish, his ambition too vain and eager, for a philosophy so profound. Some rumour having reached his ears, that Congress, about to diminish the war establishment, had determined to dismiss him from the army, he seized his pen, in the first moment of angry excitement, and wrote an impertinent letter to that body which provoked the very dismission the report of which had so much outraged his self-esteem. He was thus, in the constant anticipation of evil, as constantly drawing it down upon his head. His connection with the army at an end, he became somewhat more tranquil in his temper, and soon entered, with more than wonted equanimity, into the consideration and discussion of public affairs. Still residing on his farm in Virginia, he nevertheless devoted himself to books and politics. His correspondence was always large, and carried on with the most distinguished persons. It was always admirable for its wit; was usually suggestive, and marked by the boldness of its speculations. His principles, in politics and morals, were noted for their liberality—some would say looseness—and, by a freedom of tone, and a vivacious ease, which showed them to be the natural results of his reflection, and not merely so much game, started by his fancy, to be abandoned within the hour, for other objects of pursuit. He was a free-thinker in most matters, as he certainly was in those of religion. He never succeeded as an agriculturist. His farm soon became unprofitable, and it was while endeavouring to negotiate its sale, in the autumn of 1782, that he was seized, at Philadelphia, with a fatal illness. His last words, uttered in the delirium of fever, declared the wandering fancies of his mind to be with the army, and in

the heady currents of the fight. "Stand by me, grenadiers!" were the words with which his fiery spirit broke loose from its earthly tabernacle. Thus ended the mortal career of this remarkable man. He died on the 2d October, at the premature age of fifty-one. His talents were equally distinguished and various. His genius was decidedly military; impaired only by eccentricities of temper and by fits of passion, which were probably due quite as much to his early and irregular training, as to the original organization of his mind. He was constant in his friendships and antipathies, and, perhaps, seldom constant to any thing beside. If it be urged as his reproach, that he was a hearty hater, it must be admitted that he was equally hearty in his sympathies and friendships. His writings are full of vitality and would bear republication. They are usually distinguished by their spirit; sometimes blurred by frivolities, but often humorous and witty. He possessed a knack of pungent expression which seldom left his sarcasm innocuous. His career is one which may be studied with great profit, by him whose impulses are erratic, and who would avoid the shoals and rocks which are always likely to wreck the fortunes of such a character. "Possessing," in the language of Washington himself, "many great qualities," he was any thing but a great man! Capable, under proper training, of reaching the very highest eminences of public favour, we find him, when most a favourite, sinking suddenly out of sight, into obscurity certainly, if not in shame; "the comet of a season" only; and going out, in utter darkness, when it was within the compass of his genius, under a better self-restraining will, to have become one of the fixed stars in the sky of American liberty.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS MIFFLIN.

Thomas Mifflin, descended from one of the oldest settlers of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia in 1744, and was educated in the college of that city and in the counting-house of William Coleman (one of the early friends of Franklin) for the business of a merchant. In 1765 he visited Europe, and soon after his return he entered into a partnership with an elder brother, with flattering prospects, and by his activity, public spirit, and popular manners, soon acquired considerable reputation and influence, so that in the twenty-eighth year of his age he was chosen one of the two burgesses to represent Philadelphia in the colonial legislature. In the following year he was re-elected to the same office, associated with Dr. Franklin, and in 1774 was appointed one of the delegates for Pennsylvania to the first Congress.

When intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached Philadelphia, in 1775, Mifflin addressed the people assembled in town meeting, with much boldness, decision and eloquence. He engaged earnestly in the enlistment and discipline of troops, and was appointed major of one of the regiments raised in the city. Upon his arrival at Cambridge he was received into the family of the commander-in-chief as aid-de-camp, (July 4, 1775,) and in the following month was made quartermaster-general. Upon the appointment of Stephen Moylan as commissary, (May 16, 1776,) he was commissioned a brigadier, and in this capacity commanded the covering party on the night of the retreat from Long Island.* While the army was at Newark, (24th December,) he was despatched by

* See vol. i. p. 30.

Washington to Philadelphia to represent to Congress the necessity of reinforcements. The manner in which he executed his duties is described in the following characteristic letter.*

"*Philadelphia, 26th Nov.* 1776, 9 *o'clock, A. M.*

"My dear General—At 10 o'clock last evening I received your letter of the 24th inst., and will make proper applications of your excellency's sentiments on the probable movements of the enemy. I came into this town at eight o'clock Sunday evening, and waited on Mr. Hancock with your letter immediately after my arrival. Yesterday morning I was admitted to Congress in General Committee, and went as far in my relation of the wretched appointments of the army, the dangerous and critical situation of the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, and the necessity of immediate vigorous exertions to oppose Mr. Howe, as their sensibility and *my own delicacy* would justify. After some debate, a requisition was made to the Assembly now sitting, and Council of Safety of Pennsylvania, of their whole militia, and resolutions formed for the purpose of establishing wholesome and necessary regulations for this and the next campaign. I received orders from Congress to remain in this town until your excellency judged it necessary for me to join the army. Those orders were in consequence of the divided and lethargic state of my countrymen, who appeared to be slumbering under the shade of peace, and in the full enjoyment of the sweets of commerce. In the afternoon I waited on the Committee of Safety, and with much success addressed *their* passions. The Assembly are to meet this morning; their lesson is prepared by the Committee of Safety and some of their leading members, who say matters will now go on well. It is proposed to call on every man in the

* Life of President Reed, i. 66.

state to turn out; such as refuse are to be fined £5 per month, the fines to be distributed among those who enlist. To-morrow the city militia is to be reviewed. If they appear in such numbers as we expect, I am to give them a talk, well seasoned. The German battalion move from hence to-morrow. Three regiments from Delaware and Maryland are to follow them to Brunswick as soon as possible, by which I fear the shores of Delaware, at and near New Castle, will be much exposed, provided Mr. Howe attempts to disembark in this river. Your excellency's opinion on the designs of the enemy, and the best means to oppose them, should they divert your attention in Jersey, and attempt an impression on this state by means of their ships, will be necessary from time to time. The light horse of the State of Virginia are ordered to join your excellency's army. The principal military stores are to be removed from hence. Five hundred thousand musket cartridges will be sent to Brunswick. Ordered 1000 wagons to be collected, if possible near this city, to remove, when occasion requires, the most essential articles belonging to the public. I sent Colonel Harrison's letter to him last evening. Mrs. Washington's letter is in the post-office, and will be forwarded by post at eleven o'clock this day.

"I am, my dear general, with much attachment, your obedient, humble servant, THOMAS MIFFLIN."

General Mifflin succeeded in raising fifteen hundred men in Philadelphia, who arrived in the camp at Trenton about the 10th of December, and on the 28th he joined the commander-in-chief in person with further reinforcements. He was in the battle of Princeton, but did not distinguish himself there. For the ability and energy he had displayed, however, in bringing into service the militia, he was, on the 17th of February, 1777, appointed a major-general; and he continued to act in the quarter-

master's department, though without fulfilling its difficult duties to the perfect satisfaction of either the army or Congress.

In the gloomy period which succeeded the campaign in New Jersey, General Mifflin did not attempt to conceal his discontent, and, after the battle of Germantown, he tendered the resignation of his commissions as major-general and quartermaster-general, on the ground of ill health, and retired to Reading in the interior of Pennsylvania. His commission of quartermaster was accepted on the 7th of November; but the rank of major-general was continued to him, without the pay belonging to the office, and he was at the same time chosen a member of the new board of war, consisting then of Colonel's Harrison and Pickering, with himself, but enlarged before it went into operation by the addition of Richard Peters, Colonel Trumbull, and General Gates, one of whom was chosen in place of Colonel Harrison, who declined his appointment. The council of war which assembled on the 8th of May, 1778, was composed of Generals Gates, Greene, Stirling, Lafayette, Kalb, Armstrong, Steuben and Knox, with himself and the commander-in-chief. On the 21st day of May he obtained leave to rejoin the line of the army.

General Mifflin was one of the chief of the conspirators engaged in the Conway cabal, and the most active of the natives of the country who were implicated, with the exception perhaps of Dr. Rush of the same state. Upon the occasion of his return to the army, General Washington, doubtless with a full knowledge of his conduct and feelings, wrote to Gouverneur Morris: "I am not a little surprised to find a certain gentleman, who, some time ago, when a cloud of darkness hung heavy over us, and our affairs looked gloomy, was desirous of resigning, to be now stepping forward in the line of the army. But if he can reconcile such conduct to his own feelings, as an

officer and a man of honour, and Congress have no objection to his leaving his seat in another department, I have nothing personally to oppose to it. Yet I must think, that gentlemen's stepping in and out, as the sun happens to beam forth or become obscure, is not quite the thing, nor quite just with respect to those officers who take the bitter with the sweet."* General Mifflin continued to cherish an unfriendly disposition towards the commander-in-chief, but the disgrace of Conway and Gates, and the consequent overthrow of their party, prevented any conspicuous manifestations of ill feeling.

On the 12th of November, 1782, General Mifflin was elected, by the legislature of Pennsylvania, a member of Congress. On the 3d of November, in the following year, he was chosen president of that body; and in this capacity he received the commission of Washington, which was resigned at Annapolis, on the 23d of December.

After the close of the war, General Mifflin continued to be actively engaged in political affairs. In 1785 he was chosen a member of the state legislature, of which body he was made speaker; in 1787 he was a delegate in the convention to form the federal Constitution; in October, 1788, he succeeded Franklin as president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, which office he held until the autumn of 1790; he was also president of the convention which in the last mentioned year formed the constitution of Pennsylvania, under which he was elected the first governor, and he held this office nine years. In December, 1799, a short time before the expiration of his chief magistracy, he was returned to the legislature, and he died while attending the sittings of that body, at Lancaster, on the 21st of January, 1800, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

* Washington's Writings, v. 371.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL H. PARSONS.

Samuel Holden Parsons, son of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, was born in Lyme, Connecticut, on the 14th of May, 1737. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1756; studied law at Lyme in the office of his uncle, Matthew Griswold, (afterwards governor,) and in 1759 commenced the practice of his profession in his native town. He soon rose to distinction, and from 1762 to 1774 was a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, from which he received the appointment of king's attorney. He now removed to New London, where, in 1775, he was chosen colonel of militia. On the 9th of August, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general by Congress. In 1779 he succeeded Putnam as commander of the Connecticut line of the army, and served with reputation until the close of the war. On the 23d of October, 1780, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. He was an active member of the Connecticut convention for ratifying the Constitution of the United States. In 1785, he was appointed by Congress one of the commissioners to treat with the Indians at Miami; and in 1788, President Washington conferred upon him the office of judge of the North-western Territory, including the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. In the following year, he was appointed by his native state a commissioner to treat with the Wyandots and other Indians on the borders of Lake Erie, for the extinction of the aboriginal claims to lands included in the "Connecticut Western Reserve." While returning from this service to his residence at Marietta, Ohio, he was drowned by the overturning of his boat in descending the rapids of Big Beaver river, on the 17th of November, 1789, at the age of fifty-two.

MAJ. GEN. B. LINCOLN.

Lincoln

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN LINCOLN.

The ordinary remark that great exigencies produce men qualified to meet them, was well illustrated in the subject of the present biography. Eminently a man of the people, endowed with substantial, but not brilliant, qualities, he possessed the happy art of conciliating opposing interests, and of keeping alive a steady resolution where else there would have been wavering from the common cause. At the same time clear, good sense, straightforward firmness and honesty, and unwearied faithfulness, gave weight to his counsels, and marked him out for responsible positions, in preference often to men of greater military knowledge and more striking character. In this respect it is perhaps enough to say that he early acquired and never lost the confidence and approbation of Washington.

Benjamin Lincoln was born on January 24th, 1733, at Hingham, Mass., where his family had long resided, and where it still may be found. He was the son of Colonel Benjamin Lincoln, a farmer in good circumstances, whose estate and calling he inherited. His early education was limited to those branches taught in the common schools of the town; though, as he was a man of active and inquiring mind, and had access to books and to good society, no deficiencies of culture were apparent during his important public career. He was early appointed to various offices in his native town and county, and, on the commencement of the difficulties with Great Britain, embraced the side of the colonists with great zeal and efficiency. In September, 1774, he was chosen to represent Hingham in the General Court, that afterwards resolved itself into a provincial Congress, of which Lincoln was the secretary, and

econd body of the
ge, 1775. He was also
of Supplies," and, in May
the two muster-masters ap-
Massachusetts army."

naturally led him into a military career,
been somewhat prepared by his duties
militia. During the autumn of 1775,
considerably; and in February, 1776, he
commission as brigadier-general from the Council
and soon after became known to Washington,
army was in the vicinity of Boston at the time, as
the most energetic and zealous patriots of Massa-
In the May following, he was made major-
; and, during the summer, had charge of military
throughout the state.

The news of the battle of Long Island found our hero engaged in directing the erection of works for the defence of Boston harbour. He was now put in command of the Massachusetts militia, who were furnished for the continental service, and with them joined the army on York Island. Soon after Lincoln's arrival, the enemy succeeded in cutting off Washington's water communication with Albany, and forced him to retreat to White Plains, and finally to cross the Hudson, leaving Lincoln and his troops on the eastern side, attached to the division of General Heath, whom he directed not to act without consulting the Massachusetts general.

At the close of 1776, Lincoln, having under him the greater part of a new levy of six thousand militia of Massachusetts, was engaged with General Heath in the attack on Fort Independence, which, being not well managed, turned out badly. This was in the latter part of December; and, on the 10th of January following, he crossed the river, and joined Washington at Morristown. On the 19th of February, he was trans

ferred by Congress to the continental service, with the rank of major-general.

After this appointment, Lincoln was stationed at Boundbrook, on the Raritan river, a few miles from New Brunswick, the advanced post of the British. This was a most exposed situation, requiring the greatest vigilance in keeping it. In spite of all care on the part of the general, the patrols were negligent. A party of some two thousand men, under Lord Cornwallis and General Grant, surprised the post, on the morning of the 13th of April. Lincoln had barely time to escape with one of his aids before his quarters were surrounded. Another aid, with the general's papers, was captured, as were three pieces of artillery. About sixty of the Americans were lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The same day, the British having retired, Lincoln resumed his position with a stronger body of troops. In the manœuvres which succeeded in that quarter, he maintained his reputation for discretion and energy. He remained attached to Washington's command till, in the latter half of July, he was sent north, together with General Arnold, to act under General Schuyler against Burgoyne, who was rapidly and triumphantly advancing towards Albany. In compliance with the direction of Washington, Lincoln was put in command of the militia, over which, as was expected, he exercised the most beneficial influence. He arrived at Manchester, Vermont, which was the rendezvous of the troops coming in from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, on the 2d of August, and at once entered on the arduous duties of his command. He had to discipline his raw troops, correspond with the authorities of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, procure supplies and ammunition, of which there was a serious deficiency in his camp, and, at the same time, to maintain a constant watch upon the enemy. To the manner in which these functions were discharged—especially the establishment of order and discipline among

the militia—was owing, in a large degree, the great advantage gained by the republican cause in the surrender of Burgoyne.

The victory of Stark at Bennington, and the success of Arnold in raising the siege of Fort Schuyler, were followed up by Lincoln, who seized the posts of the enemy upon Lake George, and broke Burgoyne's line of communication. On the 22d of August, after the battle of Stillwater, by which the fate of the British army was in fact decided, Lincoln joined Gates at Stillwater, in obedience to his orders, and took command of the right wing, consisting of the eastern militia, and Nixon's, Glover's, and Patterson's brigades. In the action of October 7th he had no immediate share, but on the 8th his division moved forward, driving the British out of their lines. Soon afterwards, in leading a small force of militia to a post in the rear of Burgoyne's army, he fell upon a party of British by mistake, supposing them to be Americans, and was severely wounded, his right leg being fractured as he was turning his horse to escape. This wound confined him a year, and lamed him for the rest of his life. In consequence of this he was not present at the surrender of Burgoyne, and did not rejoin the army till August, 1778. During this long confinement he received numerous gratifying evidences of the high regard in which he was held by his brother officers, particularly those who had been under his command. Washington also conferred on him a special mark of esteem, in the gift of a set of epaulettes and sword knots, which he had received from a French gentleman to be bestowed on any friend he might choose.

General Lincoln arrived in Washington's camp on the 7th of August; on the 25th of September, he was appointed by Congress to the chief command of the southern department of the army, and on the 8th of October, departed to enter upon this most difficult sphere of action.

He arrived in Charleston on the 4th of December, hav-

ing been detained some time upon the way. Not long after, Colonel Campbell, at the head of two thousand British troops, took Savannah, with a loss of more than five hundred men on the part of General Howe, who, with eight hundred continentals and some five hundred militia, attempted to defend it. At the same time, General Prevost, the British commander in Florida, invaded Georgia from the south—took a fort at Sunbury, under command of Major Lane, making the whole garrison prisoners, and then joined Campbell at Savannah. The state of Georgia was thus lost for the present, and the sole American army in the south almost destroyed.

All this did not, however, dishearten the steady and resolute Lincoln. He collected supplies and reinforcements with the utmost industry, and on the 3d of January, 1779, was able to take post at Purysburg, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Savannah river, with nine hundred and fifty men. This small force was increased in the course of the month to three thousand seven hundred, of whom only eleven hundred were regular troops. The militia added very little to the strength of Lincoln's little army; those from South Carolina were especially troublesome and restive to discipline. They were, ere long, however, restrained by a law which subjected them to be transferred to the regular service, or instantly tried and punished, for any act of insubordination. Greater numbers of them were also called out, and a regiment of cavalry was organized.

Lincoln now being able to attempt more extensive operations, sent General Ashe, with sixteen hundred men, one hundred of whom were continentals, to take post opposite Augusta. He arrived there on the 13th February; the British fled to Savannah at his approach, supposing his force to be much larger than it really was. Lincoln ordered him to follow the enemy down the river in order to prevent any demonstrations against his own position, at

Purysburg. Ashe obeyed, but with culpable tardiness, and neglect of proper precautions. In consequence, Prevost surprised and defeated him, making prisoners of his regulars, who alone stood fire. Ashe himself was among the first of the fugitives, and not more than four hundred and fifty of his whole force of militia ever returned to the camp of Lincoln; the rest were killed or captured, or else betook themselves to their homes.

Lincoln's army was thus diminished to two-thirds of its previous number. Congress had voted a thousand men from Virginia for the southern department, but they were not forthcoming. Still Lincoln preserved the same courage and determination, and never omitted a single effort. Considerable bodies of militia were raised, and Governor Rutledge took post at Orangeburg, and distributed them so as to protect South Carolina, which was now threatened from almost every quarter. Lincoln in the mean while marched to Georgia, for the purpose of seizing Augusta, and confining the enemy to the coast, leaving General Moultrie with a thousand men at Purysburg. General Prevost, in consequence, made a feigned march towards Charleston, hoping to call Lincoln back to its defence. But the latter seeing through this design reinforced Moultrie with three hundred light troops from his own force, and requested Governor Rutledge to march his militia from Orangeburg to the capital, while he himself continued his course towards Savannah.

Prevost finding the people of the country favourably disposed to the British cause, changed his feigned march into a real one, and compelled Moultrie to retreat upon Charleston, where Rutledge joined him on the 10th, in season to save the place. Lincoln, recalled to the defence of the city, arrived there on the 14th, Prevost having retreated two days before on the rumour of his coming. Being anxious to strike a decisive blow at this antagonist, and of closing with honour a campaign which had hitherto

been fruitless, Lincoln determined to attack the British advanced post on Stone Inlet, and carry it before assistance could be sent from their main body, which was stationed on John's Island opposite.

By the time that the American army was prepared for this step, the British force was diminished to about six hundred. Moultrie was ordered to move from Charleston to threaten the British on the island, while the main body of the Americans made the attack. But he did not arrive till the time for his aid had passed, and, in consequence, the attempt was a failure, though all the dispositions were made with good judgment, and the troops under Lincoln fought with bravery. The loss on each side was about one hundred and sixty.

This battle was followed by the withdrawal of Prevost from the neighbourhood of Charleston, leaving Colonel Maitland, with eight hundred men, to harass the Americans. Lincoln, with nine hundred continental troops—the militia having returned home after the danger was over—took post at Sheldon. The summer heats now put an end to active operations. The health of the general was already seriously affected by the climate, and the wound in his leg had re-opened. On account of this Congress voted to him permission to resign his distinct command, and to return to the army under Washington. This served as the occasion for the manifestation of that esteem which he had gained in spite of the misfortunes he had experienced. All parties, including General Moultrie, on whom the command would devolve in case of Lincoln's withdrawal, united in urging him to remain. In consequence, he determined to do so, broken as was his health; and, on an intimation of this determination to Congress, he was, by a vote of that body, requested to continue his command. Measures were also decided on to strengthen his army, though they were not put in execution with sufficient promptness.

Meanwhile Lincoln had not only to struggle with illness which confined him to his bed, but with the insubordination of his troops, some of whom even mutinied, for want of pay and clothing. On the 18th of August he also received a letter from the provisional government of Georgia, entreating that General Scott's command, which was marching from the north to join him, might be directed to the protection of the upper counties of that state. However, before this was decided, Count D'Estaing, the French admiral, arrived off the coast, (on the 1st of September,) for the purpose of attacking Savannah in combination with the Americans.

Lincoln thereupon raised what forces he could, and left Charleston on the 8th. He was delayed by various circumstances, so that he did not arrive at Savannah till the 16th, where the French force was before him, having already summoned Prevost to surrender to the arms of France. Against this procedure Lincoln remonstrated, and it was agreed that thereafter all negotiations should be carried on in the names of both the French and American commanders.

The preparations for the attack were injudiciously prolonged for several days, giving the British opportunity to complete the defences of the town, and to receive a reinforcement of eight hundred choice troops, under Colonel Maitland. The place now being deemed too strong to be taken by assault, much time was lost in bringing up artillery from the French ships. A regular siege was at last commenced, but, after having been continued five days without effect, it was determined to carry the town, if possible, by assault. The main body, under Lincoln and D'Estaing, was to attack the principal redoubt in front, while a column under Count Dillon was to fall on the rear of the same fortification. The main column moved on the evening of October 9th, under cover of darkness, and came near the redoubt before they were dis-

covered. A hot fire was opened on them, but they faced it most bravely. Climbing on the bodies of their fallen comrades, the survivors amid that bloody storm made their way into the battery, drove out its defenders, and raised the American flag on the parapet.

D'Estaing had meanwhile been carried off the field, wounded, Pulaski was gone also, and the French were left without a leader, as Lincoln could only speak English. At this moment, when the victory seemed almost gained, Colonel Maitland, with consummate skill and courage, brought up the dragoons and marines from the neighbouring batteries, and forced the allies to withdraw, just as Dillon's column appeared in the rear. Had it come up a few minutes sooner, the British would have lost every thing. As it was, Lincoln soon perceived the impossibility of success, and drew off his forces in good order, with their wounded. The loss of the French was six hundred and thirty-seven killed and wounded; and of the Americans, two hundred and forty. The British, who fought under cover, lost some hundred and twenty only. The siege was at once raised, in spite of Lincoln's endeavours to induce the French commander to prosecute it farther. The French embarked on board their ships, the militia went home, and Lincoln was left once more with but a small and discouraged body of regular troops to protect the Carolinas.

Though the failure of this undertaking spread a gloom throughout the whole country, it seems not to have diminished the public confidence in Lincoln, or his own reliance upon himself. He made every endeavour to prepare for the large army with which the British government were now designing to conquer the whole south. Especially he attempted to procure the formation of regiments of negroes, but the legislature would not consent to it. Congress, however, sent to his aid several regiments of troops, and three frigates, though he would have been

better reinforced with the means of paying his murmuring soldiers, and providing necessary supplies. But for every difficulty he had a resource, and never seemed to be burdened beyond his powers.

The first step was to make good the defences of Charleston, but while the works were in progress the small-pox broke out in the city and put an end to all labour. Finally the expected descent of the British forces took place. Sir Henry Clinton with an army more than three times outnumbering that which Lincoln could bring against him, landed on John's Island, on the 10th of February. Instead of marching directly upon the city, which was in no condition to resist him, he made very slow and cautious advances, as if in the presence of an army equal to his own; fifteen days were occupied in making a progress of thirty miles.

In this emergency every thing seemed to work against the Americans. Governor Rutledge, endowed by the legislature with powers little short of dictatorial, ordered out the militia of the state, but very few obeyed. The shipping, on which Lincoln had placed great dependence for the defence of the town, proved to be useless. At the same time the civil authorities utterly refused to consent to an evacuation of the city, though a council of war decided that it was untenable; and though there was no doubt that it must ultimately surrender, they declared to General Lincoln that if he attempted to leave them, they would destroy his boats, and open the town to the enemy at once.

Before Sir Henry Clinton came up to the city, the defences were completed, through the perseverance and energy of Lincoln, who himself took pickaxe and spade, and laboured among the negroes, as an example to others. The British appeared before the batteries in the first week of April, and commenced a regular siege. By the 16th they had pushed forward their entrenchments so that small arms began to be used with great effect between the par-

ties. At the same time they succeeded in cutting off Lincoln's communication with the country, and his provisions began to fail. A truce was arranged on the 21st, to settle terms of capitulation, but Lincoln's proposals were rejected. A council of war at the same time deliberated on the possibility of drawing off the garrison, but that was agreed to be out of the question. Defence to the last moment was accordingly resolved on. The siege was renewed and prosecuted with unabated vigour; the discharge of small arms by the sharp shooters of both sides was incessant, while the roar of howitzers and bursting of shells knew no abatement from the darkness of night.

On the 8th of May, the besiegers having carried their works to the very edge of the canal in front of the American entrenchments, and being prepared for an assault, Sir Henry Clinton once more summoned Lincoln to surrender. A truce was agreed upon till the next afternoon, and mean while the militia, supposing all to be over, without waiting for orders, betook themselves with their baggage to the town, leaving the lines in great part undefended. The same terms were once more offered by Lincoln, and once more refused, and on the 9th, at evening, hostilities recommenced. The scene that night is described as terrific. The constant firing of mortars, the bursting of shells in the air, the explosion of magazines and ammunition chests, and the groans of the wounded and dying grew more and more fearful as the drama approached its close. For two days and nights the unequal conflict was maintained without cessation, till at last the general was besought by the inhabitants and the authorities to surrender. Indeed it was impossible longer to protract the struggle. All his provisions were exhausted, except a little rice, the militia had thrown down their arms, and the regulars were entirely worn out by severe and long continued labour. On the 12th the capitulation took place, on terms exceedingly favourable to the Americans.

To the republican cause, the loss of Charleston was the severest blow received during the war, and caused a very great depression in the popular feeling. Lincoln, however, lost nothing of the general respect and confidence. This was only to render him justice. It must be admitted that his conduct through the whole affair was the most judicious and admirable that it possibly could have been.

After the surrender of Charleston, Lincoln remained a prisoner on parole till the first of November, when he was exchanged. He did not however rejoin the army till June of 1781, but in compliance with the suggestions of Washington, remained in Massachusetts, engaged in raising recruits and procuring supplies, a business for which he was well adapted. On returning to the camp, he took command of a division, and for a month remained in the vicinity of New York, where the commander-in-chief was engaged in watching the movements of the enemy. During the subsequent march of the army to the south, Lincoln had the immediate command, and participated in the siege of Yorktown, and the surrender of Cornwallis. For his services on this occasion he was thanked together with Lafayette and Steuben, in Washington's general orders of October 20th. In the capitulation he took a conspicuous part, and must have been gratified by meeting Lord Cornwallis on an occasion like that in which only a year before, both had performed totally different characters; Cornwallis having been one of the principal officers of Sir Henry Clinton's army at Charleston.

Soon after this, General Lincoln was withdrawn from active service in the field, by his appointment to the important and arduous office of Secretary of War. In this capacity he served the country till the disbanding of the army, in October, 1783. No man could have been better suited to this post, during that most critical period. Besides its regularly burdensome duties, the officers of the army, many of them being pecuniarily ruined by their long devotion to

the service, were clamorous for some more solid acknowledgment of their labours than they had yet received, or than seemed possible from an exhausted treasury. To Lincoln's tact, good judgment, and personal influence, the infant republic was much indebted for its protection from the great and perhaps incurable evils, that threatened to grow out of their just yet apparently unallowable demands, which were finally settled by compromise.

After retiring to private life, at his home in Hingham, General Lincoln engaged at first in a plan for purchasing and settling the wild lands of Maine. He also devoted himself to various objects of public utility, and wrote several essays, which remain as evidences of creditable tastes, and of a healthy activity of mind, on the part of one whose early education and subsequent employments had done little to foster literary propensities. He was called from retirement by the breaking out of Shay's rebellion, which he succeeded in quelling. He also took an active share in the discussion which preceded the adoption of the federal constitution in Massachusetts, and by his influence contributed very greatly to bringing about that result. In 1788 he was elected lieutenant-governor; and afterwards, when the general government came to be organized in 1789, he was appointed by Washington collector of the port of Boston, which office he held until, in 1806, the infirmities of old age rendered him incapable of discharging its duties. During this time he was also intrusted with missions to various Indians tribes of the south and west, which he performed to the perfect satisfaction of the government. In the year 1798, his pecuniary circumstances, which after the Revolution had been exceedingly straitened, but which the income of his collectorship had much improved, became seriously involved in consequence of the failure of General Knox, whose notes he had endorsed. In this embarrassment, the integrity of Lincoln's character was fully manifested. His friends, in view of the

peculiar circumstances of the case, urged him to put his property out of danger, but he constantly refused. The affair was subsequently settled without any loss to Lincoln.

The death of this good man took place on the 9th of May, 1810, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He departed, as became one whose life was nobly spent, with all the composure of a man, and all the faith of a Christian. He was followed to the grave by many who had borne with him the burden and the heat of the Revolution, and by a long concourse of relatives and friends. In his native town and its vicinity, and throughout the state of Massachusetts, his name is still held in grateful remembrance. Without standing forth in the history of our country prominent for any one brilliant deed or striking endowment, those who have followed our brief sketch of his life must feel the worth both of his services and of his character. As we said at the beginning, he was eminently a man for the times in which he lived. Strong good sense, a clear judgment, inflexible honesty, a firm will, untiring energy and vigour in practical affairs, and a genial and generous heart, were in him combined and balanced in happy proportion, less frequent if less likely to arrest a superficial observation than a great predominance of any one of these gifts. As a soldier, as a politician, and as a man, he lived an eventful and an honourable life. Amidst difficulties and defeats, he preserved the respect and confidence of the country, and passed through the most trying situations without a blot upon his character. Would that in all emergencies our beloved republic might find servants as honest, capable, and disinterested!

General Lincoln married at an early age, and, for more than half a century, enjoyed a degree of domestic happiness which no doubt did much to strengthen him for the sterner duties and trials of his life.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

THE "Plains of Abraham," and the "Storming of Quebec," are phrases familiar to the youngest child, so often celebrated in rude song and made the subject of chivalric detail, that in after-life when we read of these things as facts of history we can hardly bring our minds to see in them the events of but yesterday, and the achievements of a late generation. The storming of Quebec under the gallant Wolfe wears all the aspect of some renowned event, far removed into the romance of history; and the second attempt to carry the place in the same manner under our own no less gallant Montgomery, who had himself shared the perils and witnessed the death of the first leader against Quebec, has the same aspect of boldness, hardihood, and chivalry, which lends so much grace to the fate of Wolfe.

Then, when we remember that Montgomery perished himself before the same walls, no less beloved, honoured, and deplored, the whole assumes the appearance of a strange fatality. The ashes of the one were removed to England by a mourning people and interred in Westminster Abbey; while those of the other were finally disinterred by a no less appreciating people, and placed under a monument in front of St. Paul's Church in the city of New York.

Richard Montgomery was born in Ireland in 1736. At the age of eighteen he entered the British army, where his courage and his manly bearing, no less than the energetic solidity of his understanding, soon rendered him conspicuous amongst his fellows. We find him early in the French war doing good service for king and country,

active at the siege of Louisburg, where his coolness, capacity, and courage, won the warm approval of Wolfe. It is certainly a pleasing coincidence that these men, destined to terminate their career upon the same ground, should be thus warmly accordant in sentiment.

At the termination of the war, Montgomery obtained leave to revisit Europe, where he remained nine years, a close observer of the aspect of the times. Though little is known of him at this period, his readings of the handwriting upon the political wall must have been clear and full of noble import, for, in 1772, when the affairs of our own country were becoming each day more threatening, Richard Montgomery threw up his commission in the British army, and sought a home in our newer land, beset as we were with difficulties in every shape.

Arrived upon our shores, he purchased a farm in the neighbourhood of New York, and shortly after still more strongly cemented the alliance of home and country by a marriage with the daughter of Robert R. Livingston. Having removed to Rhinebeck, Duchess County, he devoted himself assiduously to the honourable and primitive pursuits of agriculture, a tendency to which occupation is in all fine minds an instinctive reminiscence of the delights once enjoyed by our great first parent Adam in the garden of Eden. But a man like Montgomery could not well be inactive, as the needs of the times called into prominent exertion the most efficient and available men; accordingly we find him a representative of his county in the first Provincial Convention held in New York, 1775. It will be seen that this was a most stirring period—hostilities were already commenced between us and Great Britain, the time for remonstrance and deliberation had expired, and Montgomery, like other good and true men, was called into action.

Congress, in June, 1775, appointed him to the rank of brigadier-general in the Continental army, an homage to

integrity and worth highly honourable to the recipient, for be it remembered, that with all the narrowness of views which sometimes characterized the proceedings of that remarkable body of men, a narrowness arising from an unfamiliarity with parliamentary usages and an ignorance of the military spirit, they had a thorough and instinctive recognition of integrity of purpose, which rendered their awards upon that ground the highest possible compliment.

In view of this appointment, Montgomery says, with something like foreboding: "The Congress having done me the honour of electing me brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end, for awhile, perhaps for ever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, *the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.*"

At the commencement of hostilities between the two governments, it became apparent to Congress that the Canadas must be reduced, or at least held in such a state of abeyance as should prevent the atrocities likely to follow from the alliance of the Indians of the frontier with our enemies; the extent of territory exposed also, and the facility of invasion from that quarter, made the securing of positions there to the last degree important. Accordingly it was determined to invade the country, by two routes, the one, by way of the Kennebec, through the wilderness of Maine, the command of which was intrusted to the then courageous and indefatigable Arnold; the other, by the way of the river Sorel, was devolved upon Montgomery.

The circumstance of Schuyler's illness threw the responsibility of the Canada campaign entirely upon Montgomery. He continued to make his way into the country, notwithstanding the hindrances of ill-supplied munitions of war, marshy and unhealthy districts in which he was obliged to encamp, and which caused much suffering in

the army, and the mutinous spirit of his troops, who, their term of enlistment being nearly expired, were indisposed to a service which promised to be not only severe but protracted. The fortresses of St. Johns, Chamblee, and Montreal, finally yielded to his arms, and the still more difficult task of effecting a junction with Arnold before the walls of Quebec remained for achievement.

It was now the beginning of winter, the cold was intense and his men poorly provided for the inclemencies of that rigorous climate. Arnold, after incredible hardships, had made his way through the forests of Maine, and had already crossed the St. Lawrence with his hardy band early in December. They were now before the great keystone of the north, few in number, it is true, but the spirit of the two leaders equal to the most heroic daring. Nor were the difficulties with which they had to contend slight or few; they were to invest a place of great strength and importance with an inadequate army, and these just on the point of mutiny; their guns were scanty in number, and insufficient in size, and they were already disheartened by severe cold and protracted marches.

On the 31st of December, 1775, the movement of the troops commenced before daylight upon the Plains of Abraham. Montgomery advanced at the head of his division round the foot of Cape Diamond, and though the whole route was obstructed not only by snow but by the ice thrown up by the river, by which the hazards of doubling the promontory were much increased, the dauntless band pushed forward, and carried the first barrier with a vigorous assault.

A moment, but a moment of pause, to reassure his self-exhausted troops, and the gallant Montgomery waved his sword, onward: "Men of New York, follow where your general leads!" and he pressed toward the second barrier, cheering his men, and performing prodigies of valour.

There is a rush—a deathlike pause—a merging to and fro of armed men—the plume of the gallant leader sweeps the snow of the battle-field. The cold December sun came forth and looked upon that red waste, and the gallant Montgomery, dead, pierced with three wounds. Quebec and the Canadas are still the property of the foe.

The tumult of battle died away, and the enemy, forgetting the animosities of war, remembered only the virtues of the dead—remembered only that a great man had sealed his doom under those ill-fated walls, and they opened their gates to the mourning train of followers, and gave their gallant enemy, one most worthy of their steel, a tranquil and temporary resting-place till peace should once more return to our borders.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN WHITCOMB.

John Whitcomb, of Massachusetts, served with distinction in the "old French war," and was not called into service at the opening of the Revolution, on account of his advanced age; but the soldiers of his regiment were so attached to him that they resolved not to enlist under any other officer, and the veteran, failing to succeed by addressing their patriotism, proposed as an inducement for them to continue in the army to join them in the ranks. Colonel Brewer, however, who had been appointed his successor, relinquished the command of the regiment, and Colonel Whitcomb continued with it at Boston until he was made a brigadier-general, in June, 1776, when he succeeded General Ward in charge of the troops in that city. He was soon after permitted to retire from the service, and his ambition was gratified in seeing men of a younger race succeed in establishing the independence of the country.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN CADWALADER.

JOHN CADWALADER was a native of Philadelphia, and a brother of Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, a valuable officer in the Continental service, who, after the close of the Revolution, was four years a representative of the state of New Jersey in Congress. He sustained a high character in his native city, was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention in 1775, and had gained great popularity as an officer of the militia. In March, 1776, the Assembly appointed him colonel of the second battalion raised in that state. But as he had requested the command of the first battalion, he declined the appointment.

At the close of the year 1776, the affairs of the country wore a serious aspect. The enemy was in possession of New York, and had overrun a considerable part of New Jersey. The American army had lost during the campaign near five thousand men by captivity and death; and the few remaining regulars, amounting only to two thousand, were upon the eve of being disbanded; for as yet the enlistments were for the short term of only one year. General Howe had cantoned his troops in several villages on the Delaware, in New Jersey. His strongest post was at Trenton, where he had twelve hundred Hessians under the command of Colonel Roll. General Washington occupied the heights on the Pennsylvania side of the river, in full view of the enemy. A few cannon-shot were now and then exchanged across the river, but without doing much execution on either side. The two armies lay in these positions for several weeks. In the meanwhile the spirit of liberty, inflamed by the recital of the ravages committed by the British in New Jersey, began to revive in every part of the continent. Fifteen hundred associa-

tors,—for as yet most of the states were without militia laws,—marched from Philadelphia, under General Cadwalader, to reinforce the army of Washington. This body consisted chiefly of citizens of the first rank and character. They had been accustomed to the enjoyment of wealth and ease. But neither the hardships of a military life nor the severity of the winter checked their patriotic ardour. The affluent merchant and the journeyman tradesman were seen marching side by side, and often exchanged with each other the contents of their canteens. These troops were stationed at Bristol. On the evening of the 25th of December, the commander-in-chief marched from his quarters with his little band of regulars to McKonkie's ferry, with the design of surprising the enemy's post at Trenton. He had previously given orders to General Ewing, who commanded a small body of the militia of the flying camp, to cross the Delaware below Trenton, so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy towards Bordentown. He had likewise advised General Cadwalader of his intended enterprise, and recommended him at the same time to cross the river at Dunk's ferry, three miles below Bristol, in order to surprise the enemy's post at Mount Holly. Unfortunately the extreme coldness of the night increased the ice in the river to that degree that it was impossible for the militia to cross it either in boats or on foot. After struggling with the difficulties of the season till near daylight, they reluctantly abandoned the shores of the Delaware, and returned to their quarters. General Washington, from the peculiar nature of that part of the river to which he directed his march, met with fewer obstacles from the ice, and happily crossed over about daylight. He immediately divided his force, and marched them through two roads towards Trenton. The distance was six miles. About eight o'clock an attack was made on the picket guard of the enemy. It was commanded by a youth of eighteen, who fell in his retreat to the main

body. At half after eight o'clock, the town was nearly surrounded, and all the avenues to it seized, except the one left for General Ewing to occupy. The commanding officer of one of the divisions sent word to Washington just before reaching the town, that his ammunition had been rendered useless, and desired to know what he must do. The commander-in-chief, with the readiness that was so natural to him in action, sent word to "advance with fixed bayonets." The laconic answer inspired the division with the courage of their leader. The whole body now moved onwards in sight of the enemy. An awful silence reigned through every platoon. Each soldier stepped as if he carried the liberty of his country upon his single musket. The moment was a critical one. The attack was begun with the artillery, under Colonel Knox, which was supported with spirit and firmness. The enemy were thrown into confusion in every quarter. One regiment attempted to form in an orchard, but were soon forced to fall back on their main body. A company took sanctuary in a stone house, which they defended with a field-piece judiciously posted in the entry. Captain Washington (a relation of the general's) was ordered to dislodge them. He advanced with a field-piece, but finding his men exposed to a close and steady fire, suddenly dashed into the door, seized the officer by the collar who had command of the gun, and made him prisoner. His men followed, and the whole company were immediately captured. In the meanwhile victory declared itself everywhere in favour of the American arms, and General Washington received the submission of the main body of the enemy by a flag. The joy of the Americans can more easily be conceived than described. This was the first important advantage they had gained in the campaign, and its consequences were at once foreseen.

Early in the morning of the 27th of December, 1776, General Cadwalader crossed the river from Bristol, with

fifteen hundred militia, without being informed that Washington had re-crossed the Delaware. The enemy at this time might have easily cut him off, but the landing in open daylight alarmed them, and they began to retreat towards Princeton, Cadwalader advancing on the way to Burlington. At Bordentown, he waited until the chief again crossed the Delaware, and was then directed to join the army at Trenton.

In January, 1777, Washington recommended the appointment of a brigadier-general out of each state to command their respective troops. He urged the appointment of Cadwalader among the first, characterizing him as "a man of ability, a good disciplinarian, firm in his principles, and of intrepid bravery." On the 21st of February, he was offered a brigadier's commission, but preferred to continue in his command under the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In the autumn of 1777, at the request of Washington, he assisted in organizing the militia of the eastern shore of Maryland.

Washington continued to be very desirous to attach Cadwalader to the regular army; and on the 20th of March, 1778, writing to him from Valley Forge, he says: "Most sincerely do I wish it was in my power to point out some post or place in the army, which would invite you and fix you in it. We want your aid exceedingly; and the public, perhaps at no time since the commencement of the war, would be more benefited by your advice and assistance than at the present moment, and throughout the whole of this campaign, which must be important and critical. One thing is certain; a seat at my board, and a square on my floor, shall always be reserved for you. But this, though it would add to my pleasure, is not the height of my wishes. I want to see you in a more important station."

In September, 1778, he was appointed by Congress brigadier-general and commander of the cavalry. He

declined the appointment, on the ground that he believed the war to be near its close. General Washington had a strong personal regard for him and full confidence in his military abilities; and frequently expressed regret at his declining the office. Cadwalader continued in service, however, and participated in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth.

After the resignation and disgrace of General Conway, being out of employment, he repaired to Philadelphia, which the British army had evacuated. His freedom of speech and rude manners frequently involved him in difficulties with the American officers. For some offensive remarks in reference to General Washington, he was at length called to account by General Cadwalader. When arrived at the appointed rendezvous, Cadwalader accompanied by General Dickinson of Pennsylvania, and Conway by Colonel Morgan of Princeton, it was agreed by the seconds, that on the word being given, the principals might fire in their own time. The parties having declared themselves ready, the word was given, and Conway immediately raised his pistol and discharged it with great composure, but without effect. Cadwalader fired, and his ball entering the mouth of his antagonist, he fell directly forward on his face. Colonel Morgan, running to his assistance, found the blood flowing from behind his neck, and lifting up his hair, saw the ball drop from it. It had passed through his head greatly to the derangement of his tongue and teeth, but did not inflict a mortal wound. As soon as the blood was sufficiently washed away to allow him to speak, Conway, turning to his opponent, said, good humoredly, "You fire, General, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect." The calls of honour satisfied, all apparent animosity subsided.

Cadwalader seems to have regretted his determination to decline the rank of brigadier-general, offered to him in 1777 and 1778, and in a letter to Washington, dated

20th September, 1780, says: "I have now reasons to wish I had accepted the command given me by Congress; but at that time I conceived that the war was near a conclusion. Many others were of the same opinion, and we flattered ourselves with expectations of a speedy peace. In this, however, I remember you widely differed in opinion. Whatever may be the event, be assured there is no person in America more firmly attached to you as commander, and to the general cause; and, should our affairs take an unfortunate turn, I shall, to the last, share with you the misfortunes of the times." In reply, Washington observed—"To tell you, if any event should ever bring you to the army, and you have no command in it equal to your merit, nor place more agreeable to your wishes than being a member of my family, that I should be happy in seeing you there, would only be announcing a truth, which has often been repeated, and of which I hope you are convinced."

After the close of the war, General Cadwalader removed to Maryland, and was a member of the legislature of that state. He died 10th of February, 1786, aged forty-three. He was related by marriage with the family of John Dickinson, and was a gentleman of fortune. His daughter Fanny, in 1800, married David Montagu Erskine, afterwards Baron Erskine, and Minister Plenipotentiary to this country from England. Erskine succeeded to the title, as second baron, on the decease of his father, the celebrated Chancellor Erskine, 17th November, 1823. He has been Minister Plenipotentiary to Bavaria, and his seat is at Restormel Castle, in the county of Cornwall, once a part of the inheritance of the Dukes and Earls of Cornwall. General George Cadwalader, now with the United States army in Mexico, is a grandson of the revolutionary general, and the third in succession of the name and rank.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH.

William Heath was the son of a plain Roxbury farmer, who inherited and occupied the small estate planted by his ancestors in 1636. He was born on the 2d of March, 1737, and brought up in the occupation of a tiller of the soil, which he continued to pursue, when not in the army, until his death. From childhood he delighted in military exercises, and read such treatises upon the art of war as fell within his reach. The militia company of Roxbury being disbanded, he went to Boston in 1765, and was enrolled as a member of the "Ancient and Honourable Artillery," a corps which was organized in 1638, and is still the pride and boast of Boston, as the oldest military organization in America.

The fine martial bearing of Heath attracted the notice of the commander of the Suffolk regiment, who recommended him for the appointment of captain, and he was at once commissioned by Governor Bernard. He was subsequently commander of the Boston Artillery Company. In 1770 he wrote sundry essays in a newspaper of the city, under the signature of "A Military Countryman," on the importance of military discipline and skill in the use of arms. Hutchinson succeeded Bernard in the government of the turbulent spirits of Massachusetts, and Heath was superseded in his command. But it was not long before a new power was beginning to set at naught the authority of the royal governor. The People undertook to choose officers for themselves, and Heath was unanimously appointed to command the first company of Roxbury; and when, some time after, the officers of the Suffolk militia met to select a colonel, he was chosen to that office.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts assembled in 1775 at Cambridge, and proceeded to organize an army. Five general officers were appointed, Colonel Heath being one of the number. He was also an active member of the Committee of Safety. On the 22d of June he was appointed by the Continental Congress, which had now assumed the control of affairs, to be one of their brigadier-generals. General Washington, the commander-in-chief, gave directions for organizing the yet rude and undisciplined army into divisions and brigades, and Heath was stationed with his brigade at Roxbury, with instructions to perfect them in discipline. In March, 1776, after the evacuation of Boston, he was ordered to New York, and marched to Norwich, Connecticut, whence he embarked for that city, which it was at that time deemed of great importance to defend against the attacks of the enemy.

The increase of the army rendered the appointment of additional general officers necessary, and on the 9th of August, when the number was increased, Heath was created a major-general. Soon after this time, the concentration of the enemy's forces in the neighbourhood of New York, following the battle and retreat from Long Island, suggested the expediency of withdrawing the army from that vicinity, to baffle the designs of General Howe. A council of officers was called, at which Generals Heath, Mercer, Spencer, and Clinton, opposed the evacuation of the city, but the majority deciding in favour of the measure, General Washington carried it into effect.

General Heath, as the winter approached, was ordered to take command of the posts in the Highlands, including passes on both sides of the Hudson, and forts Constitution, Montgomery, and Independence. His division consisted of Connecticut and Massachusetts troops, and Clinton's brigade of New York militia.

After the fortunate *coup de main* at Trenton, General Washington, anxious to avail himself of the consterna-

tion of the enemy, ordered General Heath to move down towards New York, as if with a design to attack the city. He moved in three divisions towards New York, and on the 18th January, 1777, reached the enemy's outposts, near Kingsbridge, where there was some slight skirmishing, and a few British prisoners taken. But the expedition was a signal failure, and subjected General Heath to severe censures and no inconsiderable ridicule, when the facts became known, that, after drawing up his forces before Fort Independence, which was now in the hands of the enemy, and summoning the garrison to surrender, allowing "twenty minutes only" for their answer, he did not attack the fort, when they neglected to notice his peremptory summons, but after ten days retreated from his position. General Washington was mortified at the unsuccessful result of the expedition, and in a private letter to Heath, informed that his conduct was censured and the army "in some degree disgraced." "Your summons," said he, "as you did not attempt to fulfil your threats, was not only idle but farcical, and will not fail of turning the laugh exceedingly upon us."* General Heath made the best explanation he could, in a letter, dated February 6, addressed to the commander-in-chief, but the misfortune was not forgotten until more stirring and important events occupied the public mind.

During the greater part of this and the following year, he was employed in Massachusetts, in superintending the forwarding of troops and supplies, and providing for the removal of the prisoners surrendered to Gates at Saratoga, from Boston to Charlottesville in Virginia.

After the removal of Washington's head-quarters to New Windsor in June, 1779, General Heath, who had been in command at Boston for a short time, was ordered to repair to the Highlands, and was placed in command of

* Sparks's Washington, iv. 307.

Nixon's, Parsons's, and Huntington's brigades, on the east side of the river, with a view to guard against an attack upon West Point. Upon intelligence of the destruction of Fairfield, Norwalk, &c., by General Tryon and his myrmidons, General Heath was ordered to proceed with the two Connecticut brigades to counteract his movements. He afterwards returned to the Highlands, resuming his former command of the left wing, posted on the east of the Hudson, opposite West Point, and had the charge at this post after General Washington removed his head-quarters to Morristown.

In the spring of 1780 General Heath, having been appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts to superintend the recruiting of new levies and procuring supplies for the army, returned to that state, where he performed these duties to the satisfaction of the commander-in-chief. In July, he repaired to Rhode Island, upon the arrival of the French fleet with the forces under Count Rochambeau, and expressed himself delighted with the French officers and the fine martial appearance of the troops. After remaining some time with the French commander, he was ordered to rejoin the army in the Highlands, where he remained most of the time until the march of the grand army under Washington to the field of Yorktown, where the surrender of Lord Cornwallis closed the campaign and the war of Independence.

In April, 1783, Congress ordered the cessation of hostilities; and the fact is noted in Heath's Memoirs, that the proclamation was published in camp on the 19th of April, precisely eight years from the day of the battle of Lexington. After the proclamation was read at West Point, three loud cheers were given by the troops, "after which a prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Gano, and an anthem (*Independence*, by Billings,) was performed by vocal and instrumental music."*

* Heath's Memoirs, p. 307.

At the close of the war General Heath retired to private life, busying himself with the quiet occupations of his farm at Roxbury. He was elected a senator and counsellor and an elector of President, and was president of the Electoral College of Massachusetts in 1812, when the vote of the state was given to De Witt Clinton. In 1793 he was judge of probate for the county of Norfolk, and in 1806, was chosen lieutenant governor, but declined the office, and refused to be qualified. He died at his seat in Roxbury, January 24th, 1814, aged 77. General Heath was a sincere patriot, and although not a great general, was an honest and upright man. He published, in 1798, a volume entitled "Memoirs of Major-General Heath: containing Anecdotes, Details of Skirmishes, Battles, and other Military Events, during the American War, Written by Himself."

The Marquis de Chastellux thus describes General Heath, in his "Travels:" "His countenance is noble and open; and his bald head, as well as his corpulence, give him a striking resemblance to the late Lord Granby. He writes well, and with ease; has great sensibility of mind, and a frank and amiable character; in short, if he has not been in the way of displaying his talents in action, it may be at least asserted, that he is well adapted to the business of the cabinet. . . . . During his stay at Newport, he lived honourably and in great friendship with all the French officers. In the month of September, General Washington, on discovering the treason of Arnold, sent for him, and gave him the command of West Point, a mark of confidence the more honourable, as none but the honestest of men was proper to succeed, in this command, the basest of all traitors."*

* Voyages dans L'Amerique Septentr. Tom. i. 72.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN THOMAS.

When the measures pursued by the British government left it no longer doubtful that the design was to reduce the American colonies to unconditional submission, the people began to arm and make preparation for resistance. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, two months before the battle of Lexington, appointed five general officers, to command the forces which they had determined to raise. One of their number was Colonel John Thomas, who had acquired reputation in the French war.

John Thomas was a native of Marshfield, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1724. After the preliminary education of a common school, he studied medicine, as pupil of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Tufts, of Medford. He commenced the practice of his profession in his native town, but after a few years removed to Kingston, in the same state, where he became distinguished as a successful practitioner, and where he resided, when not connected with the army, during the residue of his life. In the year 1746 he was appointed a surgeon in one of the regiments sent to Annapolis Royal, and in the following year was in the medical staff of Shirley, a post which he exchanged soon after for that of a lieutenant. From this position he rose, in 1759, to the rank of colonel of the provincials, and was for a time with his corps in Nova Scotia. In 1760 Governor Pownall gave him the command of a regiment, with which he joined the army under General Amherst, at Crown Point. He headed the left wing of the detachment sent by General Amherst under Colonel Haviland from Lake Champlain, in August, 1760, to co-operate with the other division of the army moving against Montreal. He was pre-

when Amherst was joined by the forces from Quebec under General Murray, and when Montreal surrendered, at the first summons. This event closed the Seven Years' War, during which France and England contended for the mastery of North America.

From this period until the opening of the great drama of the Revolution, Colonel Thomas was engaged in the business of his profession at Kingston. When the first mutterings of the approaching storm were heard, he enrolled himself among those who were styled the Sons of Liberty. He raised a regiment of volunteers, and on the 9th of February, 1775, was appointed a brigadier-general by the Provincial Congress. After the battle of Lexington, General Ward was made commander-in-chief, with his head quarters at Cambridge, and Thomas was appointed lieutenant-general, and commanded on the Roxbury side, in the division nearest the British lines.

The Continental Congress soon after this assumed the control of the army assembled near Boston, and created officers to direct their movements. General Thomas was entitled to the rank of the first brigadier, Ward being the only major-general assigned to Massachusetts. His claims were overlooked, and precedence given to Pomeroy and Heath, both his juniors. He at once withdrew from the command at Roxbury, concluding, as did the heroic Stark on a similar occasion, that he could not with honour serve in the army under the command of officers whom he had commanded.

The withdrawal of General Thomas excited a universal feeling of regret. He was an able and experienced officer, and greatly beloved by the troops. Many efforts were made to induce him to continue in the service. Appeals were presented in the strongest language to his well-known patriotism, to overlook the slight, in consideration of the perilous crisis which had arrived. Letters from the Provincial Congress, from the field-officers in camp at Roxbury, from General Lee, and from General Washington himself,

were addressed to General Thomas, urging him to continue in the service; and at length, to remedy the evil, Congress passed a special resolution, that General Thomas should have precedence of all the brigadiers in the army.*

In the battle of Bunker's Hill, General Thomas took no active part, although his post at Roxbury was cannonaded during the whole day. That post was maintained, under the belief that the enemy would attempt to take possession of Dorchester Heights. From this time until March, 1776, he remained in command of the camp at Roxbury. On the 4th of that month, with three thousand picked men and a sufficient supply of intrenching tools, he took possession of Dorchester Heights; and before the next morning dawned upon the scene, his works had been thrown up, presenting through the hazy atmosphere a most formidable appearance to the astonished British in Boston. Some of their officers afterwards acknowledged that the expedition with which these works were thrown up, their sudden and unexpected appearance, recalled to their minds those wonderful stories of enchantment and invisible agency which are so frequent in the Eastern romances.

Nothing remained for General Howe but to abandon the town or dislodge the provincials. With his usual spirit he determined upon the latter, and sent down towards the Castle a body of two thousand men to land and carry the Heights; but a tremendous storm at night frustrated his plans. General Thomas was now reinforced with two thousand men, and General Washington soon after arrived. He addressed the soldiers in encouraging and animating terms, reminding them that it was the anniversary of the Boston massacre, (5th of March,) a day

* General Washington, in his letter to Congress, of the 10th July, says—"General Thomas is much esteemed, and most earnestly desired to continue in the service; and, as far as my opportunities have enabled me to judge, I must join in the general opinion, that he is an able, good officer, and his resignation would be a public loss."—Sparks's Washington, iii. 23.

never to be forgotten. An engagement was expected, and Washington in one of his letters remarks, that he never saw better spirits or more ardour prevailing among any body of troops. The enemy, however, at a council of war held that morning, had determined to evacuate the town; and after various delays, their heavy columns embarked on board their ships on the 17th of March, the American troops entering Boston in triumph as the retreating enemy pushed from the shores.

The fall of the gallant Montgomery before Quebec rendered it necessary to send an experienced officer to the command in Canada. Congress on the 6th of March promoted General Thomas to the rank of major-general, assigning to him that division. He promptly repaired to the camp, where he found the whole effective force reduced to less than a thousand men, three hundred of whom, being entitled to a discharge, refused to do duty—the small-pox raging among the troops—and the enemy receiving reinforcements. He called a council of war on the 5th of May, when it was determined that they were not in a condition to risk an assault. The sick were removed to Three Rivers, and the American troops retreated from one post to another, until, by the 18th of June, they had evacuated Canada.

Before reaching Chamblee, on the river Sorel, General Thomas was attacked by the small-pox, and while waiting at that place for expected reinforcements, he died, on the 2d of June, at the age of fifty-two years. Thacher, in his Military Journal, says, "he was held in universal respect and confidence as a military character, and his death is deeply deplored throughout the army." Eliot, in a note to his memoir of Sullivan, says of General Thomas, that "he was one of the best officers in the army of 1775. A more brave, beloved, and distinguished character did not go into the field, nor was there a man that made a greater sacrifice of his own ease, health, and social enjoyments."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON.

Few names have been more distinguished in the annals of New York than that of Clinton. The ancestor of the family who first settled on these shores was James the son of William Clinton, who, being an adherent of Charles I., took refuge in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the execution of that monarch. James, the son, found an easier way of escape from the popular fury, by espousing the daughter of a captain in Cromwell's army. He was the father of Charles, the immediate ancestor of the American family, who was born in 1690, and emigrated to this country in 1729. It has been said that, in addition to the perils of a passage which occupied nearly five months, the captain had formed the design of starving the passengers, in order to seize upon their property. The plan was frustrated by a timely discovery, and the passengers safely landed at Cape Cod. Here Clinton remained until 1731, when he removed to Ulster county in New York. He was made judge of the county court, and in 1756 was appointed lieutenant-colonel, under Delancy. At the head of his regiment, under General Bradstreet, in 1757, he assisted in the capture of Fort Frontenac at the mouth of Lake Ontario. He died at his residence in Ulster, now Orange County, November 19, 1773, aged 82. He is mentioned as a tall, graceful, and dignified person, of commanding abilities and great private virtues. Of his four sons, Alexander, a graduate at Princeton in 1750, was a physician; Charles, a surgeon in the British army, was at the taking of Havana in 1762; James was a brigadier-general in the American Revolution, and George, vice-president of the United States.

George Clinton, the youngest son of Charles Clinton,

General Clinton served as brigadier-general of the militia of New York until the 25th of March, 1777, when, the state having recommended to Congress that a commander should be named to the posts in the Highlands, that station of high trust and confidence was given to him, with the rank of brigadier in the continental army. How well he deserved it was evinced by his gallant defence of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the 6th of October, 1777, when those unfinished fortresses were stormed by the British general, Sir Henry Clinton. The defence was obstinately maintained by a body of only six hundred men, against a force of three thousand under Sir Henry Clinton, from two o'clock until dark, when the enemy, by superior numbers, forced the works on all sides. General Clinton with many of the Americans escaped under cover of the night.* Had the works been complete, or the garrison sufficient to occupy commanding positions in the rear, the assailants must have failed. As it was, the defence was such as to induce apprehension in the enemy of having their retreat cut off should they remain in the

* In a journal kept by the late Dr. Joseph Young is the following account of the fortunate escape of the American commanders: "When it became almost certain that they would finally be obliged to submit to superior numbers, General James tried to persuade his brother George to leave the redoubt, alleging that it would be a greater injury to our cause to have the governor of the state taken prisoner, than if he should fall into their hands; they, however, both remained until it grew dark, and were mixed with the enemy: the governor escaped in a boat to the east side of the river, and James slid down the very steep bank of a creek which ran near the redoubt, and fell into the top of a hemlock tree, and made his escape by going up the bed of the brook, in which there was but little water at that time. When the enemy rushed into the redoubt, Colonel McClaughsy and a Mr. James Humphrey, the cock of whose gun had been shot off, turned back to back, and defended themselves desperately; they were assailed on all sides, and would undoubtedly have been killed, but a British senator who witnessed their spirit and bravery, exclaimed that it would be a pity to kill such brave men; they then rushed on and seized them, and when the colonel was brought to the British General Clinton, he asked where his friend George was? The colonel replied, 'Thank God, he is safe beyond the reach of your friendship.'"

upper Hudson long enough to make a useful diversion in favour of Burgoyne. That vaunting chief was, therefore, left to his fate, and thus the obstacles opposed in the Highlands shed a propitious influence on that Northern campaign, the brilliant issue of which at Saratoga arrayed in our defence the armies of France.

The situation of the state of New York during the war required the exercise of every power of the mind and every energy of the heart. The ravages and miseries which only occasionally visited other parts of the Union had here their permanent abode. More than one half of the territory was in possession of, or was laid open to the enemy, whose immediate policy it was to acquire the remainder; and a large proportion of the inhabitants were favourable to his views. The few, therefore, who continued faithful, were called out at every moment, and in every direction, to resist invasion or quell insurrection. The cannon's roar and the savage's yell were borne on every breeze. Uncultivated fields, abandoned shops, the ruins of burned dwellings, wounded the eye of pity and filled the sympathetic bosom with anguish, horror, and indignation. The patriotic few, assailed by danger and pinched by want, were hourly tempted by the enemy with insidious offers of protection and abundance. These were the circumstances under which the New York convention closed its labours by publishing the Constitution in April, 1777; and under these circumstances was George Clinton chosen in the succeeding month of June to be both governor and lieutenant-governor; such was the confidence reposed in him—a confidence unshaken during eighteen years, and attested by six general elections.

The public records of this period witness the extent and value of his services. He was a supporter of the federal constitution, and presided in the convention at Poughkeepsie in June, 1788, upon its ratification. After being

five years in private life he was elected to the legislature; and it has been said that his popularity and exertions in that body and in the state precipitated the great political revolution of 1800. Again in 1801 he was chosen governor, but in 1804 was succeeded by Morgan Lewis. In that year he was elevated to the vice-presidency of the United States, in which station he continued till his death. It was by his casting vote that the bill for renewing the bank charter was negatived. He died at Washington, April 20, 1812, aged seventy-two. In private life he was frank and amiable, and warm in his friendships. That he was a man of great energy and decision of character the following incidents will sufficiently prove. At the close of the revolutionary war, when a British officer had been arrested and placed in a cart in the city of New York to be tarred and feathered, Governor Clinton rushed in among the angry mob with a drawn sword and rescued the sufferer. On another occasion, a riot, as violent and extensive in proportion as that of Lord George Gordon in London, broke out in New York. The untarnished hero mingled with the mob, to prevent excess and allay the passions of the multitude. Tender of the lives of a misguided populace, for two days he submitted himself to this all-important service, and prevented the subversion of private as well as public rights, and the destruction of private property. Perceiving that the passions of the multitude were not to be allayed, the tenderness of a father yielded to the duties of a magistrate; and those whom by his remonstrance he could not soften, by his energy and authority he instantly subdued.

In 1786, a rebellion, which threatened a revolution, broke out in Massachusetts; the rebels were discomfited and in large bodies fled to Lebanon, New York, a place distant one hundred and fifty miles from the city, which was then the seat of government and the residence of the governor. Of this event he was informed, but not

foreseeing the evil, the legislature (which was then in session) had failed to provide for the emergency, and the executive was without power; yet so great was the confidence of the assembly, and so energetic his action, that in less than three days he appeared on the spot with two regiments of troops and a competent court of justice, and all proper officers and necessary characters attendant; and in less than twelve hours the rebel army was dispersed, the inactive magistrates dismissed, and the offenders brought to punishment.

Of all the revolutionary worthies, to him alone was intrusted the government of a state and at the same time a command in the regular army. So great was the confidence of the people in his valour and probity that they would have invested him with higher and even dictatorial powers had it been necessary for the public good. Gifted with a clear and strong mind, which had been highly cultivated, he was quick to perceive, prompt to execute, and invariably and inflexibly devoted to the welfare of his country.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES CLINTON.

James Clinton was the fourth son of Charles Clinton, the brother of Governor George Clinton, and the father of De Witt Clinton. He was born on the 13th of August, 1736, at the family residence, in what is now Orange county, in New York.

His natural powers were strong and active, and he acquired under the instruction of his father an excellent education. He especially excelled in the exact sciences, to which his attention had been directed, and for which he had a great predilection; at the same time, he inherited the ardent passion for military life that had distinguished

his ancestors, and for which he was qualified by a vigorous frame and the most intrepid courage.

In the war of 1756, he was appointed by Sir Charles Hardy, then the governor of the province, an ensign in the militia, for his native county. Afterwards remaining in the provincial army, under Lieutenant-Governor Delancy, and Lieutenant-Governor Colden, he was regularly advanced through all the grades of military promotion, and in 1774 he attained to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel in the second regiment of Ulster.

These successive appointments proved his military merit, and the entire confidence reposed in his skill and bravery. After the termination of the French war, Mr. Clinton married Miss Mary De Witt, a young woman of singular attractions, whose ancestors had emigrated from Holland, and whose name proclaims the high respectability of the connexion.

Upon this happy event, he retired for a season from the camp to enjoy the repose of domestic life; but the Revolution having commenced, he resumed the duties of the soldier, and being appointed, in June, 1775, a colonel of the third regiment of the New York forces, accompanied Montgomery to Canada. On the 9th of August, 1776, he was made a brigadier-general; and during the war, in the several stations which he filled, he distinguished himself as a gallant and efficient officer, performing several acts of the truest heroism, and displaying the most perfect self-possession in the midst of the greatest dangers. His gallant conduct at the storming of Fort Clinton, as well as that of his brother George at Fort Montgomery, in October, 1777, will be ever memorable in the history of the Revolution. At this time he commanded under his brother, Governor George Clinton, at Fort Clinton, which, with Fort Montgomery, separated from each other by a creek, defended the Hudson against the ascent of the enemy, below West Point. Sir Henry

Clinton, in order to favour the designs of Burgoyne, attacked these forts, October 6th, with three thousand men, and carried them by storm, as they were defended by only about six hundred militia. A brave resistance was made from two o'clock until it was dark, when the garrison was overpowered. General Clinton was severely wounded by a bayonet, but escaped. After riding a little distance he dismounted, that he might elude the pursuing enemy, and taking the bridle from his horse, slid down a precipice one hundred feet to the creek which separated the forts. Thus he reached the mountains at a secure distance. In the morning he found a horse, which conveyed him, covered with blood, to his house, about sixteen miles from the fort.

In 1779 he joined, with sixteen hundred men, General Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians. Proceeding up the Mohawk in batteaux, about fifty-four miles above Schenectady, he conveyed them from Canajoharie to the head of the Otsego lake, one of the sources of the Susquehannah, down which he was to join Sullivan. As the water in the outlet of the lake was too low to float his batteaux, he constructed a dam across it, and thus raised its level above; and by suddenly letting it out, his boats and troops were rapidly floated to Tioga, where he joined Sullivan, who had already ascended the Susquehannah to that point.

During most of the war, General Clinton was stationed in command of the northern department at Albany. But he was afterwards present at the siege of Yorktown, and the capture of Cornwallis. His last appearance in arms was upon the evacuation of the city of New York by the British, when he took leave of the commander-in-chief, and retired to his estate in Orange county, with the view of enjoying that tranquillity which was now called for by a long period of privation and fatigue, and that honour which was a due reward of the important services he

had rendered. After his retirement he was still frequently called upon for the performance of civil duties—at one period officiating as a commissioner, to adjust the boundary line between Pennsylvania and New York; at another, employed by the legislature to settle controversies relative to the western territories of the state; and at different periods, serving as a delegate to the assembly, a member of the convention for the adoption of the federal Constitution, and afterwards a senator from the middle district in the New York legislature, to which office he was elected without opposition. All these various trusts he executed with integrity, ability, and the entire approbation of his constituents and the public.

He died at his residence in Orange county, on the 22d of September, 1812, the same year that terminated the valuable and eventful life of his venerable brother George: "par nobile fratrum." In the concluding language of the inscription upon his monumental stone, "Performing in the most exemplary manner all the duties of life, he died as he lived, without fear and without reproach."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EBENEZER LARNED.

This officer commanded a regiment of the Massachusetts militia, and was engaged in active service from the commencement of hostilities until the spring of 1776. After the army removed to New York he became afflicted with disease, and in May of that year requested permission to retire from the service. He expressed his most fervent wishes for the success of the great struggle for freedom, and deeply regretted that the nature of his infirmities almost forbade the hope of his being able to return to the field. Congress, in 1777, appointed him a brigadier-general, and, his health gradually sinking, sometime after granted him permission to leave the army.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

It has been asserted, with how much truth can only be judged of by those experienced in the mysteries of human nature, that love of equality is inherent in every breast. We doubt it. Love of power may be, and is. No man in this, or in any other country, if he form not a rare exception, is willing to be inferior to his neighbour, unless that neighbour's superiority is dependent upon natural gifts, or the accident of circumstances beyond his emulation or control. It is this accident of birth, the established forms and ranks of the European monarchies, acknowledged by all, and felt to be a necessary concomitant of such governments, which keeps the lower orders of society tranquil, and, so far as rank is concerned, contented. When elevated positions are beyond the aspiration of the lower classes, they seek contentment in that sphere in which they have been born. In this country, no distinction of classes being acknowledged, every one aspires to be first. That such aspirations produce remarkable results, and bring into play the utmost energies of a people, cannot be doubted; but how far they contribute to contentment, and to the *morale* of a people, is a question yet to be solved.

When then we see a man born to the highest rank in a government—a rank claiming and receiving the acknowledgment of superiority—possessed of wealth which would insure him position even without his nobility of title, and in the full vigour of youth, capable of enjoying all the luxuries and pleasures that an elevated position and riches could procure; when we see such a man devote his mind, wealth and energeis, to the development of an idea, to

the struggle of a principle, which is to establish the right from the wrong, well knowing that the victory, if gained, must tend to deprive him in a measure of the advantages he possesses over the greater portion of his fellow beings, we may well call him great. Such a man was Gilbert Mottier, Marquis de Lafayette.

Lafayette was born at Chavaniac, in the ancient province of Auvergne, on the sixth of September, 1757. He was of a family the most ancient in France, of the highest rank among its nobility. His ancestors for three centuries had occupied distinguished posts of honour and respectability. His father fell at the battle of Minden, during the seven years' war. He lost his mother soon after, and thus became an orphan at an early age. He was the heir to an immense estate, and but for his peculiar strength of mind must have fallen a victim to the numberless allurements that abounded in the most luxurious, fascinating and dissipated of the capitals of Europe. Perhaps his early marriage may have contributed in no slight degree to shield him from the temptations that surrounded him. He was educated at the military college of Duplessis, in Paris, and soon after the completion of his studies there, at the early age of sixteen, was united in matrimony to the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, of the Noailles family, a lady even younger than himself, and who espoused the fortunes and cause in which her liege lord had enlisted, with all the ardour and devotion of an angel, making herself the worthy companion of such a man, and the sharer of his name and glory. The profession of arms was the one adopted by most of his associates, there being at that time but two roads to distinction open: the one that of the military profession, the other that of the courtier. Although offered a prominent position in the royal household he declined the office, choosing the sword of the camp to the velvet-covered rapier of the palace.

At the age of nineteen he was already captain of dra-

goons in the regiment to which he was attached, and was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town of France. Soon after the declaration of independence by the American colonies, during the summer months of 1776, the duke of Gloucester, brother to the king of England, happened to make a visit to Metz. A grand entertainment was given to him by the commandant. To this many officers were invited, one of whom was Lafayette. At the dinner the duke made mention of news he had just received from England relative to the American colonies, and among other things, announced their declaration of independence. Interested in such an event, especially as Europe had regarded the struggle of these colonies more as a tumultuous rebellion than an attempt for liberty, Lafayette made many inquiries to satisfy himself of the true character of this war, and probably then determined to know yet more of the startling effort made by a distant people to gain their freedom. His investigations were satisfactory. He saw in the Revolution a noble determination on the part of an oppressed people to shake off the yoke of tyranny, and his heart warmed with the thought of assisting in such a cause.

He proceeded to Paris. He confided his plans to two young friends, officers like himself, Count Segur and Viscount de Noailles, who at once consented to join him; but they were obliged to abandon the undertaking, their families being unwilling that they should leave France. An orphan, he had no controller of his actions; he was master of his own movements, and possessed the fortune to execute his desires. He consulted other and experienced friends, but met nowhere with encouragement. On the contrary, every one endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash a project, as they considered it. At last he met with Baron de Kalb, an officer of some distinction, who was himself enlisted in the cause of the colonies,

which he a few years before had visited in the service of the ministry.

With the aid of De Kalb, Lafayette was introduced to Silas Deane, then in France as agent of the United States. The truthful picture of the state of our affairs, given by this gentleman, had not the effect of lessening Lafayette's enthusiasm for the cause. On perceiving this, Mr. Deane engaged him for the American service, with the rank of major-general, and he had already taken passage in a vessel about to be despatched to the United States, when the news reached France of the unhappy results of the campaign of 1776. This intelligence spread a gloom over all the friends of the colonies. The project of sending the vessel, laden with stores and ammunition, was abandoned. The cause assumed a hopeless aspect, and every one who knew of Lafayette's intention endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise. Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee had in the mean time joined Silas Deane as commissioners, and even these gentlemen refused to encourage him in going to the United States. But the gallant young soldier replied, "My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing influences with me, but now I see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly wanted by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America; and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

And he purchased this vessel, and sailed from France to give his aid to a people too poor to offer him even a transport to their shores, and whose contest then had assumed the most desperate aspect. Nor was the execution of his project an easy matter. His government and his own family prohibited his departure. His wife alone of all his relatives did not reproach him, but approved his noble design. Pursued by order of the king, Lafayette

succeeded, disguised, in reaching Spain, whence he embarked, with eleven officers, among whom was De Kalb, with whom he ever maintained an intimacy. His passage was long and tedious, and it was not devoid of danger. Had he been less bold of purpose or less armed against ill omens, he must have yielded to the obstacles that opposed him. Fortunately for America and for his own fame, it was not so.

Lafayette and his compatriots landed on the South Carolina coast, near Georgetown, at nightfall, and proceeded to the first house at hand, which chanced to be that of Major Huger. With the assistance of this gentleman, who gladly extended to them every hospitality, they reached Charleston, and at once proceeded by land to Philadelphia. Without delay, after his arrival, Lafayette sent his letters and papers to the chairman of the committee of Congress on Foreign Relations, Mr. Lovell, who at once stated that so many foreigners were applying for offices in the army, while our means of remunerating them were so exhausted, that he doubted whether he could obtain a commission. Nothing daunted, Lafayette addressed a letter to the president, stating that he asked but permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, and that he looked for no remuneration for his services. His letters were at once examined, and when his connexions, rank, and wealth, and the manner in which he had succeeded in gaining our shores, despite the obstacles that surrounded him, were made known, without hesitation he received the commission of a major-general in the army. Lafayette at that time lacked one month of being twenty years of age.

Thus, by that persevering spirit which had enabled him to vanquish all opposition at home, and by that ingenuousness of disposition which he had evinced in his brief career, he was at once raised to companionship with the choice spirits of our revolutionary army—Washington,

Greene, Stark, Putnam, Lincoln, and others. His introduction to Washington took place at a dinner-party, where he so far succeeded in gaining the good opinion of the commander-in-chief that he was invited by him to make the headquarters of the army his home. His commission was dated July 31, 1777, but he did not receive a command for several months afterwards. On the eleventh of September, 1777, being still without orders, he joined the army as a volunteer and fought in the battle of Brandywine. His impetuosity led him into the thickest of the battle and to rash exposure of his life, but he also exhibited coolness and ability. When our troops commenced their disorderly retreat he dismounted from his horse and descended to the ranks, with the hope of rallying the men. In this attempt he was wounded in the leg, unknown to himself, nor did he perceive the injury until the blood attracted the attention of his aid, who pointed out to him his condition. Calling upon a surgeon whom he chanced to meet, the bleeding was temporarily staunched and he proceeded on to Chester, nor did he allow himself further attention until his task was completed. Such was his conduct in his first battle, and thus was he introduced to the American service. The effects of this wound prevented his further movement for two months.

In the winter of 1777–8 he was ordered to the command of an expedition against Canada. At this time a cabal had been formed against Washington, and the expedition was undertaken without his knowledge, by express authority of Congress. But fearful of being considered one of the opposing partisans, Lafayette refused to accept the command unless he was to be considered an officer detached from Washington's army and subject to his orders. Congress granted him this condition. In such actions he exhibited his integrity, and secured the confidence of the commander-in-chief. The expedition was however abandoned.

In the following May he distinguished himself by his masterly retreat from Barrenhill, in the face of a greatly superior force of the enemy.

Soon after, the 28th of June, 1778, at the battle of Monmouth his services were so conspicuous as to elicit the thanks of Congress, who also declared their high approbation of his exertions to appease and conciliate the dissensions which had arisen between the officers of the American army and those of the French fleet sent to this country under the Count d'Estaing, after our treaty of alliance with France on the sixth of February, 1778. A consequence of that treaty was a war between England and France. This war essentially changed the position of Lafayette. He was still an officer under the king, and it became necessary for him to reinstate himself in his sovereign's good will—which his prohibited expedition to America had in a great measure destroyed.

At the close of the campaign of 1778, he addressed a letter to Congress, enclosing one from Washington. In this letter, among other things, he says: "As long as I thought I could dispose of myself, I made it my pride and pleasure to fight under American colours, in defence of a cause which I dare more particularly call *ours*, because I had the good fortune of bleeding for her. Now, that France is involved in a war, I am urged, by a sense of my duty as well as by the love of my country, to present myself before the king, and know in what manner he judges proper to employ my services." He then proceeds to ask permission to return to his home for the ensuing winter, and to be considered as a soldier on furlough. He concludes by tendering his services in behalf of the American cause in his own country. Congress immediately passed resolutions granting him an unlimited leave of absence, with permission to return to the United States whenever his convenience allowed; and instructed the President to write him a letter of thanks, for his zeal in

coming to America, and for the signal services which he had rendered. They also instructed our minister at the court of Versailles to have a sword, with suitable devices, presented to him in the name of the United States, in token of their esteem and gratitude.

He reached France on the 12th of February, 1779. His reception by the French people was heartfelt and gratifying, but for a time the court refused to notice him. Its reserve, however, was of short duration, and he was appointed to a command in the king's own regiment of dragoons, which he continued to hold actively during the year. Early in March, 1780, he again returned to the United States. Immediately after his arrival, Congress noticed, by appropriate resolutions, of the 16th of May, 1780, this return, and accepted the tender of his services with expressions of a grateful character.

From this time until the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781, he was constantly employed in our service. He defended Virginia against the depredation of the forces of Cornwallis, with masterly military talents and invincible spirit. His troops were composed of eastern militia, unused to southern climates, and discontented with the privations to which they were subjected. Lafayette found desertions from the ranks daily growing more frequent. Instead of adopting harsh measures to put an end to such occurrences, he appealed to the honour of his soldiers, and awakened in them something of his own enthusiasm for the cause. But the treasury was empty, and the wants of his troops pressing. In Baltimore, he raised sufficient means, by his personal responsibilities to merchants there, to answer their immediate demands, and, aided by the hands of our patriotic countrywomen, supplied the clothing of which the troops stood in need.

Lafayette was with Washington when the treason of Arnold was made known, and also during his conference with the French general Rochambeau. In these trying

scenes his support and council were relied upon, and he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Washington, which was not easily earned, nor lightly bestowed. With the surrender of Cornwallis ended the great struggle. There was still another year of contention; but the scene of that contention was removed from the field to diplomatic conferences and negotiations. After the fall of Yorktown, Lafayette again petitioned Congress for leave of absence, to visit his family in France, which was granted; and thus closed his services in the revolutionary war.

He returned to his country not unnoticed, nor with mere expressions of gratitude and respect, for the signal services he had rendered in the cause of liberty. At the age of twenty-five he had filled the page of history with his actions, and he carried with him the testimonials of a nation's esteem and prayers; he was intrusted with confidential powers to his government, and with a letter from the Congress of a nation in whose creation he had played a conspicuous part, recommending him to his sovereign in terms of unequivocal praise.

We must now pursue Lafayette's public career as that of a Frenchman, no longer in the service of the United States, although ever warmly devoted to their interests. France regarded his talents and conduct as worthy of distinguishing marks of approbation. For him the laws of promotion were set aside. He received the commission of major-general in the French army, to date from the surrender of Cornwallis. He still fondly clung to the associations he had formed during his sojourn in this country, and tenderly cherished the attachments which had sprung up with the great spirits of the Revolution. Desirous once again of renewing these pleasurable sensations by personal interviews, and by once more beholding the scenes of his youthful glory, he determined to revisit the United States. On the 4th of August, 1784, he landed in New York. His journey through the country was like the

triumphant march of an emperor. Every legislature, state, town, and village greeted him with honours. Congress appointed committees to receive him, and to bid him adieu; and in every way a grateful nation showered upon him the most gratifying marks of their love and respect. On the 25th of January, 1785, he was again in Paris. He had seen the land in whose cause he had bled—he had seen a people whom he had aided in throwing off the yoke of oppression—he had communed with a young nation, who had undertaken the great task of governing themselves, and had left them happy. He returned to his own country, to behold it writhing under such inflictions as those which had awakened the energies of a few weak and scattered colonists in opposition to the most powerful of nations. If he had been willing to aid the cause of foreigners, he was now ready to bleed in the struggle of his own people.

The finances of France were in confusion. De Calonne, at the head of the treasury department, could no longer raise the needed supplies for government by the usual royal ordinances. A convocation of *notables* was called—a measure unknown for centuries, but now resorted to as a forlorn hope. Lafayette was of that assembly, which consisted of one hundred and thirty-seven persons. These were divided into seven sections or bureaux, over each of which presided a prince of the blood. Lafayette was in the section over which sat the Count D'Artois, younger brother of the king, who was subsequently Charles X. In this assembly he at once assumed the cause of the people. He demanded for them:

1. The suppression of lettres de cachet, and the abolition of all arbitrary imprisonment.

2. The establishment of religious toleration, and the restoration of Protestants to their civil rights.

3. Personal liberty, religious liberty, and a representative assembly of the people.

In other words, he demanded the acknowledgment from the crown that the people should have something to say in the measures and laws by which they were to be governed. It was a bold step to take. These demands he desired to be carried to the king, as made by him, the Marquis de Lafayette. De Calonne was banished, and litigation with parliament commenced. The convocation terminated; but not until a promise had been wrung from the throne to call another. Another was called, and then an assembly of the states-general; but, finally, this assembly converted itself into a national convention, forming a constitution of limited monarchy, with its royal executive hereditary, but with a legislature representing in a single body the whole people. This was the first step of the Revolution. The concessions made by Louis XVI. proclaimed the surrender, virtually, of absolute power in the throne. The principles advocated by Lafayette were those imbibed in America. Little did he know how far the Revolution thus commenced in the best spirit of order would lead an excited people, so long deprived of every privilege. When in May, 1789, the royal authority had dwindled to a name, and the lower classes began to exercise the power they had so unexpectedly gained, Lafayette stepped forward for the preservation of order. The National Guard was instituted, and he was made their commander-in-chief. But he could do nothing to stem the torrent whose flood-gates had been so unexpectedly opened. He desired all for the people, but he clung to the ill-fated king. Had Louis possessed more firmness of purpose, with the aid of Lafayette the tumult might have been subdued; but he lacked every quality required in such an emergency.

On the 12th of July, 1789, the Bastile was demolished, its governor murdered, and thus excited that thirst for blood which was to know no bounds. On the 21st of January, 1793, the king was beheaded, and the extinction

of the constitutional monarchy of France completed. We cannot follow out the course of the Revolution and its results, in detail, but must confine ourselves to the steady purpose pursued through all its terrors by Lafayette, in the fulfilment of his great design. From the commencement of the troubles, he refused all pecuniary compensation for services. There was not an office known to the ancient monarchy, nor was there one which was suggested by the disorder of the times, that was not tendered him. He rejected them all. Personal aggrandizement was not his end; his mind was fixed upon a higher and more noble purpose.

Finding himself after the execution of the king no longer able to command the army he had created, beset by enemies, denounced in the assembly as a traitor, and by that assembly ordered to be arrested, Lafayette had but two alternatives—either to yield himself to their authority, or to fly. He chose the latter course, but in the territory of Liege fell into the hands of the Austrians, who, despite the peculiar circumstances under which he was taken, and those under which he had left France, treated him as a prisoner of war. Austria vainly endeavoured to enlist him against France, and finally delivered him over to the Prussian government, under which he was dragged from prison to prison, and at last confined in the dungeons of the fortress of Magdeburg. He was immured in a subterraneous vault, damp, gloomy, and secured by four heavy doors, loaded with bolts, bars, and chains. The story of his confinement is well known; the secrets of his prison have been revealed. Why he was thus persecuted is a question that must be asked without hope of answer. Upon no grounds recognised by civilized nations, can this conduct be defended. Lafayette seems to have awakened the hatred of Prussia and Austria. When, after the first victory of the arms of Brunswick, an exchange of prisoners was about to take

place, he was transferred to the emperor of Germany, to avoid his being included in the cartel, and was placed in the dungeons of Olmutz, in Moravia.

On entering this prison he was told that he would be shut out from all communication with the world; that his name would not even be mentioned by his jailors; and that he would only be spoken of in despatches by the number of his register. They added, that no intercourse between him and his family or friends would be permitted, and that to prevent the relief such torture might suggest, of self destruction, no knife or fork would be allowed him.

Thus condemned to a living tomb, it is not surprising that his strength failed. He became so feeble, that his physician three times declared he could not recover unless permitted to breathe the fresh air. The court of Vienna replied that he was "not yet sick enough." But they relented, perhaps alarmed by the universal attention his imprisonment was exciting. He was permitted at last to exercise abroad, not, however, without the guard of an armed escort.

The permission thus granted gave occasion for an effort to release him, made by Count Lally Tolendal, who cherished a warm regard for him, though opposed to him in political sentiments. The count enlisted in the cause Eric Bollman, a Hanoverian physician, (subsequently a naturalized citizen of the United States,) who visited Germany for the purpose of discovering Lafayette's place of confinement. The first visit was unsuccessful, but a second one disclosed the secret. To avoid suspicion he settled in Vienna, and, by means of his profession, gained some communication with Lafayette. He was joined here by a young American, Colonel Huger, son of that Colonel Huger under whose roof Lafayette passed his first night in the United States, who most gladly offered his assistance. The limits of this sketch will not admit the details of the attempt. It did not succeed; and not only was La-

fayette sent back to his cell, but Dr. Bollman and Colonel Huger were also taken and chained by the neck to the floors of separate cells.

Bollman and Huger, after six months confinement, were released through the intervention of Count Metrowsky, a nobleman of great influence and generous character, and suffered to escape the Austrian dominions.

The last information Lafayette had received of his wife was of her imprisonment in Paris, during the reign of Terror. His wife's grandmother, the Duchess de Noailles, her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, and her sister, the Countess de Noailles, all suffered upon the scaffold, on the same day. She herself was destined to a similar fate, but the fall of Robespierre saved her. Her son, George Washington Lafayette, just attaining his majority, was a subject of intense anxiety, for she dreaded the conscription. Mr. Joseph Russell and Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, of Boston, then in Paris, exerted themselves in his behalf and prevailed upon Boissy d'Anglas, a member of the committee of safety, to allow him to depart for America, where he was received into the family of Washington. Relieved of this care, and with an American passport, she proceeded under the family name of Lafayette, (Mottier,) to Albona, where she arrived September 9th, 1795. Through the kindness of Count Rosemberg, she obtained an interview with Francis II., the emperor of Germany, then a man of twenty-five years of age. With her daughters she appeared in the imperial presence, and prayed, in vain, to have her husband restored to his ruined fortunes, (for his estates had been confiscated under the emigrant law,) and to his shattered health. She then asked permission to share his sufferings. This was granted; but her health sank under the trial; her frame, already weakened by the sufferings she had endured, was unable to bear up against the privations, the indignities and pestilence, of Olmutz. She implored one month's

leave of absence, to search after health, in Vienna. She was told that she might go, if she would, but that she could never return. Death was more welcome than such a separation, and she remained. She lived to breathe the free air of heaven at the side of her lord, but never recovered from the effects of this merciless incarceration.

Nor did the wife alone plead for the release of Lafayette. Washington addressed a letter to the emperor; and General Fitzpatrick, seconded by Wilberforce and Fox, in December, 1796, on the floor of the House of Commons, interposed their eloquence in his behalf. All was vain. For reasons no one can fathom, though neither a prisoner of the law nor of war, he was still held in chains, against the appeals of reason, honour, and humanity. But at length there came to claim his release one who would not be denied—Napoleon. He wrung from the emperor what all appeals, all arguments, all sense of justice had failed to obtain. Napoleon restored Lafayette to liberty, but scarcely to life; for his constitution was shattered, and his estates had been wasted by the convulsions which had shaken the institutions of his country.

The Directory was still in power, and Lafayette, having been included in the list of those outlawed by the emigrant act, dared not return. But the Directory soon fell, and he was enabled to revisit France. He immediately sought the retirement of Lagrange. How changed was France to him! The constitution of 1791, which, amid all the mockery and splendour displayed upon the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, he had sworn to support, was almost forgotten. He had not been a witness to the bloody commotions which had shaken the country meanwhile, but his penetrating eye quickly saw their effects.

Notwithstanding his obligations to Napoleon, which he always acknowledged, he was still true to the cause of constitutional liberty. He voted against making him dictator for life. He refused the favours which he heaped

upon the ancient nobility; he rejected—and was the only one who did—the cross of the legion of honour. He deemed all these inconsistent with the principles he advocated. Mr. Jefferson offered him the position of governor of Louisiana, then a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling to abandon France, and declined the honour. He preferred his retirement at Lagrange, with the satisfaction of being true to the cause he had early chosen, to all the rank, titles and advancements that were within his reach. Napoleon only ceased to importune when convinced that Lafayette was resolute in his determination to avoid all connection with the government. He lived apart from the world, amid his loving family circle, gazing from afar at the stupendous changes that were taking place in politics.

Napoleon had built up an empire. That empire fell, crumbling under its own weight; and France was threatened. Then Lafayette again appeared on the theatre of action. He proposed to make the representative chamber a permanent body, and in secret council urged the abdication of the emperor. In these troublesome times he was every where, urging with all his influence, and with the still fresh vigour of his mind, measures to secure tranquillity. The restoration followed; Louis XVIII. took possession of the palaces of his ancestors; but the eye sought in vain for Lafayette among the courtiers; yet when the representative system was renewed, he was found in the legislature, defending the rights of the people and advocating the cause of constitutional liberty.

His whole course had been watched with intense anxiety from this continent, and those Americans who had only heard their fathers speak of him, now longed to look upon the man, who had withstood the allurements of wealth, title, and position, and remained true to the principles he had advocated in his youth—the principles developed by our independence. A resolution passed both Houses of

Congress, inviting him to these shores. The invitation was accepted, but the government vessel tendered him was respectfully declined; and he came over unostentatiously in a packet ship, landing in New York, on the 15th August, 1824.

His sojourn here, the manner in which he was received by the whole nation, is still remembered by many and known to all. It is the lot of few to be hailed by a nation with such joy and gratitude, with such admiration and esteem, with the blessings and prayers of age and youth. Such a lot was that of Lafayette. What must have been his sensations, on beholding this young country, in whose cause he had but a few years before shed his blood, whose armies in the hour of need he had clothed, whose future no one could then have foretold, no imagination or reason conceived! A new generation had sprung up, and was about him; the free citizens of a land whose destiny was onward, whose flag was known in every ocean, and whose wealth was uncounted! He gazed with satisfied pride upon the temple of liberty which his hands had helped to erect, and cherished the faint hope that his own country would one day enjoy the same blessings. Having gratified the fond wish of his heart, to renew the associations of his youth, he was allowed to depart, accompanied by every testimonial of respect a grateful nation could bestow, and with the acknowledgment of all he had done to aid their infant struggles.

He returned to France—but not to behold scenes of industry, of contentment, or of peace. The rich oppressed the poor, the strong trampled upon the weak, until the Revolution of 1830 was commenced. Not again was France to see the wildest passions sway with bloodthirsty appetite the multitude. The people desired to have their rights acknowledged—were resolved to be no longer enslaved. The friend of constitutional liberty, who amid all changes had stood firm, was looked to for counsel: the

nation confided to him its fate. The early friend of Washington had the privilege, like him, of refusing a crown. He felt that France was not ripe for the institutions of the United States; but he desired to secure to the people an acknowledgment of their rights, though with a king. From the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, he presented the French nation a man who had been tried in adversity, the duke of Orleans, not as king of France—that title was no longer to be borne,—Louis Philippe was accepted as *the citizen King of the French.* Here ended the great object of his life. He glanced at the constitution that was henceforth to govern his country, and lay down to rest—loved, respected, crowned with glory as with years—without a blemish on his fair renown, without a stain upon his great career. Even in death he shuns the gaudy palaces of the titled dead. Not at Pere la Chaise, but in a cemetery near Paris, rural and secluded, he sleeps between his faithful and heroic wife and his estimable and accomplished daughter; never to be forgotten, if purity of purpose, ingenuousness of character, integrity of public and private life can secure immortality to man.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DEBORRE.

The Chevalier Deborre was a French general of thirty-five years' service. He was appointed a brigadier in the American army, with a commission dated December 1st, 1776, according to the compact made in France between him and the American commissioner. The German battalion, and three of the Maryland regiments, in the division of Major-General Sullivan, were assigned to General Deborre.

In July, 1777, General Deborre captured a tory, under

circumstances which induced him to order his immediate trial and execution. This summary proceeding, although the man may have deserved death, was disapproved by General Washington, who, in addressing him soon after upon the subject, observed, "Though I am convinced you acted in the affair with good intentions, yet I cannot but wish it had not happened. In the first place, it was a matter that did not come within the jurisdiction of martial law, and therefore the whole proceeding was irregular and illegal, and will have a tendency to excite discontent, jealousy, and murmurs among the people. In the second place, if the trial could properly have been made by a court-martial, as the division you commanded is only a detachment from the army, and you cannot have been considered as in a separate department, there is none of our articles of war that will justify your inflicting capital punishment even on a soldier, much less on a citizen."

In the battle of Brandywine General Deborre commanded, in Sullivan's division, the brigade which first broke and gave way; and to this occurrence was owing much of the ill fortune of that battle.

By a vote of Congress he was immediately recalled from the army, until the charges against him should be investigated. At this he took umbrage and resigned his commission.

In his letter to Congress he complained of hard usage, averring that he did all in his power to rally his men, being wounded in the attempt; and said, "if the American troops would run away, it was unjust to censure him for the consequences." There was some truth, perhaps, in this remonstrance; but by his ignorance of the character and habits of the American people, Deborre had rendered himself very unpopular in the army, and Congress accepted his resignation without reluctance. He soon after returned to France.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL COUNT PULASKI.

POLAND had long enjoyed a national independence, and was, from its antiquity and ancient renown, entitled to reverence. The constitution, however, which had so long sufficed to maintain her nationality, wanted the concentrated vigour of an elective monarchy. It was about to be tested. The king had died. The electoral diet was assembled, on the plains near Warsaw, for the purpose of choosing another sovereign. At this moment, when the land was without a head, Russia, conspiring with Austria and Prussia, sent an army to overawe the diet, and to secure the election of their favourite. These three powerful enemies had resolved upon the dismemberment of their weak neighbour, and aided by their military force, it is not to be wondered at, that their creature was raised to the throne. Count Poniatowsky was crowned king, with the name of Stanislaus Augustus.

This league must rest a stain upon these three nations—it was a compact between the strong and powerful, to crush the weak and helpless; a conspiracy of the ambitious and reckless, to rob an unsuspecting people of their rights as men, and to destroy them as a nation.

At the diet was a noble, Count Pulaski, the staroste, or chief magistrate of Warech: a man of high rank, and universally esteemed for his private and public worth. The outrage thus committed upon his country by Russia, soon aroused the bitterest indignation. He saw laws passed subversive of ancient customs, curtailing the nation's rights, and tending to devour her political substance. Resolved to save her, or to sacrifice himself in the attempt, he endeavoured to awaken his brother nobles to the neces-

sity of action. Confederations were formed to this end, and steps taken to secure harmonious action against their shameless enemies. Count Pulàski enlisted his two sons, Francis and CASIMIR, the latter being the subject of this memoir. Worthy of their estimable sire, they warmly espoused their country's cause. The father well knew that when once embarked in this perilous undertaking, there could be no retreat. If success crowned their efforts, Poland was rescued; if they failed, he wished to fall, and was willing that his children should be crushed beneath the ruins of his country, rather than live to be the slaves of Russia.

Count Casimir Pulaski was born in 1747, and was twenty-one years of age when enlisted under his father's banner. He had seen some service under the archduke of Courland, and was in the castle of Mittau when the Russians besieged that city. He possessed undaunted courage, a readiness of action, and a decision of character which fitted him in an eminent degree for the perilous conflict. What might have been the result of this undertaking, had all the nobles been united, it is impossible to say; but divided as they were by jealousies and low ambition, and opposed to such fearful odds, the end was easily foreseen. Early in the contest, Count Pulaski was taken captive, and his sons did not again see him. He paid the penalty of his noble opposition to the enemy, in a dungeon, where he terminated his life. Francis and Casimir, now actuated by a double stimulus—love of country, and the desire to revenge a father's death—headed the insurrection of their oppressed countrymen, and proved themselves worthy of a more triumphant cause. Francis fell in battle; and Casimir, left to contend alone, for a long time succeeded in baffling all attempts to bring Poland to a state of submission.

It will be impossible, in the brief outline to be given here, to enter upon the details of the struggle. But this

much may be said, that if devotedness of purpose, fearless courage, and a discreet exercise of the little power still left at their disposal, could have secured to them a victory, then the Poles had triumphed. But wisdom and bravery were unavailing; dismembered, her political existence taken from her, Poland fell a victim to treachery and rapacity. Casimir Pulaski was outlawed; and, no longer surrounded by his friends, most of whom had perished by his side; no longer supported by his countrymen, whose rights he had struggled to maintain, he saw himself forced to leave the land of his birth, where he had buried the treasures of his heart—to sever the ties of affection which still bound him to his long-loved home.

Ruhliere, in speaking of this devoted man, says:—"Never was there a warrior who possessed greater dexterity in every kind of service; Pulaski, by a natural ascendency, was the chief among equals." And in referring to his own corps, he remarks further—"He had scarcely an officer whom he had not rescued from the hands of the enemy, or from some danger, and who might not say that he owed his life and liberty to his commander." Again:—"His troop, the most valorous, the most determined of those which served the confederation, was likewise the most poor. Casimir Pulaski was reluctant to raise contributions. The generosity of his nature rendered this necessity odious to him. The little money which he could sometimes procure, he expended in paying spies. Intrepid in combat, he was gentle, obliging, and sociable; never distrustful where he had once placed confidence, and never meddling in the intrigues which embroiled the confederation."

After he left Poland to seek an asylum among strangers, we lose sight of him for five years. It is known, however, that he was in Turkey, and was next heard of in France. When he went to the latter country cannot be ascertained; but he was there soon after the declaration of

independence by the American Congress. This bold step on the part of the colonists at once enlisted his sympathy. He beheld in this great effort to cast off the yoke of an oppressor, a struggle like that in which so recently he had himself been engaged. Determined to contend for those principles which his own countrymen had been compelled to abandon, to maintain which he had hazarded his life, rank, station, and fame, he resolved to join their standard, who were fighting for freedom in the New World. He was presented to Dr. Franklin, then our envoy to the court of France, who wrote to General Washington—"Count Pulaski, of Poland, an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defence of the liberties of his country against the great invading powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, will have the honour of delivering this into your hands. The court here have encouraged and promoted his voyage, from an opinion that he may be highly useful in our service." With this recommendation, he met a cordial welcome. He arrived in the summer of 1777, at Philadelphia, and joined our army as a volunteer.

Count Pulaski's abilities had been mainly exercised with cavalry. As is well known, during the first year and a half of the war, our army had no regular troops of that description. In the former wars no mounted force could have been used, as the frontiers and our interminable forests precluded their efficiency, and this had induced an opinion that such an arm of the service could never be of much value on the sea-board. General Charles Lee differed in this respect from the public, and urged upon Congress the importance of a dragoon corps. In several campaigns the want of one had been felt, and upon the organization of a new army, at the earnest suggestion of General Washington, provision was made for four regiments of cavalry. The command was offered to General Joseph Reed, but he declined it, so that for a while it was under

a colonel only. Washington recommended Count Pulaski, saying in his letter to Congress, "This gentleman has been, like us, engaged in defending the liberty and independence of his country, and has sacrificed his fortune to his zeal for those objects. He derives from this a title to our respect, that ought to operate in his favour, as far as the good of the service will permit."

This letter was despatched but a few days previous to the battle of Brandywine, in which contest Lafayette and Pulaski struck their first blow in that cause which both had so gallantly espoused. Being a volunteer he had no command, and was stationed near Washington, until near the close of the action, when he requested command of the chief's body-guard, consisting of about thirty horse, with which he immediately advanced towards the enemy, and within pistol-shot reconnoitred their movements, bringing back intelligence that they were endeavouring to cut off our line of retreat and our train of baggage. Washington immediately empowered him to gather as many of our scattered troops as came in his way, and to use them according to his judgment. He executed this service in so prompt and bold a manner as to render essential aid in our retreat, fully evincing the courage and discretion which had been connected with his name by the European world. Immediately after these occurrences, Congress appointed him to the command of the cavalry, with the rank of brigadier-general.

In the leading events of the campaign which followed, Pulaski occupied a distinguished position. To describe in detail his services, would force us into a minute account of various battles which are described elsewhere in this work. Had our cavalry been a body acting in concert, and occupying a distinct position in the line, it would be an easy task to point out the services which it rendered. As it was, that portion of our force was limited, divided into small parties, and employed upon various duties. In their

performance, great assistance was given to our army; yet they were such as a cursory review must necessarily exclude; and we content ourselves with stating, that at meeting the enemy on the Lancaster road, near Philadelphia, and in the battle of Germantown, Pulaski did all his small force enabled him to accomplish, and succeeded in gaining the confidence of Washington, which was not easily won. When the army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, Pulaski and his cavalry were sent to Trenton, for the convenience of procuring forage. At the moment of his leaving the main army, he addressed a letter to Washington, in which he spoke in an able manner of the deficiencies of his command, and of the advantages to be derived from an increased cavalry force in harassing and holding in check the enemy. He remarks: "The weak state of the corps I command, renders it impossible to perform every service required. Nay, my reputation is exposed, as, being an entire stranger in the country, the least accident would suffice to injure me; yet I cannot avoid hazarding every thing that is valuable in life."

His position at Trenton was a trying one. Forage was very scarce, and he was obliged to divide the horses into small parties, and distribute them throughout the neighbourhood. He however applied himself with great assiduity to the discipline and drilling of his troops, assisted by Colonel Kowatch, a Prussian officer who served under him. During the winter he was called into activity, and joined General Wayne in an attempt to procure provisions for the army, and to disperse the foraging parties of the enemy, who were distressing the country around Philadelphia.

But Pulaski soon perceived that his situation was an unpleasant one, at the head of such a body, and that he could not render the aid his wishes and ambition led him to hope. His troops were constantly called off in small detachments, to perform all the various duties for

which they could be used; while the officers under him expressed dissatisfaction at being made subject to the command of a foreigner who did not well understand their language, and whose ideas of discipline and cavalry exercise differed widely from their own. Unwilling to occupy longer a position which began to be offensive to his associates, he resigned it, and again joined the main army at Valley Forge. While here, sometime in March, 1778, he proposed to Washington the plan of an independent corps, which should be placed under his immediate direction. It was approved of by the chief, and Pulaski proceeded to Yorktown, where Congress was then sitting, to lay it before that body. It met with their approbation, and they immediately authorized him to raise and equip a corps, to consist of sixty-eight light-horse and two hundred foot. This was called *Pulaski's Legion*. It was intended to enlarge its numbers, if it should prove serviceable. It did prove so, especially in the southern campaigns, and gave rise to the institution of other *legions*, favourably known as Lee's and Amand's.

Unfortunately, the authority to raise this corps gave power to enlist deserters and prisoners. At Egg Harbour, in an attempt to save the country from the depredations of the British, a deserter succeeded in exposing his position to the enemy. His vigilance averted the result; but it proved the danger of having such materiel in our service. As the season drew towards a close, Pulaski made his winter-quarters at Minisink, on the Delaware, in New Jersey. Here he seems to have become dissatisfied again. He wrote in a desponding vein to Washington, hinting at his resignation, and his intention to return to Europe. But the commander-in-chief, well knowing the value of such an officer, answered these intimations in a manner so flattering and kind that he abandoned his purpose, and rested content until again called into action.

The attention of the country was now drawn to the

south, where the British held possession of Savannah, and most of the state of Georgia. In February, 1779, Pulaski was ordered thither with his Legion, to join General Lincoln. On the 11th of May, three days after he entered the city of Charleston, General Prevost invested that city. In an important sally upon the British forces, he distinguished himself in an eminent degree, although the increasing numbers of the enemy compelled him to retreat. His courage, self-possession, and disregard of his own safety, gave an inspiring example to his troops, and raised the spirits of the people; while the inexperienced soldiers felt a new confidence in themselves under the command of such an officer. In this affair Colonel Kowatch was killed, and several of the Americans taken prisoners and wounded. The growing numbers of the enemy, and the hopelessness of General Lincoln's being enabled to reach them in time to rescue the city from the threatening foes that surrounded it, induced the greater portion of the inhabitants to speak of capitulation. Pulaski, by his arguments and eloquence, deterred them from such a step, and induced the council to inform the British commander that all negotiations upon that subject were at an end. Fearing the rapid approach of Lincoln in his rear, General Prevost immediately retreated, convinced that the city could not think of holding out any longer, unless positive information of Lincoln's coming had been received.

Pulaski no sooner learned the retreat of the British, than he commenced a pursuit, harassing and annoying their rear, and he would have made an attack upon them at James's Island, whither they had retreated, had not the want of boats prevented the execution of his plans. The effect of this campaign in a low marshy country, upon a northern constitution, was very severe, and Pulaski was forced to return to Charleston on account of his extreme ill-health.

Early in September, while General Lincoln was still at

Charleston, news was brought that Count D'Estaing was off the coast, with a French fleet, and stood ready to assist him in his contemplated attack upon Savannah. The count sent one of his officers to General Lincoln, and the plan of operations was determined. Lincoln was to send troops with all despatch into Georgia, while the French were to land at Beuleau, and form a junction in the neighbourhood of Savannah.

On the march, the ingenuity of Pulaski was applied with great success in crossing Fubly's Ferry, where they found but a solitary canoe, instead of the boats ordered from Augusta. It became necessary to reconnoitre the enemy's outposts, on the opposite side of the river, and it required at least thirty men to perform this duty with effect. The canoe was small, but Pulaski directed one of his men to cross at a time, with his accoutrements, leading his horse swimming by its side. The plan succeeded, and the requisite number thus passed over. Captain Bentalou commanded the undertaking; and to this officer we are largely indebted for many of the facts connected with Pulaski's life in this country. Bentalou found the enemy had deserted their outposts, and withdrawn into the city. While pushing forward towards the town, in the night, he was surprised by the voice of Pulaski, who had hastened on with the remainder of his legion to aid his friend in any possible emergency.

During the four days that elapsed before the French troops arrived, Pulaski was busily engaged in reconnoitring the enemy's position, and in attacking their pickets. On the sixteenth of September the junction of the two armies was formed, and they invested Savannah, the French troops occupying the right and the Americans the left.

It will be impossible for us to enter into the minutiæ of this siege; it was long and tedious; and Count D'Estaing, wearied of his position, and fearful of the effects of the

climate on his men, was contemplating their withdrawal, when a combined assault upon the city was agreed upon. The plan of attack was betrayed to the enemy by a deserter from the American ranks, and when our troops advanced, they found the enemy prepared to receive them. The conflict was bloody and obstinate. Count D'Estaing led the French column, and in an attempt to cross a swamp, to avoid a circuitous route, he received two wounds, and was carried from the field. Pulaski, hearing of the havoc among our men, and being unable where he was to ascertain the position of our forces, called upon Bentalou to follow him, and then rushed forward to satisfy himself. Being told that Count D'Estaing was wounded, and of the confusion which prevailed among the French troops in the swamp, in fear that they would be disheartened he hurried forward to animate them by his own example and courage; but, in the attempt, he was wounded by a swivel shot, and fell. Bentalou was also wounded. Pulaski was left on the field, until his men had nearly all retreated; but some of them returned, in the face of the enemy's guns, and bore him to the camp. This was a mournful termination to the attack upon Savannah.

With the French fleet was the American brig Wasp. Pulaski and Bentalou were taken on board this vessel. She remained a few days in the river, and, just as she was leaving its mouth, despite the utmost skill of the French surgeons, Pulaski sank under the effects of his wound, and was consigned to the bosom of the sea. The Wasp sailed for Charleston, where appropriate public tokens of respect were paid in funeral solemnities by the state and municipal authorities.

Congress voted him a monument, and paid the like homage to many of the heroes who yielded their lives in the cause of liberty. But these votes are the only witnesses that authority has erected to perpetuate their names.

Sixty-five years have elapsed, but the country's duty is yet unperformed. In Savannah, there is a column to Pulaski, and another to the memory of Greene; but these are no nation's tributes—they were erected by the citizens of Georgia.

From early youth, Pulaski's energies were devoted to the cause of freedom. The hope of rescuing his own land from despotism, was the nearest wish of his heart; nor did he desert the cause until hope ceased to be a virtue, and farther effort the struggle of a madman. Poland was beyond his aid; and when he saw her expire beneath the powerful grasp of a usurper, and felt that she was dead, he forsook the scenes where he had buried the virgin aspirations of his soul—never to look upon them again. He heard of another nation, struggling to attain the end he had hoped to secure for his own, and immediately resolved to lend his aid. He came a stranger to these shores, but he possessed the power of winning the confidence of those with whom he served. In more than one instance did Washington publicly commend his military genius and distinguished services; and he ever relied upon his judgment, his courage, and fidelity to our cause. Pulaski was true to the principles he advocated in his youth, and he never ceased to cherish a sincere wish for their ultimate success.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM RUSSELL.

William Russell was made a brigadier-general by brevet on the third of November, 1783. He does not appear to have performed any services deserving recollection during the Revolution.

MAJOR-GENERAL DUCOUDRAY.

In the beginning of the year 1776, Silas Deane, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, was sent to France, with full powers and instructions to open negotiations with the French government for supplies and munitions of war. He was also authorized to invite foreign officers of approved merit to serve in the American army. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he was visited by Monsieur Ducoudray, who was adjutant-general of the artillery of France, and one of the first engineers in the kingdom. He offered his aid to Mr. Deane in forwarding his application to the minister of war for military supplies, and proposed himself to join the American army on certain conditions. It was known that the French government approved these advances on the part of Monsieur Ducoudray, and his proposals were accepted by Mr. Deane. According to the arrangement, Ducoudray was to proceed to America in a vessel freighted with fire-arms, cannon, and other military supplies; and Mr. Deane agreed, that he should have the command of the artillery, and the rank of major-general, with the pay of that rank. Before he left France, however, Mr. Deane became dissatisfied with his proceedings, and wrote on the subject to Congress.

When Ducoudray arrived in Philadelphia, and presented his agreement with Deane and other papers, they were referred to the committee on foreign applications. It appeared that he had so constructed his plan that he was to command the engineers, as well as the artillery. General Washington objected to the arrangement, on the ground that it would supersede General Knox and other valuable American officers, whose services the

country could not dispense with; he expressed also a doubt whether so important a command as that of the artillery, (the post claimed by Ducoudray,) should be vested in any but an American, or one attached by the ties of interest to the United States. The affair was suspended, and, in its progress, occasioned much dissatisfaction and difficulty among both the foreign and native officers.

In June, 1777, a report had reached the camp that Congress had appointed Ducoudray a major-general, and that he was to take command of the artillery. Without waiting to have this rumour confirmed from any official source, Generals Greene, Sullivan, and Knox, wrote each to Congress a laconic epistle, dated on the same day, and requesting that, should the fact be so, they might have permission to retire from the army.

The Congress, which had not yet acted upon the appointment of Ducoudray, was displeased with the course of these officers, and immediately resolved, "That the President transmit to General Washington copies of the several letters from Generals Sullivan, Greene, and Knox, dated July 1st, 1777, with directions to him to let these officers know that Congress consider the said letters as an attempt to influence their decisions, as an invasion of the liberties of the people, and as indicating a want of confidence in their own justice; that it is expected by Congress that the said officers will make proper acknowledgments for an interference of so dangerous a tendency; but if any of them are unwilling to serve their country under the authority of Congress, they shall be at liberty to resign their commissions and retire." The report was unfounded, Congress having made no such appointment, nor, when the letters were written, had the case of Ducoudray been brought in a formal manner before them. Yet it was called up about this time, and after three or four days' desultory debate, it was determined

not to ratify the treaty entered into between Mr. Deane and that officer. On the 11th of August, however, Ducoudray was appointed inspector-general of ordnance and military manufactories, with the rank of major-general, and was placed in superintendence of the works constructed on the Delaware. While thus employed, he accidentally lost his life, on the 16th of September, 1777. He rode into a ferry-boat crossing the Schuylkill, when his horse became restive, and plunged with him into the river, and he was drowned before he could be rescued. Congress, on the following day, passed a resolution directing his burial at the expense of the United States and with the honours of war.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DE LA NEUVILLE.

In the autumn of 1777 the Chevalier de la Neuville and a younger brother arrived in this country, and tendered their services to the Congress. The Chevalier, who had been for more than twenty years an officer, brought letters from Lieutenant-General Wurmser, recommending him for his zeal, activity, and knowledge, in the French service. He also bore high testimonials, addressed to General Washington, from the Marquis de Beuilli, governor of Martinico, and M. Merlet, quartermaster-general of France—all of which were strengthened by favourable opinions from Lafayette and General Conway. On the 14th of May, 1778, he was appointed an inspector of the army under General Gates, with promise of rank according to his merit at the end of three months.

Colonel Neuville proceeded to the head-quarters of Gates, and entered upon his duties with zeal, exerting himself to improve the discipline of the troops; but though a good officer and strict disciplinarian, he was not popular with the army, and failing of promotion to

the rank he expected, after six month' service, he applied for permission to retire. His request was granted, and on the 4th of December, 1778, Congress passed an order that a certificate be given him by the President in the words following: "M. de la Neuville having served with fidelity and reputation in the army of the United States, in testimony of his merit, a brevet commission of brigadier has been granted to him by Congress, and, on his request, he is permitted to leave the service of these states and return to France." General Neuville soon after returned to his duties as an officer in the French armies.

His brother, Normiont de la Neuville, served two campaigns with credit, was appointed a major, and afterwards lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and returned to France near the close of 1779.

General de la Neuville while under the command of Gates formed a strong attachment to that officer, and corresponded with him after he left the country. In one of his letters, written in May, 1779, he says he had applied to the ministry for permission to return to America, in vain, and were he to go without permission he would lose "the harvest of twenty-nine years of service." He announces his intention, however, ultimately to return to the United States, "not as a general, but as a philosopher," and to purchase a habitation somewhere in the neighbourhood of that of his best friend, General Gates. "This," says he, "I write you from the middle of the pleasures of Paris." He did not revisit this country, and his subsequent history is lost in the whirlpool of the French revolution.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BARON STEUBEN.

On the first day of December, 1777, a French ship dropped anchor in the harbour of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, bearing the person of Frederick William Augustus, Baron Steuben. He was a handsome man, with an erect, military bearing, and a diamond star upon his left breast, the sign of the Order of Fidelity, which he had received from Prince Margrave of Baden, and we venture to assert that never was that star worn upon a more faithful, or chivalric breast. Baron Steuben had been aid-de-camp to the great Frederick, of Prussia, having served in the "seven years' war" of that sturdy military commander, which is itself sufficient proof of the capacity and courage of the man before us. He had laid aside the emoluments of an ample fortune, rejected the overtures of powerful princes anxious to secure the services of so accomplished a master of war, and now as he stood upon the deck of this humble craft, poor in all but the wealth of a magnanimous soul, looking forth upon this New World, poor like himself in all but the greatness of aspiration, think ye there was no sinking of the heart in view of the work before him? He had learned the poverty of the country ere he came hither; he knew that irregular, undisciplined, and half-naked men, were contending for their rights against fearful odds; he knew that an uncertain rank awaited him—the scantiest pay of the soldier; he had learned that baffled, retreating, and disheartened, the army was threatened with destruction, and the hopes of men for human disenthralment likely to be annihilated for ever. He thought of these things in silent grief—for he was but one, and a legion seemed needful to relieve such a land.

A shout rang upon the air, another and another, till the old hills of New Hampshire, like another "Jura calling to the listening Alps," gave back the shout and the cry of exulting freemen. The battle of Bennington had been fought—the battle of Saratoga re-echoed the cannon blast, and Burgoyne was disarmed of his terrors—his splendid army had capitulated.

Here was indeed hope and promise for the gallant stranger who had come to share our destinies. He hastened to offer himself as a volunteer to Congress, that he might serve wherever most needed in the cause of human rights. That body at once made him inspector-general in the continental army, with the rank of major-general. Soon the results of his exact discipline, and nice attention to the most minute military points, became apparent in the good order, subordination, and economy of the army. The pupil of the great Frederick would not allow the slightest deviation from military usages, the slightest waste of military stores, or the slightest infringement of military dignity; but as a man, as a social man, he was genial, benevolent, and generous to excess; severe only as a public functionary, he was lenient to the infirmities of all men, provided always that no breach of trust was involved, and no violation of honour—upon these points he had all the spirit and chivalry of the best days of knighthood. Such a man, the companion of kings, romantic in sentiment, indifferent to wealth, yet lavish in expenditure, gentle as a child in the social circle, yet like a roused lion when the art of war was concerned, could not well be understood by a people plain, parsimonious, and keen in their perceptions, who did battle honestly and faithfully for the right, yet did so with none of the embellishments of romance, or ideal sentiment.

Steuben often found himself thwarted, mortified, and disheartened, if such a thing could be, but he bore up—the approval of Washington, Hamilton, and others of the

great men of the time was steady and warm, and the soldiers under his command soon loved and reverenced him as a father. His heart was always in the right place; he had been known to sell his horse that he might not be deficient in the hospitalities of the camp; at another time he pawned his watch that he might do the same thing, and at the removal of the army from Virginia, he divided his last dollar with a suffering brother officer; but the star of the Order of Fidelity he always kept, and at his death ordered it to be buried with him.

It is not surprising that a man of such unflinching integrity should regard with abhorrence and contempt the traitor Arnold. The bare mention of his name would excite him to expressions of rage and disgust, and when called upon to sit as one of the court-martial for the trial of Andre, the sympathy which, as a man, he naturally felt for this victim to the vice of another, could not fail to enhance his indignation against Arnold. Being but partially acquainted with our language, he would break away into French and German invectives, at the bare mention of his name, often to the amusement and amazement of a bystander. At a review he was one day startled to hear the name of Benedict Arnold called over, amongst some new recruits—Steuben instantly ordered the man into the front rank. Eyeing him sternly for a moment, he was struck at the fine bearing of the youth; "Young man," said he, "you must change your name—you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." "What name shall I take, general?" "Take any other, mine is at your service." He did so, and the general made him a christening present of a monthly sum of money, and eventually the gift of a considerable portion of land.

Besides the important services, arduous and difficult as they must have been, to drill and reduce to order the raw militia of a country accustomed to Indian foray, and hunter troops averse to method, and jealous of personal

rights, he prepared a military manual which became of great service in the army, and is still used in some of the states. General Washington was fully alive to the great services of the Baron, and did not fail often to urge them before Congress, and his letters to the Baron himself were full of the warmest testimonies of recognition. The last letter this great man ever wrote in a public capacity, previous to the disbanding of the army, was addressed to Steuben, and is an affecting expression not only of friendship, but of strong official approval. In return the latter was often heard to say, that "after having served under the great Frederick, Washington was the only person under whom he was willing to pursue an art, to which he had devoted his life." The contrast in military appliance must have been terrible to the practised eye of Steuben, but he had tact, perseverance, and an enthusiastic love of freedom, and these are a host both to individuals and nations.

The labours of Steuben opened at Valley Forge, that terrible period of suffering to the army, when the snow was literally stained with the blood of the barefoot soldiery. He declared, in the most affecting terms, that "no European army could exist a week in such a condition." He was obliged to instruct both officers and men in their duty, for all were deplorably ignorant. He was ignorant of our language, which often caused whimsical mistakes; yet his energy and attention never slackened, and, to the least member of the revolutionary army, all were enthusiastic in praise of the discipline enforced by Steuben.

During the Virginia campaign, in which the services of Steuben were of the utmost importance, many attempts were made to secure the person of Arnold, and the Baron was untiring in his efforts to do so. Every fresh report of the outrages committed by this arch traitor upon a defenceless population, once held as his own countrymen, provoked anew the indignation of the Baron, and increased

his desire to bring him to the punishment so richly earned by his crimes; in this he was unsuccessful, and, perhaps, for the best—for the steady, unmitigated abhorrence in which his memory is now held, is unrelieved by any recoil of human sympathy.

He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, where he had command of the trenches. While thus occupied in his tour of duty, the negotiations for surrender commenced, and the Baron, true to the nicest usages of war, refused to be relieved from his post till they were completed; and there the veteran of so many wars remained on duty till all was arranged to the honour of the cause in which he was engaged; and his men had the proud satisfaction of being foremost in duty when the flag of England struck to that of her victorious colonies.

At the close of the war, Steuben and Knox were nominated to the office of Secretary of War, and the latter received the appointment as his right by citizenship. The treatment which Steuben received from Congress, is humiliating to contemplate; his claims for remuneration for hard and protracted services were but coldly acknowledged, and never more than partially met. Several of the states made him bequests of lands, and New York state gave him a large tract in the vicinity of Utica. Upon this land Steuben built a log-house; he gathered his old friends about him, and in the practice of enlarged benevolence, living in Scythian hospitality, he passed his declining years. He had no family, and only such as had shared the hardships of the camp, or won his esteem by the severest manly virtue, could he tolerate about him. He was fond of lecturing upon military tactics, and told long stories of war and battle-field. He loved to surprise his friends with German dishes, dressed in the best style, thereby clinging to reminiscences of faderland. He delighted in agriculture, and the stores of a valuable library was a perpetual resource; while the visits and correspond-

ence of his former brothers in arms whiled away the long hours of declining life. When we have added that his religious hopes and aspirations were warm and unfaltering, we know not that any new grace can be added to the last picture of this truly magnanimous man.

He died on the 28th of November, 1794, aged sixty-five. He directed that his body should be wrapped in his military cloak, ornamented with the star he had always worn, and interred in the neighbouring forest. He was obeyed; and

> "He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

A simple and impressive close to a long life of virtue and usefulness, began in courts, amid pomp and despotism, and closed in a log-house in the shade of primeval woods, blest in the fruition of human freedom.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DE WOEDTKE.

The Baron de Woedtke was for many years an officer in the army of the King of Prussia, and had risen in that service to the rank of major. Coming to Philadelphia with strong letters of recommendation to Dr. Franklin, from persons of eminence in Paris, he was appointed a brigadier-general on the 16th of March, 1776, and ordered to join the northern army, under General Schuyler. He was one of the council of officers convened at Crown Point, July 7th, when it was resolved, that fort not being considered tenable, that the army should retire to the strong ground opposite Ticonderoga, afterwards called Mount Independence. This step was warmly opposed by Colonels Stark, Poor, Maxwell, and eighteen other inferior officers General Woedtke died at Lake George, about three weeks after the above council was held at Crown Point, and was buried with the honors due to his rank.

BRIG. GENERAL THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO.

The American Revolution furnished an admirable field for the patriots of foreign countries who were denied the right of struggling for liberty at home. Of the many noble spirits who sought our shores for the exercise of this privilege, none have been more distinguished by the world's applause than the subject of this sketch. Thaddeus Kosciuszko was descended from an ancient and noble family, in Lithuania. He was born on the 12th of February, 1756, and received his education in the military school at Warsaw. Prince Czartoriski, discovering his talents at an early period, made him a lieutenant of cadets and sent him to France, where he studied the art of war. On his return to Lithuania he received a captaincy, and might have risen to rapid promotion but for a passion he conceived for a lady who had already inspired Prince Lubomirski with a similar flame. This circumstance obliged the presumptuous young captain to leave Poland. The war of the American Revolution—the war of liberty—made it easy to do so, by furnishing a superior motive, in the grateful indulgence of which it was perhaps not difficult to subdue the cravings of a humbler passion. The studies of Kosciuszko had prepared him as a military man. He brought with him science, as well as patriotism, to America. His testimonials were of the best description, and his pure nature and noble sentiments rendered his progress to favour comparatively easy wherever he appeared. Washington soon distinguished him, and with that rare talent which he possessed, of appreciating character almost at a glance, he made him an aid, and received him as well into his confidence as his family.

Kosciuszko was present in several engagements with the enemy, and behaved always with spirit and address. When Greene was transferred to the command of the continental army in the south, Kosciuszko accompanied him with the rank of brigadier, doing the duties of principal engineer of the army. He particularly distinguished himself at the siege of Ninety-Six, where, under the direction of Greene, he planned the approaches, and directed all the besieging operations. His *reconnoissances* were conducted with great boldness, and he narrowly escaped, on several occasions, the fire of the enemy, to which his cool indifference to danger exposed his person. At the close of the war, he left America for Europe, carrying with him a high and honourable reputation. He received the rank of a general in the American army, from the Congress of the United States, and, with the exception of Lafayette, was the only foreigner who was ever admitted to the American order of Cincinnati. This, it must be remembered, was no ordinary distinction for one so young. Kosciuszko was not yet thirty years old, and the admission into this society argued, not only a high estimate of his military endowments, but the possession, on his part, of very uncommon qualities of mind and character. He returned to Poland in 1786, and, on the formation of the Polish army, in 1789 was appointed by the Diet a major-general. He declared for the constitution of May 3d, 1791, and served under Prince Joseph Poniatowski. He distinguished himself against the Russians in 1792, and at Dubienka, with four thousand men, repulsed the thrice-repeated assaults of an army of eighteen thousand Russians. The submission of the feeble Stanislaus to Catharine, was the signal for Kosciuszko's withdrawal from the army and from Poland. He went to Leipsic, where he acquired under the legislative assembly of France the rights of a French citizen. But he was not to remain in exile. Another struggle for

liberty was to be made. The Poles were not as submissive as their monarch had shown himself, and, becoming impatient of the brutal tyrannies of Russia, prepared for a new insurrection. Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow at the auspicious moment. On the 24th day of March, 1794, he was proclaimed Dictator and Generalissimo. The sequel proved him worthy of these imposing trusts. The country was aroused to arms, the Russian garrison was expelled from Cracow, and, with Kosciuszko at their head, the Poles restored the Constitution of the third of May. Kosciuszko met the Russians at Raczlawice, on the 4th of April. His force consisted of but four thousand men, while that of the Russians was fully twelve. The conflict was very sanguinary, but resulted in the triumph of the patriots. The Russians left three thousand dead upon the field. This glorious beginning encouraged the nation. Poland rose once more upon her feet. Warsaw and Wilna declared for liberty, and massacred the Russian garrisons. Kosciuszko arrested the fury of the patriots, and restored order and government. So far his progress had been one of triumph. He was now destined to suffer a reverse. On the 6th of June he met the Russians and Prussians, numbering seventeen thousand men, with less than thirteen thousand. His troops were badly armed, and were raised for the emergency. He was defeated, after an obstinate conflict, and retired to his intrenchments before Warsaw. Cracow fell into the hands of the Prussians, and Warsaw was besieged by the united armies of Russia and Prussia, numbering no less than sixty thousand men. But Kosciuszko did not despair—did not suffer his countrymen to despair. Two months of bloody and daily conflict brought on a general assault, which he well and wonderfully repelled with a force of ten thousand only. This success contributed to the encouragement of his countrymen. Poland arose under Dombrowski, against the

Prussians. The siege of Warsaw was raised, and Kosciuszko's triumph was complete. His fame was established for ever, as a great captain and a profound statesman. With an army of but twenty thousand regular troops, and twice that number of peasants, he had maintained himself successfully through the campaign against four hostile armies, numbering altogether one hundred and fifty thousand men. He had the hearts of the people in his keeping. They gave him all their confidence, and armed as well with their affections as with their soldiery, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was so successful. He was truly the patriot, and had evidently modelled himself after Washington. He devoted his whole life to his country without a single selfish reservation; and having restored justice, order and authority, he returned to the supreme council of the nation the power which they had confided to his hands. But the conflict was not at an end. It was not one likely to end except in the overthrow of Polish independence. The odds were too great against the Poles. The rapacity of the powers allied against them was but too powerfully sustained by their resources. The struggle was renewed, and decided only by the overwhelming numbers of the invader. This last desperate conflict took place on the 10th of October, 1794, at a place called Maciejowice, about fifty miles from Warsaw. The army of Kosciuszko numbered twenty-one thousand; that of the Russians was more than sixty thousand. Three times were the invaders repulsed, but a fourth assault enabled them to break through the Polish lines, and, in the fall of Kosciuszko, his dismayed soldiers beheld the fall of Poland. Desperately engaged in the final charge, Kosciuszko fell from his horse covered with wounds. "*Finis Poloniæ*," was his melancholy ejaculation, as he was borne, a prisoner, on their pikes, to the camp of his enemy. The spirit of the nation sunk in his captivity, and all his con-

quests were yielded with a rapidity nearly as great as that with which they had been made.

In the completion of their conquests, and under the influence of public opinion, the conquerors could afford to be generous. Paul the First gave their freedom to the noble captives whom Catharine had cast into her dungeons. He distinguished Kosciuszko by marks of esteem, which the latter could scarcely acknowledge though unable to reject them. The emperor presented his own sword to the hero; but Kosciuszko declined accepting it, saying, that "he who no longer had a country, no longer had need of a weapon." From that moment he never again wore a sword. Paul would have forced on him gifts of value, but he declined them, resolute on exile only. He made his way to France, next to England, and again to America. From the latter country, he enjoyed a pension, and here, as in France and England, his reception was grateful to his pride, and honourable to the sense of merit in the nation. But the heart of the exile was ill at ease, and troubled with a sleepless discontent. In 1798, he left America for France. His countrymen in the French army of Italy presented him with the sword of the great John Sobieski. Napoleon would have flattered him with the idea of restoring the independence of Poland; but he who had appreciated the ideal of a true lover of liberty in a Washington, was not to be deluded by vain shows of it under the illusive delineations of a Bonaparte. It was in vain that every effort was tried to make him exert himself, in provoking, among the Poles, an enthusiasm in behalf of the French. He well saw that nothing could be hoped for his country from such a source, and resolutely continued silent. His name was used in an appeal to his countrymen which appeared in the "*Moniteur*," and which he denounced as spurious. Having purchased an estate near Fontainbleau, he lived in retirement till 1814. In this year he appealed to

the Emperor Alexander to grant an amnesty to the Poles who were in foreign lands, and to give to the country a free constitution like that of England. In 1815 he travelled in Italy, and settled at Soleure in Switzerland, the year after. His life was now spent in retirement. His cares were those of agriculture, which was now his favourite occupation. A fall from his horse, over a precipice near Vevay, occasioned his death on the 16th of October, 1817. In 1818, the Emperor Alexander had his body removed, and at the request of the Senate it was deposited in the tombs of the Kings at Cracow. Kosciuszko was faithful to his first romantic attachment. He was never married. From the moment that he ceased to hope for his affections, he began to live for his country. "Ah!" said he, to one who spoke of his few subjects of consolation, "Ah! sir, he who would live for his country, must not look for his rewards while he lives himself!" He was one of those noble and humane spirits which honour the best conceptions of chivalry.

BRIG. GENERAL MARQUIS DE LA ROUERIE.

Armand Tufin, Marquis de la Rouerie, was a Breton, and entered at an early age into the regiment of French guards. His story is in many respects a romantic one. After some years of service, he became enamoured of a beautiful actress, and in the warmth of his passion offered her marriage. The family interposing to prevent the alliance, he escaped, and shut himself up in the monastery of La Trappe. They now sought to overpower his passion of love, by opposing that of glory in arms. The Revolution in America had commenced, and the fame of Washington was spreading throughout France. A field was opened in which to acquire glory, as well as to in-

dulge the national antipathy to England. Armand sailed from Nantes, in 1776, in an American schooner, sent out by Dr. Franklin with despatches for the American Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia. Arriving at the mouth of the Delaware, the schooner was surrounded by three English ships of war. Her commander formed the desperate resolution of blowing up the vessel, and requested Armand to deliver the despatches in safety, which he promptly undertook to do, jumping into a boat, and attempting to pass through the British vessels. A shot from one of the British ships carried down his boat, but Armand saved himself by swimming, and reached the shore just as the schooner blew up. He travelled one hundred miles on foot to Philadelphia, delivered his despatches, and on the 10th of May was appointed a colonel in the American army. At his own request, he was commissioned to raise a partisan corps of Frenchmen, not to exceed two hundred in number. It was supposed that some advantage would result from bringing together in one body such soldiers as did not understand the English language.

General Lafayette, in giving an account to General Washington of his march into New Jersey under Greene, mentions Colonel Armand as having been with him in a successful attack upon the picket of the enemy. He was with General Sullivan's division until the summer of 1779, when his corps was assigned to the command of General Howe. In 1780 it was incorporated with the Pulaski battalion. The commander-in-chief then gave him a certificate, stating "that the Marquis de la Rouerie has served in the army of the United States since the beginning of 1777, with the rank of colonel, during which time he has commanded an independent corps, with much honour to himself and usefulness to the service. He has upon all occasions conducted himself as an officer of distinguished merit, of great zeal, activity, vigilance, intelligence, and

bravery. In the last campaign, particularly, he rendered very valuable services, and towards the close of it made a brilliant partisan stroke, by which with much enterprise and address, he surprised a major and some men of the enemy in quarters, at a considerable distance within their pickets, and brought them off without loss to his party. I give this certificate in testimony of my perfect approbation of his conduct, and esteem for himself personally."

In submitting to Congress his remarks on a new organization of the army, in 1780, General Washington recommends that the partisan corps of Colonel Armand should be kept up. "He is an officer," he observes, "of great merit, which, added to his being a foreigner, to his rank in life, and to the sacrifices of property he has made, render it a point of delicacy as well as justice to continue to him the means of serving honourably."

Although enjoying the entire confidence of the chief, Armand was offended at the delay of Congress in his promotion, and in February, 1781, he determined on a visit to France. On this occasion, General Washington gave him letters of recommendation to some of the most distinguished men in Paris. He did not, however, contemplate an abandonment of the American cause; on the contrary, he made it his business to procure while absent, clothes, ammunition and accoutrements for his corps, which in the mean time was withdrawn from the service, for discipline and equipment.

Colonel Armand returned from France and joined the army before the siege of Yorktown. He was in February, 1782, directed to report himself to General Greene, in the southern department.

In March, 1783, General Washington called the attention of Congress to Colonel Armand's character, and urged his promotion. He had shown an earnest and constant zeal throughout the war, and the application had its just effect. Armand was on the 26th of that month

promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. When he left the service, at the close of the war, General Washington took occasion to recommend him in the warmest terms to the Count de Rochambeau for promotion in France. He returned to Bretagne cured of his youthful passion, and soon after married a lady of family and fortune suited to his rank. In 1788 the minister of war gave him the appointment of a colonel of chasseurs. The Archbishop of Sens began to effect a scheme of suppressing Parliaments. The marquis remembered that he had been a gentleman before he had been a soldier; that he was a Frenchman, because he was a Breton, and he threw up his commission and appeared among his countrymen. He attended the assembly at Vannes, when the twelve deputies were chosen, was selected to be one of them, and was afterwards confined in the Bastile, with his colleagues. On his triumphant return to Bretagne, he proposed an oath, which bound the nobility to permit no innovation of the rights and privileges of the province, and was the chief means of confirming them in their resistance to the revolutionists. The province continued to be quiet while Paris was agitated with convulsions, until 1791, when the marquis, with a generous enthusiasm, hazarded his life and fortune in the formation of a league for the defence of the monarchy and old institutions. The limits of this work will not permit us to follow him through the intricacies of his political life, and we can only add that all his efforts resulted in disaster, and that he himself was saved from the guillotine on which his friends suffered, by the quick action of a disease induced by his anxieties and labours

MAJOR-GENERAL DUPORTAIL.

Congress having sent instructions to their commissioners in Paris to procure a few good engineers, they engaged four who had held commissions in the French army, namely, the Chevaliers Duportail, Laumoy, Radière and Gouvion. These officers came to the United States with the knowledge and approbation of the French government, and were the only ones engaged by the express authority of Congress. The contract made between them and the commissioners was confirmed, and Duportail was appointed colonel of engineers, Laumoy and Radière, lieutenant-colonels, and Gouvion a major. In November, 1777, Duportail was appointed a brigadier-general.

When the question of an immediate attack on Philadelphia was submitted to the council of officers on the 24th of November, 1777, Duportail, Greene, Sullivan and others opposed the project, and the reasons they offered were such as induced General Washington to abandon it.

Duportail was with the army at Valley Forge during the gloomy winter of 1777–8. After the battle of Monmouth, the enemy having left Philadelphia, he was sent by the commander-in-chief to ascertain what defences would be necessary to its security, and to plan fortifications for the Delaware. He was soon after despatched to the Hudson, and drew up a memorial in relation to the defences at Fort Clinton which was approved by Washington, and was directed with Colonel Kosciuszko to complete the works at that point. He was also sent in October to Boston, to take measures for the security of that city and of the French fleet against an apprehended attack.

In October, 1779, we find General Duportail, in company with Colonel Hamilton, charged with confidential

despatches to Count d'Estaing, relative to a co-operation of the army and the French fleet. M. Gérard, the French minister, had held several conferences with a committee of Congress respecting a concerted plan of action between the French squadron and the American forces. For the same object M. Gérard visited the camp and held interviews with the commander-in-chief, to whom Congress delegated the power of arranging and executing the whole business in such a manner as his judgment and prudence should dictate. Various plans were suggested and partly matured, but the unfortunate repulse of the French and American troops from Savannah and the subsequent departure of d'Estaing from the coast, prevented their being carried into execution.

Having waited several weeks for the expected arrival of the fleet in the Delaware, General Duportail was ordered by Washington to return to the camp at Morristown. He was now directed to survey all the grounds in the environs of the encampment, with a view to determine on the points to be occupied in case of any movement of the enemy.

The engagement of General Duportail having expired, Congress in January, 1780, at the instance of General Washington, voted to retain him during the war, together with the other French officers engaged by Franklin and Deane, if it should be consistent with their inclination and duty. In March he was sent to join the southern army under General Lincoln, at Charleston, and Washington thus speaks of him in his letter to that commander: "From the experience I have had of this gentleman, I recommend him to your particular confidence. You will find him able in the branch he professes; of a clear and comprehensive judgment, of extensive military science; and of great zeal, assiduity, and bravery; in short, I am persuaded you will find him a most valuable acquisition, and will avail yourself effectually of his services. You

cannot employ him too much on every important occasion." Here he was captured by the enemy during the summer, but immediate efforts were made by Congress and the commander-in-chief to effect his release, and with General Lincoln and others he was exchanged in the month of October.

In August, 1781, the contemplated enterprise against New York having been given up, with a view of attempting to retrieve the disasters of the last campaign in the south, General Duportail was sent with despatches to the Count de Grasse, and was with Washington at the interview with the French admiral, off Cape Henry, on the 18th of September. In October he applied for six months' furlough to visit his native country, and also begged of General Washington to encourage his application for promotion to the rank of major-general. The furlough was at once accorded; but in reference to the promotion, the chief answered, that "the infringement of the rights of seniority in so many individuals, and the pretensions of some who had particular claims upon the country, convinced him that his desires could not be accomplished but at the expense of the tranquillity of the army." In reply, General Duportail said that he was fully aware of the difficulties there stated, that it was not his desire or intention to interfere with the claims of other officers, but he considered his case a peculiar one. He had come to America at the request of Congress, and served during the whole war, and had thus thrown himself out of the line of promotion in France. He requested that the commander-in-chief would not at any rate oppose his application to Congress. General Washington immediately transmitted his letter to Congress, and warmly seconded his application. On the 16th of November, 1781, he was appointed major-general. On his departure, he was favoured by Washington with a letter expressive of the warm attachment he felt for him personally, and his appreciation of his high military merits and services.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROCHE DE FERMOY.

Chevalier Matthias Alexis Roche de Fermoy had been several years an officer of merit in the French engineers, when Congress, on the 4th November, 1776, appointed him a brigadier-general, and, after remaining for a time in the camp of Washington, he was ordered to join the army of the north under General Gates. Here he made himself useful during the campaign which followed. In the winter of 1777, he applied to Congress to be raised to the rank of major-general, a request which that body very promptly declined. Displeased at this decision, General Fermoy requested permission to retire, and in January following, he had leave to return to France. As a mark of respect, Congress appropriated money to pay his debts, and to defray his expenses to the West Indies.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MAXWELL.

William Maxwell entered the army as colonel of one of the New Jersey regiments, with which he served in the disastrous campaign of 1776, in Canada; and he was one of the remonstrants against the decision of the council of officers held on the 7th of July in that year, to abandon Crown Point. On the 23d of October, 1776, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and for some time after was employed in New Jersey. He commanded the New Jersey brigade in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and in harassing the enemy on their retreat through New Jersey, after the evacuation of Philadelphia. Soon after the action at Springfield, on the 23d of June, 1780, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted by Congress on the 25th of the following month.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS CONWAY.

Thomas Conway, knight of the order of St. Louis, was a native of Ireland, and when six years of age, was taken by his parents to France, where he was educated, and rose to the rank of colonel in the French service. Having formed the design to enter the American army, he was engaged by the agent of our government in Paris, and on account of his experience was promised the rank of adjutant or brigadier-general.

He landed in Boston early in 1777, with an empty purse, and General Heath advanced him money to defray his expenses to head-quarters. Arriving at Morristown, he exhibited his papers to the commander-in-chief, who interested himself in his behalf, and on the 13th of the following May he was appointed by Congress a brigadier-general, and four regiments of Pennsylvania troops in Lord Stirling's division were assigned to his command.

He was in the battle of Germantown, and by some writers is said to have conducted himself gallantly there, but his character was already understood by Washington who perceived that he sought rather his own promotion than the good of the country or the honour of the service. When, therefore, Conway urged his friends to secure for him the rank of major-general, Washington opposed it, as unjust to other officers of equal or superior merit.

An intrigue against the commander-in-chief was now set on foot, in which Conway bore a conspicuous part. The declaration from a letter written by him to General Gates, that "Heaven had been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it," came to the knowledge of Washington,

and he immediately enclosed it to General Conway, who, a few days after, tendered his resignation, which was not, however, accepted by Congress. On the contrary, he was but a month afterwards elected inspector-general of the army with the rank of major-general. This showed that a majority of Congress was unfriendly to the chief, since the intrigues of Conway were well known in that assembly. Washington's views had been very pointedly expressed in a letter to Richard Henry Lee, dated the 17th of November. After alluding to a report that Conway was to be appointed major-general, he observes, "It will be as unfortunate a measure as ever was adopted; I may add, and I think with truth, that it will give a fatal blow to the existence of the army." Nevertheless the appointment was made. Dr. Rush, Generals Gates and Mifflin, and others, were concerned in this cabal, the object of which was to supersede Washington and elevate themselves to the chief places in the army. The designs of the faction, however, were soon frustrated. After the Canada expedition had been abandoned, Conway was directed to join the army under General McDougall at Fishkill, and was ere long ordered again to Albany, upon which he wrote a petulant letter to Congress, complaining of ill-treatment, and asking an acceptance of his resignation. The tone of his communication was such as his best friends could not excuse. His character was at length thoroughly developed even to their apprehension, and a motion to accept his resignation was immediately carried. When advised of this, he expressed great astonishment, said it was not his intention to resign, and that his meaning had been misunderstood. He proceeded immediately to Yorktown, (where Congress was in session,) and claimed to be restored; but the tide had changed, and his explanation and request were equally unavailing.

When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British he

repaired to that city, where his free speech and offensive manners soon involved him in difficulties with the American officers, and on the 4th of July, in that year, he fought a duel with General Cadwalader, one of the bravest and most accomplished gentlemen of the time, whose ball passed through Conway's mouth and the upper part of his neck, making a wound which for a time was supposed to be mortal. The immediate cause of the duel is generally understood to have been some observations respecting Washington, to whom, after lingering several days, he wrote the following letter:—

"*Philadelphia, 23d July*, 1778.

"SIR:—I find myself just able to hold the pen during a few minutes; and take this opportunity of expressing my sincere grief for having done, written, or said any thing disagreeable to your excellency. My career will soon be over; therefore justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes a great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these States, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues. I am, with the greatest respect, &c. THOMAS CONWAY."

This voluntary confession, whether proceeding from the reproaches of conscience or a lingering sentiment of justice, may perhaps be considered a reparation for the personal injuries he had done the commander-in-chief, but it will not efface the memory of his attempts to sow those seeds of faction, which threatened the safety and even the existence of the republic. Contrary to his own and his surgeon's expectation he recovered from his wound; but, deserted by his former friends, deprived of his rank in the army, and treated by the public with undisguised contempt and indignation, nothing was left for him but to leave the country. Before the end of the year he sailed for France, where he soon after died.

MAJOR-GENERAL BARON DE KALB.

When Lafayette left his luxurious home to join in the struggle of oppressed Americans, he was accompanied by Baron De Kalb, then a brigadier-general in the French army. Baron De Kalb was a German by birth, but had gained the name of a brave and meritorious officer in the armies of France, and was a knight of the order of military merit. On his arrival in this country, he proffered his services to Congress. His reputation and valour were known, and his aid was gladly accepted. He was at once appointed to the office of major-general, in which capacity he joined the main army, and at the head of the Maryland division rendered essential services to the cause he espoused. He was deservedly loved and esteemed.

Of athletic frame and robust constitution, he seemed formed for the hardships of war, and for encountering the toils of our then rude and toilsome campaigns. He could not boast of any especial excellence in mental acquirements, but he possessed a talent and a knowledge of greater use to the soldier: the talent of reading men and the knowledge of human nature. His habits of close investigation had secured these valuable powers, which he knew well how to apply.

His modes of life were exceedingly temperate: he drank nothing but water, and was alike abstemious with his food, often living on beef-soup and bread, at other times contented with a short allowance of cold meat. He was industrious: he rose at early dawn in summer, and before day in winter, and devoted himself to writing, in which occupation his hurried meals and his military duties alone disturbed him. The world has not been favoured with the fruits of all these labours.

He won the hearts of all who knew him by his simplicity of manner and amiable disposition, and secured the confidence and esteem of every one by the ingenuousness of his character.

He served in the American army gallantly and faithfully during three years, and closed his career on the 19th of August, 1780, in the forty-eighth year of his age, having been severely and fatally wounded on the sixteenth of that month at the battle of Camden in South Carolina. This last effort of his military career was as brilliant and daring as any that graces historical annals. He commanded the right wing of the American army. In the commencement of this action, the American left wing was charged by the British infantry with fixed bayonets. This part of our army was composed of militia, who were unable to stand the attack, and threw down their arms, flying precipitately from the field. How different the behaviour of the right wing! The continental troops here, though inferior in numbers to the British, stood their ground manfully, and maintained the conflict with great resolution. The British had the advantage of superior cavalry, and notwithstanding the brave example of De Kalb, who encouraged his men not only in words but by his deeds, they succeeded in gaining the day. It was a severe blow to the Americans, who lost their entire artillery, eight field-pieces and two hundred wagons, together with the greater part of their baggage. But the saddest loss was sustained in the death of the gallant De Kalb. In his last attempt to secure a victory, he received eleven wounds and fell. He was caught by his noble aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Du Buysson, who rushed through the clashing bayonets, and spreading his own form over that of the prostrate hero, received the wounds intended for his fallen commander, exclaiming as he fell beside him: "Save the Baron De Kalb! Save the Baron De Kalb!" On hearing his name, the British officers interposed and rescued them both from

the farther fury of their men. De Kalb and Du Buysson were both taken prisoners; the former survived but a few hours. The British officer who had taken him in charge bestowed upon him every attention. As he condoled with him in his misfortune, De Kalb extended him his hand in gratitude, saying: "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for: the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

His last hours were employed in prosecuting the duties of his station. He dictated a letter to General Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of his division. This letter is characteristic of the noble heart of him who sacrificed himself to the great cause of liberty; it breathes a sincere affection for his officers and men; it expresses his high admiration for the valour they evinced in the last, though unsuccessful effort of the battle; it recites the eulogy their bravery had extorted from their enemies, and concludes with the testimonials of his own gratitude and delight for their gallant support in the final conflict which cost him his life. When he felt the chilly touch of death approaching, he extended his quivering hand to the Chevalier Du Buysson, his loved friend, now stretched beside him, covered with wounds received in the generous effort to rescue his commander's life, and breathed to him his last benedictions upon his faithful division. He sank calmly into eternity, lamented and esteemed by friend and foe.

Many years after his death, General Washington, when at Camden, inquired for his grave. After gazing upon it for some time, he breathed a sigh, and with an expression indicative of the thoughts passing in his mind, exclaimed: "So, there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. GADSDEN.

Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, was one of the few patriots, whose prescience, extending far beyond the ordinary range of human vision, beheld in the distance the real necessities of America; and, while the great majority demanded nothing more at first from Great Britain than a redress of temporary grievances, foresaw that nothing less than absolute independence in the end could satisfy the wants or subserve the rights and safety of the colonies. That we have not an elaborate life of this distinguished man, carefully derived from his own papers and writings, is sadly illustrative of that neglect with regard to our historical resources which has marked our career. We cannot hope, in the brief limits of the present biography, to amend these deficiencies in regard to our subject. We can at best furnish a few brief heads, upon which the unembarrassed admirer may dilate and expatiate hereafter.

Christopher Gadsden was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1724. His father was Thomas Gadsden, a king's collector, and lieutenant in the British navy. Christopher received his education in England, where he acquired the classics. Late in life he studied the Hebrew, and made some progress in the oriental languages. At the age of sixteen he returned from Europe, and was placed in a counting-house in Philadelphia. Here he acquired habits of business, and was confirmed in the strictness of method and inflexibleness of resolve by which, in after periods, his character was particularly distinguished. At the age of twenty-one he revisited Eng-

land. Returning thence to Carolina as a passenger in a man-of-war, the office of purser was tendered him, on the sudden death of the incumbent. Accepting the appointment, he continued in it for two years, when he left the navy to engage in commerce. Subsequently he became a planter, and finally a factor. These several pursuits were all urged with the most sustained earnestness. It was the nature of Mr. Gadsden to do thoroughly, and with his whole soul, whatever he undertook. He set out in life with certain fixed principles, as well of actions as of morals, to which he adhered steadily throughout his whole career. In his youthful associates he was fortunate. One of these was the no less distinguished Henry Laurens, also of South Carolina, afterwards President of Congress. These young men were equally attached to each other by modes of thinking and by natural sympathies. They strengthened each other by mutual resolves and mutual counsels; abjured together the soul-wasting pursuits of other young men; and, by the proper adoption of a few well-conceived rules of conduct, to which they held tenaciously, they succeeded in the formation of virtuous habits, and of firm, well-constructed characters.

Mr. Gadsden soon showed himself active in public as well as private affairs. In 1759, he was in the expedition, with many of the high-spirited young men of the country, against the Cherokee Indians, at the call of Governor Lyttleton. On this occasion he organized an artillery company, of which he was made captain; and was the first to introduce a piece of field-artillery into the colony. In this corps we find the nucleus of a battalion, afterwards called the "Ancient Battalion," which acquired a local celebrity by subsequent good conduct, on various battle-fields, which still graciously surrounds its name. The company of Captain Gadsden soon proved its usefulness, and acquired an early popularity. The expedition of Governor Lyttleton, undertaken with many disadvan-

tages, did not terminate satisfactorily. It was an evasion of the danger only, and needed other and more decisive proceedings to subdue the hostile Indians to a just sense of respect and forbearance. But the result was favourable to the popularity of Gadsden; and, without such details as would enable us to say, at this moment, by what means he acquired the increasing confidence and admiration of his associates, it is enough to know, for a certainty, that such were his acquisitions.

Mr. Gadsden soon showed himself far in advance of most of his contemporaries, in regard to the relations which existed between the colonies and the mother country. His feelings were those of a republican, and they influenced very considerably the direction of his thoughts. He felt—even before he saw—how inconsistent with the rights and safety of America were the demands and exactions of Great Britain; and was among the first to conceive the absurdity of a great and growing nation being governed by a people who were three thousand miles away. Such a government not only implied a total want of capacity and energy to meet emergencies, but led to another discreditable implication against the *mind* of the native, which was quite as offensive to his self-esteem as it was injurious to his rights. At this early period, and long before Thomas Paine wrote on the subject, Mr. Gadsden had delivered himself of sound and excursive views in regard to the rights of man and the representative system. Tenacious, in a high degree, of his personal rights, he was not less so of those which belonged to his country; and, in debate and by his writings, he attempted, at a very early period, to indoctrinate his contemporaries with his convictions. There were few, at the beginning, to see and speak with his boldness and independence. Ramsay says, "he would have been another Hampden in the days of King Charles." As a speaker, he was equally slow and fiery. His soul seemed impatient of the frigidity

and reluctance of his tongue. But his good sense, his undoubted honesty, his zeal and independence, amply compensated for all defects of eloquence. Josiah Quincy the younger, who visited Carolina for his health in 1773, heard him speak in the provincial House of Assembly, at that period, and, in a single sentence, gives us a somewhat striking description of his manner: "Mr. Gadsden was plain, blunt, hot, and incorrect; though very sensible. In the course of the debate, he used these very singular expressions for a member of parliament:—'*And, Mr. Speaker, if the governor and council don't see fit to fall in with us, I say, let the general duty law, and all, go to the devil, sir; and we go about our business.*'" Frankness, fearlessness, honesty, and the most sterling common sense, were the chief characteristics of his mind. In the colonial House of Assembly he was a member from Charleston at a very early period; always active, and always to the increase of his influence. The encroachments of the British provoked him to utterance long before the passage of the Stamp Act. When, in 1765, the project was conceived of a general congress in America, he was the most eager and urgent advocate for the measure. He was made one of its first delegates from South Carolina, and, taking his ground as an *American*, in the more extensive meaning of the term, he was never known to abandon his position. He might err, for he was fiery, impatient, and absolute; but his errors were always in his country's favour, and were children of his unselfish patriotism. When, in 1767, the British scheme of revenue, at the expense of the colonies, was revived, he was one of the first to propose the suspension of all importation from Great Britain. Subsequently, when the news came of the act for shutting up the port of Boston, he felt and declared himself as one who had suffered the greatest personal injuries. He proposed and pledged himself to do all that was possible for bringing the New Englanders relief. He urged the adop-

tion of an agreement wholly preventive of importation and exportation equally, and was for cutting off, without exception or qualification, all intercourse with the mother country, until her arrogant pretensions were abandoned for ever. So thoroughly earnest was he in these objects, that he disagreed with the rest of the delegation from South Carolina, who, in Congress, insisted upon the exemption of rice from the operation of the non-intercourse act of association. And yet, no man suffered more severely by these very measures than Mr. Gadsden. His chief interest lay in the unrestricted operations of commerce. He was the proprietor of a large property which was the first to be impaired in value by the measures which he counselled;—and had just built one of the most extensive and costly wharves in Charleston, to the profit and productiveness of which his public policy was in the last degree adverse. But selfish considerations never affected his patriotism; and no American citizen ever lost more than he did by the events of his political career.

His sacrifices were acknowledged, if they were never repaid, by his countrymen. In June, 1775, when the Provincial Congress of South Carolina resolved on raising troops, Mr. Gadsden, while absent on public duty at Philadelphia, was elected, without his knowledge, to the colonelcy of the first regiment. His personal courage was well known. His pretensions, as a military man, were less decided; but were assumed in consequence of his readiness and activity in the expedition of Lyttleton against the Cherokees. He accepted the appointment, and left Congress to repair to the camp in Carolina, declaring his readiness to serve "wherever his country placed him, whether in the civil or the military; and indifferent, if in the latter, whether as colonel or corporal." The next year—1776—he was raised by Congress to the rank of brigadier-general. He was in command, in this capacity, at Fort Johnson, when the invasion of South Carolina, by Sir Peter Parker,

took place. The battle and victory at Fort Moultrie saved the state, on this occasion, from any further issues; and General Gadsden was thus deprived of an opportunity of showing how stubbornly he could have done battle for the cause and country for which he had perilled and pledged himself from the beginning. But he was not, in the proper sense of the word, a military man. He had no passion for the glory of great soldiership, and felt that he could better serve the country in a civil than a military department. Accordingly, in the two years interval of repose from war, which, in Carolina, followed the defeat of Sir Peter Parker, he resigned his commission. He continued, however, to serve in the privy council and the Assembly, and his activity in the public service was by no means lessened by his withdrawal from the sphere of military operations. He still showed the same tenacity of resistance to British usurpation which had marked his spirit from the beginning; and was honourably conspicuous among his associates in all the efforts to prepare the state against the successive attempts which were made by the invader. The years 1779 and 1780 find him constantly and vigorously engaged in these duties, always ready for the severest tasks, and in the front wherever danger threatened. When Charleston was yielded to the British, he was lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, and was paroled, as such, to his own habitation. But his parole availed him little. Irritated by the popular outbreaks under Marion and Sumter, the British commanders in the province, with their loss of temper, lost their sense of justice also. Immediately upon the defeat of Gates by Cornwallis, Gadsden was arrested in his house; and, with some twenty-eight other leading citizens, who were either feared or suspected, was conveyed by a file of soldiers on board a prison-ship. This proceeding was conceived to be preliminary only to a trial for high treason. He was conveyed in this manner to St. Augustine, then a

British garrison. Here, it was offered to the prisoners that they should enjoy the privileges of the place on renewing their paroles, pledging themselves "to do nothing prejudicial to the British interests." The offer was generally accepted. But Gadsden treated the suggestion with scorn. "With men," said he, "who have once deceived me, I can enter into no new contract. I have given one parole, and have strictly observed its conditions. In violation of its guarantees, without a single accusation made against me, I am seized and hurried from my family and home. And now I am asked for more pledges, by those who will be bound by none. No, sir; I will give no new parole."—"Think better of it," was the reply of the British officer, commissioned for this duty. "Your rejection of this offer consigns you to a dungeon."—"I am ready for it—prepare it," was the answer. "I will give no parole, *so help me God!*" He was immediately hurried to the dungeon of the castle at St. Augustine, where he lay for ten months, kept from all intelligence, from all society, even from the sight of his fellow-captives. His estates underwent sequestration at the same time.

His ten months' imprisonment were not suffered to be wearisome. The mind of Gadsden was not less active than inflexible. He had resources which made him independent of his dungeon. A close application to study enabled him to forget his bonds, and it is recorded that he emerged from captivity a much more learned man than when he entered it. It was in the dungeon of St. Augustine that he commenced the study of the Hebrew. Here he showed the firmness and magnanimity of a great man. He had no complaints; he acknowledged no sufferings. A generous English subaltern, sympathizing with his pursuits, offered to provide him secretly with lights, which had been forbidden. He rejected the precious privilege, lest it should involve the officer in difficulty and subject him to punishment. When Andre was arrested and threatened

with death as a spy, Colonel Glazier, British commandant of the post, communicated the affair to Gadsden, advising him to prepare for the worst; for that, in the event of Andre's execution, he would most probably be the person chosen to suffer as a retaliatory British example. Gadsden answered that "he was always ready to die for his country; and though he well knew that it was impossible for Washington to yield the right of an independent state by the laws of war to fear or to affection, yet he was not the person to shrink from the sacrifice. He would rather ascend the scaffold than purchase, with his life, the dishonour of his country."

The threat proved an idle one, and was probably only another mode adopted for annoying or intimidating a spirit which it had hitherto been found impossible to subdue. The progress of events brought him release some time in 1781, when the successes of Greene, and the southern partisans, procured an adequate number of British prisoners for exchanges. Gadsden was carried to Philadelphia, and from thence he hastened back to Carolina. Here the tide had set decidedly in favour of the patriots. The British were worn out with the struggle. Civil government was about to be restored on the popular basis; and General Gadsden was prepared to participate, once more, in the duties and responsibilities of the country. He was at once elected to a seat in the first legislative Assembly, which declared the recovery of the state from the invader. This body met at Jacksonborough; when John Rutledge surrendered into its hands the office of governor, which he had held, during the most trying period, with a rare ability. Gadsden was at once chosen his successor; but he declined the appointment, in a short speech, to the following effect:

"I have served you," was his address to the speaker and the House, "in a variety of stations, for thirty years, and I would now cheerfully make one of a forlorn hope

in an assault upon the lines of Charleston, if it were probable that with the certain loss of my life you would be reinstated in the possession of your capital. What I *can* do for my country, I am willing to do. . . . . If my acceptance of the office of governor would serve my country, even though my administration should be attended with loss of personal credit and reputation, I would cheerfully undertake it. But the present times require the vigour and activity of the prime of life; and I feel the increasing infirmities of age to such a degree that I am conscious I cannot serve you to advantage."

He entreated to be permitted to decline the trust, but continued to serve in the Assembly and privy council. Here he gave a striking proof of his magnanimity. His own loss of property by sequestration and waste had been immense, yet he stubbornly resisted the retaliatory law which confiscated the estates of those who had adhered to the British government, insisting that the true policy was to forget the offence and forgive the offender.

At the close of the war, and with the departure of the British from the state, General Gadsden retired into private life, only occasionally taking part in public affairs, serving in the convention of 1788 for the ratification of the national constitution, and, in 1790, for revising the state constitution. He survived his eighty-first year, usually in the enjoyment of good health, his death being finally precipitated by an accidental fall, which hurried the inevitable event in the life of the mortal. He died, as he had lived, honoured and respected by all around him. He was a man of strong passions and strong prejudices, and it required all his religion and resolve of character to subdue his moods to forbearance and propriety. He was the friend of peace. He believed that lawyers were of mischievous influence, and was of opinion that they should always be provided, as were the judges, at the public expense; conceiving, as Mr. Locke did, that it was "a base

and vile thing to plead for money or reward. Of physicians he thought as little, considering exercise and temperance as worth all their prescriptions. His character was hard and granite-like, antique in the mould and fashion, not unlike that of the elder Cato. Offices of profit he always steadily rejected; even refusing the compensation which, by law, attached to such offices of trust as were conferred upon him. Altogether, his mind and principles deserve, as we have already said, a more elaborate examination, and a more comprehensive memorial, than can be accorded them in this imperfect sketch. His writings are important to the future historian of the country, as illustrating the rise, growth, and progress of opinion in one of those sections in which the activity was great, and where the conflict was of the most extreme and uncompromising character.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES HOGAN.

The principle of appointing officers in the continental army from the various states according to their quotas, was perhaps unavoidable; but it secured commissions to some persons of small abilities, who are known at this time only by the appearance of their names in the state papers, or for the pertinacity with which they insisted upon military etiquette and rank. James Hogan was one of the representatives of Halifax in the Provincial Congress of North Carolina, which assembled on the 4th of April, 1776, and, upon the organization of the forces of the colony, was made paymaster of the third regiment; and, on the 17th of the same month, was chosen major of the Edenton and Halifax militia. He continued in the state on continental service during the war; and, on the 9th of January, 1779, was appointed a brigadier-general in the line.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ISAAC HUGER.

Insisting upon the Anglo-Saxon origin and characteristics of our country, we are commonly guilty of a great injustice to other lands, to which we owe no small portion of that noble stock of individual character, which has served to make our nation famous. Among the *foreign* sources of this contribution from abroad, to the formation of our infant society, we should never overlook the numerous colonies of Huguenots, who after, and even before the revocation of the edict of Nantz, fled to English-America as to a place of refuge. South Carolina was particularly fortunate in being one of the colonies chosen by the emigrants as a safe home against persecution. She received large acquisition from this stock, at this period, and has had reason ever since to be grateful for the good fortune which brought them to her shores. To this day, the descendants of the Huguenot exiles rank among the noblest of their citizens. They have contributed equally to her strength and her reputation; and many of her best scholars, her bravest soldiers, and most polished gentlemen, claim direct descent from this exclusive original.

The Huger family rank with the noblest stocks in Carolina. Its ancestors came from Touraine in France. They fled from tyranny and intolerance, and brought with them their most valuable possession, a spirit of civil and religious independence, which they were fortunate in transmitting, in all its original purity, to their children. Isaac Huger was the grandson of the emigrants. He was born at Limerick plantation, at the head-waters of Cooper river, on the 19th March, 1742. His parents were Daniel Huger and Mary Cordes, both natives of South Carolina.

Isaac was one of the many sons,—Daniel, Isaac, John, Benjamin and Francis,—most of whom were more or less active and distinguished in the war of the Revolution. Daniel was long a member of Congress; John was ably and well known in the councils of the State; Francis was at the battle of Fort Moultrie; Benjamin fell in battle at the lines of Charleston; while his son Francis distinguished himself in Europe, with Bollman, in the chivalrous and self-sacrificing attempt to rescue Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz. Our present notice is devoted to Isaac, the second of the brothers. His early education was quite as good as the country could afford. His parents had large fortunes, and their sons were sent to Europe, as was the fashion of the times, to complete and perfect their intellectual acquisitions. They returned in season to take part in the struggle of their native soil against the oppressors. The motto on the family arms, "*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*," found them steadfast in the faith. Isaac Huger received a commission from the Provincial Congress as lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment, of which Christopher Gadsden was colonel, on the 17th day of June, 1775. This was not a gratuitous distinction, conferred simply in anticipation of future service. Isaac Huger had already shown himself a soldier, having served in the expedition under Colonel Montgomery (afterwards Lord Eglintoun) against the Cherokees, in that frequent Indian war which proved so excellent a school and nursery for so many of the southern captains. He was unfortunate in being stationed at Fort Johnson, in Charleston harbour, during the first invasion of South Carolina by the British under Sir Peter Parker. This fortress was permitted to take no part in the conflict. It was here that he gave an instance of that recklessness of hazard, which was the distinguishing trait in his character, and which sometimes had the effect of making him regardless of proper precautions. When Governor Rut-

ledge inspected the arrangements for the defence of Fort Johnson, he remarked to Huger, familiarly, "Very good, Isaac, very good; but I do not see that you have made any provision for your retreat." "Retreat, no!" was the reply of the other, and he garnished the rest of the sentence with an oath which is supposed to be permitted to a soldier on the eve of action—"I do not mean to retreat! I do not see that retreat is at all necessary."

Recoiling from the bulwarks of Fort Sullivan, the tide of war rolled back from the southern upon the northern colonies. For two years after the failure of this first British expedition against Carolina, the south remained free from invasion, though not from the frequent threat of it. During this period, Huger was promoted to the colonelcy of the fifth regiment of South Carolina. His next service was in Georgia. Hither he went, with his regiment, on the invasion of that province by Colonel Campbell; and was opposed to the progress of General Prevost, with whom he had several skirmishes. His command was finally united with that of General Howe, and he acted as brigadier; but without the *materiel* or *personnel* which could encourage the hope of any successful performance. The Americans, enfeebled by sickness and want of arms and clothing, diminished rapidly, in the face of a superior and an active enemy, and in the conflict with the British at Savannah, the right being led by Huger, they were only able to show what might have been done under better auspices. In the retreat which followed this event, General Huger maintained admirable order in his division, and brought it in safety to Perrysburg, where a junction was formed with the force stationed at that place under the command of Moultrie.

The British, meanwhile, had spread themselves over Georgia, and South Carolina had become a frontier. It was important to effect a diversion in the former state, for the relief of the latter; and the better to call into active

service the militia, and to alarm the fears of the British with regard to their present acquisitions, Major-General Lincoln, who had taken command of the continental forces, in the southern department, marched with a select body of troops into the interior of Georgia. He was accompanied by General Huger. Advancing along the Ogeehee, they were suddenly surprised by the tidings of an attempt upon the city of Charleston, by the British under Prevost. This enterprising commander, availing himself of Lincoln's absence in Georgia, passed suddenly over the Savannah into Carolina, in hope to capture Charleston by a *coup de main*. Moultrie, with an inferior force of militia, was the only obstacle in his way; and it became necessary that Lincoln should return, by forced marches, for the safety of the southern metropolis. His approach, with the stubborn opposition offered by Moultrie, had the effect of baffling the British general. But the escape of the city was exceedingly narrow. It was in a skirmish of the night, on this very occasion, that Major Benjamin Huger, the brother of Isaac, was slain.

Prevost retired to the neighbouring islands, whither Lincoln pursued him. General Huger was still with the Continentals. He commanded the left wing at the spirited battle of Stono, on the 20th June, 1779, and was wounded while gallantly leading on his men. The British, at length, yielded the ground to their enemies; and retiring by way of the sea islands, succeeded in reaching Savannah. Hither it became the policy of the Americans to pursue them. The appearance of a French armament on the coast, under the command of Count d'Estaing, suggested the plan of a joint attack upon Savannah, by the French and American commanders. A want of proper concert, and unnecessary delays on the part of the assailing forces, enabled the British to prepare for them; and when the assault was ordered, it was almost evidently a desperate enterprise. The command of the Georgia

and South Carolina militia was confided to General Huger. The two continental columns were led by Colonel Laurens and General McIntosh. The French were divided into three bodies also. The details of this disastrous attempt belong to other narratives. The column under Colonel Laurens was that alone which succeeded in the assault. The assailants sank from the murderous fire which encountered their valour, and the penalty which they paid for the indiscretion and headstrong confidence of their French general was severely felt by the people of Georgia and Carolina for long seasons after.

Strengthened by ample reinforcements, the British were at length prepared for a third attempt upon the capital of South Carolina. They appeared before the city of Charleston with an overwhelming armament, as well by sea as land; and, after a three months' league and bombardment, the place was surrendered. General Huger was not one of the garrison. He had been directed to keep the field, by Governor Rutledge, and with a body of light troops, chiefly militia, he was employed in cutting off supplies to the enemy, encountering his detachments, and keeping open the communications between the town and country. In this duty he suffered himself to be surprised; an event which, at the time, greatly impaired his military reputation. He was stationed at Monk's Corner, temporarily; and greatly fatigued with frequent and harassing exercises. His sentinels remiss, and he himself but too apt, as we have seen, to look with scorn or indifference upon the usual military precautions, the British, under Colonels Tarleton and Webster, succeeded in gaining his rear by unfrequented paths. His force was dispersed for a time, and retired beyond the Santee.

The fall of Charleston, the defeat of Colonel Beaufort, and the sudden irruption of the British, everywhere through South Carolina, compelled the patriots to seek security by flight to the swamps or to contiguous States.

Huger, like most others acknowledging the necessity, lay dormant for a season. The approach of Gates, with a continental army, was too quickly followed by his complete defeat to encourage any premature exposure on the part of the fugitives; but with the uprising of Sumter and Marion, and the appointment of General Greene to the southern army, we find Huger once more in the field, and in the army of Greene. The victory of Morgan over Tarleton at the Cowpens, and the hot pursuit, which Cornwallis urged, of the former general, too greatly excited the apprehensions of Greene to suffer him to remain in camp. On this occasion the army was set in motion, with orders to ascend the banks of the Pee Dee, and proceed with all expedition to Salisbury. The disaster of Huger at Monk's Corner seems no longer to have impaired his reputation, since we find him intrusted with the command, while Greene, with a small escort, hastened to afford his personal assistance to Morgan, who was keenly pursued by his eager adversary. Huger conducted the retreat of the Continentals to Guilford, where he was joined by Greene, who resumed the command. In the action which followed, at Guilford Court-house, the Virginians were confided to Huger, and never did troops behave more valiantly under any leader. In spite of the evil example of the North Carolinians, who fled at the first fire, they stood their ground like veterans, yielding only after a sufficiently protracted struggle had served all the purposes which were contemplated to accrue from their gallantry. Huger perilled himself on this occasion with his usual recklessness. He did not belong to that school of soldiers who insist that the success of the army consists chiefly in the perfect safety of its commander. He did not escape; was wounded severely, but fortunately not dangerously.

From this moment he followed the fortunes of Greene. At Hobkirk's Hill he commanded the right wing of the

army, and had succeeded in making considerable impression on the line of the enemy, when an unlucky error of Colonel Gunby, which threw his favourite regiment into confusion, disconcerted all the plans of Greene, and compelled him to leave, in retreat and disorder, a field in which victory was almost within his grasp. In this disastrous termination of a hopeful conflict, Huger's exertions were of the most exemplary character. His example might well have restored the courage of the soldiery, could it have repaired the confusion in their ranks. His generous efforts at recovering the day, brought him more than once in almost immediate contact with the muzzles of the enemy's muskets. His escape was held miraculous. But this time he perilled himself without paying the usual penalties. He escaped unhurt. He presided soon after at the Court of Inquiry, which was appointed to sit upon Gunby's conduct, to whose mistake the loss of the battle was ascribed, and whom the court censured, but with a due regard to his past good behaviour. Huger had not served so long, and so faithfully, without fully repairing his past errors of incautiousness. He had acquired the entire confidence of Greene, who frequently gave the army into his charge, and even meditated placing it wholly under his command, while he flung himself across the path of Cornwallis in Virginia. His declared determination was, after the reduction of the posts of Ninety-Six and Augusta, to take some strong position that would confine the enemy to the low country, and then, yielding the army wholly to Huger, proceed to North Carolina, hastening on expected levies from that quarter, and pressing forward himself to the encounter with his ancient enemy. Subsequent events defeated this arrangement. Rawdon abandoned Ninety-Six, and was making his way towards Orangeburg. The American army was immediately put in motion, and, after reaching Winnsborough, was ordered to disembarrass itself of every thing that could

impede its march, and was left again in charge of Huger; to whom Greene confided his wish that he would press forward to the Congaree, while he, Greene, attended by a single aide and small escort of cavalry, pushed on to find Colonel Washington, and to observe more nearly the indications by which his future measures were to be directed.

This progress ultimately brought on the battle of Eutaws, by which the British power in Carolina was completely prostrated. We do not find that Huger was in this action. He was probably kept from it, among the "high hills of Santee," by sickness. The season was excessively warm; his marches had been hurried and wearisome in the last degree; and the battle was fought on the 8th September, the most sickly season of the year in Carolina. That he was present in the army about this period, is certain, from the fact that he was the first person to sign the recommendation to General Greene to retaliate for the execution of Colonel Hayne, by the British, in like manner upon British subjects. "We are not unmindful," is the language of this noble document, "that such a measure may, in its consequences, involve our own lives in additional dangers, but we had rather forego temporary distinctions, and commit ourselves to the most desperate situation, than prosecute this just and necessary war upon terms so dishonourable,"—referring to the inequality of peril between themselves and the British, if such murders as that of Colonel Hayne should be passed without retaliation.

The close of the war spared the country the necessity of adopting any sanguinary act of retribution. General Huger went into the conflict a rich man, and emerged from it a poor one. His slaves were torn from his estate by the British and their Tory allies; but he never regretted his losses, when he considered the great gain to his country's glory and safety. When, at the termination of the

struggle, General Greene visited him, and was presented to his family, he was struck with the group before him, and with much emotion exclaimed—"I would never, my dear Huger, have exposed you so often as I have done, to bear the brunt of the battle, and varied dangers of the field, had I known how numerous and lovely a family were dependent on your protection."

General Huger died in Charleston in 1788 or 89. He was buried at a farm on Ashley river, the property of one of his family, but known at that time as Graham's farm. He was a man of great personal popularity; of frank and amiable manners; graceful of carriage; erect and vigourous of frame, and looking every inch the soldier. His courage was an unconscious virtue, the natural instinct of a mind that knew as little of fear as it was possible for mortal to escape knowing. Accustomed to command, he carried with him an air of authority, which was quite too natural and becoming in him to offend the self-esteem of others. He was generous to a fault, affectionately solicitous of the interests of his friends, and never forgetful of a service. It is remembered that the Cherokee Indians, who had made his acquaintance as an enemy, always sought him out as a friend, whenever they visited the seaboard.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MOSES HAZEN.

At the commencement of the Revolution, a strong sympathy for the colonies existed in some parts of Canada. As the struggle advanced, many Canadians enlisted into the American army. Congress accepted their services; appointed officers of their own selection, and several regiments thus raised rendered good service during the war.

Moses Hazen, a man of considerable wealth, near Saint

John's, furnished supplies and rendered other aid to the army of General Montgomery, on his expedition against Quebec. After the fall of that officer, and the disastrous retreat of our army, Hazen's dwelling-houses, store-houses, shops and other buildings, were destroyed by the British troops, and his movable property all carried off or destroyed. Offering his services to Congress, in January, 1776, he was appointed colonel of the second Canadian regiment, and furnished with funds for the recruiting service. This regiment was known by the name of *Congress's Own*, because it was not attached to the quota of any of the States. At the time of his appointment, Colonel Hazen was a lieutenant of the British army, on half-pay, and Congress agreed to indemnify him for any loss he might incur by renouncing his allegiance to the king. He proceeded to Canada, where he obtained some recruits, and returning to Pennsylvania, filled his ranks, and continued during the whole war in active and efficient service.

Perfectly acquainted with the situation of the northern frontier, he was frequently consulted by the commanding generals in that department; and after the surrender of Burgoyne, he urged the expediency of an expedition against Canada, which Washington recommended to Congress. In the fall of 1778 Hazen was sent to Philadelphia to explain his plan to that body, and but for want of means it would probably have been adopted.

In June, 1781, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and in consideration of his losses and sacrifice Congress voted him an indemnity of thirteen thousand dollars, and after his death, his widow received a grant of nine hundred and sixty acres of land, and a pension of two hundred dollars for life. General Hazen, at the close of the war, retired from the army, and died at Troy, New York, on the 3d of February, 1803, in the seventieth year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.

General Wilkinson was born about the year 1757, near the village of Benedict on the Patuxent, in Maryland. He was educated at home, and very early commenced the study of medicine with an uncle who had been a surgeon under Wolfe. To this uncle's descriptions of the war in Canada he attributes an early predilection for a military life. In 1773, being then seventeen, he was sent by his mother, who was a widow, to the medical school of Philadelphia. The day after his arrival he visited the barracks, then occupied by a part of the 18th regiment, and witnessing their parade, his partiality was increased for a military life. In 1775 he returned home to practise his profession, but the troubles of the period that occupied every mind wrought strongly upon his enthusiasm; he became one of an independent company in Georgetown, commanded by a Quaker from Rhode Island; and after the battle of Bunker Hill, no longer able to control his wishes, abandoned his profession, and repaired to the camp at Cambridge. In March, 1776, General Washington gave him a captain's commission in Colonel Reed's New Hampshire regiment, at that time attached to General Greene's staff, which he joined at New York the next month. It was soon attached to the northern army, in which he served under Arnold. In July, 1776, he was appointed a brigade major, and in December was sent by General Gates to the commander-in-chief with despatches; and joining the latter on the banks of the Delaware, assisted in the affairs at Trenton and Princeton. In January, 1777, he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, with authority to name the

officers in three companies. On General Gates's appointment to the command of the northern army, Wilkinson gave up his commission in the line, to occupy his former station in the staff, a step which excited observation at the time, but to which he said he was prompted by zeal for the public service, for which he supposed he could do most in that quarter, on account of his particular acquaintance with its localities. When Gates was about to be superseded by Schuyler, he by a general order appointed Colonel Wilkinson adjutant-general; and when he again resumed the command he appears to have relied much on his adjutant's opinion, and to have followed his advice in some important occurrences. On the surrender of Burgoyne, Wilkinson was sent to Congress with the official despatches announcing that event,* and thereupon received the brevet of brigadier-general. He returned to the headquarters of the northern department, and while there was appointed secretary to the board of war, of which General Gates was president. The discovery of some intrigues of Gates connected with a letter of Conway's against the commander-in-chief, in which Wilkinson was implicated by Gates's conduct, produced an open rupture between them, and his resignation of the secretaryship of the board of war. He also resigned his brevet of brigadier, and in July, 1770, was appointed clothier general to the army.

After the peace, in 1783, Wilkinson went to reside in Kentucky with his family, and engaged in some mercantile transactions, particularly in a contract for tobacco with the Spanish governor of Louisiana. Disgusted with trade, he entered again into the army, was employed at

* While on his way, Colonel Wilkinson stopped so long at Reading that Congress received the news first from common report. When therefore a proposition was made by some member to reward the messenger, Roger Sherman seconded the motion, but proposed to amend it by voting a *whip* and a *pair of spurs*.

various points on the frontiers, and had an interview with General Hamilton in 1798, and presented to him a general view of the western and southern military posts. He returned to his command on the Mississippi when peace was restored with France; received Louisiana from the French as joint commissioner with Governor Claiborne; remained at the head of the southern department until his court-martial in 1811; and after being honourably acquitted returned, and, when the late war came on, was occupied in making defensive fortifications to secure New Orleans. In 1813, he was ordered to the northern border, where his operations were not successful; but on being tried by a general court-martial in 1815, he was acquitted of all blame. On the new organization of the army after the peace, he was not retained in the establishment.

General Wilkinson had become possessed of large estates in Mexico, and not long after leaving the army he removed to that country. He died in the vicinity of the capital, on the 28th of December, 1825, and was buried in the parish of St. Miguel. The American minister, Mr. Poinsett, and many of the principal citizens, attended his funeral. General Wilkinson was twice married: his first wife was a daughter of John Biddle of Philadelphia; his second, who survived him, was a French woman, named Tradeau, whom he married at New Orleans in 1810.

General Wilkinson published at Philadelphia, in 1816, *Memoirs of his Own Times*, in three very large octavo volumes. It is a work of great value to the historical student, who will have little difficulty in detecting the passages which are tinged with the author's prejudices.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER.

THE early life of Thomas Sumter is involved in some obscurity; a fact which is quite discreditable, in the case of a person so distinguished, to the state for which he performed so much, and the descendants who bear his name. We are only enabled to gather from a very meagre and imperfect tradition, that he was born in Virginia, somewhere about the year 1734. We are not in possession of any facts which can throw light upon his origin and family.

He was still a mere boy, when, as tradition tells us, he went as a volunteer against the French and Indians in "the old French war." There is a statement, which it is perhaps no longer possible to verify, that his courage, experience, and shrewdness, as a scout, commended him to the special favour of Lord Dunmore, who employed him in a trust, upon the frontier, of equal hazard and importance. He was present at Braddock's defeat, and was probably one of the "Rangers," under Washington, in that disastrous expedition, to whose experience in Indian warfare, the miserable *debris* of the British army was indebted for its safety.

It is not long after these events that we find young Sumter in South Carolina. He had probably kept progress with the war; and, pursuing the career he had so adventurously begun, had followed the track of the French and Indian enemies of the English frontier from the borders of Virginia to those of Carolina. The natural course of events would thus have brought him from the banks of the Ohio to the mountains of the Cherokee; and he who

had suffered defeat with Braddock, at Du Quesne, in all probability avenged himself in the subsequent victories of Grant, Middleton, and Montgomery, at Etchoe, and other places.

Known to his neighbours as a soldier, he was early and equally well known among them as a warm friend to the principles of those who were opposed to the usurpations of Great Britain the resistance of freemen; and we find him, accordingly, as early as March, 1776, appointed by the provisional Congress lieutenant-colonel of the second regiment of riflemen. That he did not immediately distinguish himself in this command, is attributable to lack of opportunity, and not to his own supineness or indifference. It was the peculiar good fortune of South Carolina, in consequence of a single successful achievement, to escape, for the three first years of the Revolution, most of the severities of war. The battle of Fort Moultrie, which checked the British invasion, in 1776, discouraged, for a long time, all future attempts of the enemy upon the state. It taught them a degree of respect and forbearance which deprived the valour of the citizens of all chance of exercise. Sumter was an officer in a regiment which was stationed in the interior. His duty lay in watching the outbreaks of the disaffected on the frontier—the hostile red men—the unquiet and plotting loyalist—and the occasional British agent or emissary; all of whom were more or less busy in secret, and only waiting the moment of relaxed vigilance, on the part of the patriots, to break out in open insurrection. Sumter was not present, accordingly, at the battle of Fort Moultrie. South Carolina lay upon her arms for nearly three years after this action, expecting hourly invasion, but without suffering from it until 1780. In the month of May, of that year, Charleston was yielded to the British, after a protracted defence of nearly three months. In this unfortunate event, South Carolina, always very sparsely settled, lost nearly all of

her organized soldiery. The militia, not made prisoners in the surrender of the city, were scattered, in detached bodies, over a wide forest country, which the British, in large numbers, soon carried by their arms. Their overwhelming strength overawed patriotism, subdued resistance, and counselled valour to a prudent forbearance in the season of oppression.

But the bolder and more tenacious of the patriots, with those who were too deeply committed against the royal authority, fled from the enemy with whom they had no longer power to contend. While some escaped to the contiguous states, others took refuge in the less remote, but equally secure fastnesses of swamp and forest. Sumter was one of the fugitives. He retired to the swamps of the Santee, from the shelter of which he beheld his wife driven from her dwelling, as the wife of an outlawed rebel, and the torch of the incendiary applied to his habitation. The sense of personal wrong added fuel to the flames of patriotism. He emerged from his hiding-place, and gathered his friends about him. Too few for such enterprises as his eager courage demanded, he made his way into North Carolina, seeking recruits. One of the traditions by which his course along the frontiers of this state was marked, is here in place, as equally illustrative of his progress and his character. He found himself one day at a place known as the "Gillespie settlement." Of the Gillespie family there were numerous brothers, who were all famous cock-fighters. They were content with the conflicts of the barn-yard, having in their possession, among other famous fighting birds, a blue hen of the game species, whose progeny were particularly distinguished for their martial qualities. Of one of these chickens, called Tuck, there is quite a biography. His reputation was extended far and wide, from mountain to mountain. He was never known to refuse a fight, or to lose a battle. Sumter suddenly appeared at the cockpit, and surprised the

Gillespies at their usual occupations. They looked up, and were struck with the bold and military aspect of the stranger. His well-made person, muscular without bulk, impressed them with respect. His eye had in it that fiery courage which they were accustomed to admire; and they were not offended, when, with something contemptuous in his voice and manner, as he referred to their amusement, which was at once child-like and cruel, he called upon them, in abrupt and energetic language, to leave the cockpit, and "go with him where he should teach them how to fight with men!" They took him at his word. "Tuck, for ever!" was the cry of the Gillespies; "He is one of the Blue Hen's chickens!" The *sobriquet* stuck to him always after; and the eagerness with which he sought his enemy on all occasions, and frequently without duly measuring the inequalities of the parties, amply justified, in the opinion of his followers, the *nom de guerre* of the "Game Cock," which they always coupled with his name.*

Sumter was comparatively successful in procuring recruits. He obtained a greater number than he could arm. He was reduced to great straits for weapons. Old mill-saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into broad-swords. Knives, fastened to the ends of poles, made tolerable lances. The pewter of ancient housekeepers was run into bullets, and supplied the few fowling-pieces which he could procure with a few rounds of missiles; but, with all these rude helps and appliances, it was still the case that a portion of his men had to keep aloof in the action, waiting till the fall of the enemy, or of their comrades, should yield them an opportunity of obtaining weapons. But these deficiencies offered no discourage-

* The propriety of the epithet was very soon acknowledged by the enemy. Tarleton, on one occasion, having hunted for Marion in vain, is reported to have said to his officers, "Come, let us leave hunting this d——d 'Swamp Fox,' and see if we cannot find the 'Game Cock.'"

ments to Sumter. He very quickly proceeded to give the Gillespies the amusements which he had promised them. The British and their tory allies soon offered him a proper opportunity. The state was overrun by their predatory bands, which harassed and plundered equally the patriotic and the peaceable inhabitants. On the 12th July, 1780, Sumter's little band darted suddenly upon one of these parties, at Williams's plantation, in one of the upper districts of South Carolina. The enemy was taken by surprise, and soon utterly defeated. The sabre did its work eagerly. Scarcely twenty of the bewildered wretches escaped its edge. Captain Huck, one of the most brutal of those who were conspicuous in this warfare, perished in his crimes; and Colonel Furguson, who was probably the true commander of the party, a good officer, was also among the slain.

This affair, at once brief and brilliant, though on a small scale only, opened equally the eyes of friends and enemies. It was was one of the very first, which, after the fall of the metropolis, denoted the reawakening of the spirit of patriotism throughout the state. Sumter's squadron began to receive recruits. In a short time he found himself at the head of six hundred men. Rutledge, the governor of South Carolina, promptly acknowledged his spirit and services, by sending him a commission as a brigadier in the service of the state; and assigned to him, as he did to Marion, a certain portion of the country which he was to cover with his protection, and rescue from the enemy. He did not suffer the spears of his followers to rust. He put his brigade again in motion, and, on the 30th of the same month, passed Broad river, and advanced upon the British post at Rocky Mount. This place was held by a considerable force of royalist volunteers and militia, under Colonel Turnbull. The defences consisted of two log-houses, and a building pierced with loop-holes, surrounded by a ditch and an abatis. These occupied a

commanding eminence, and were encircled by an open wood. Sumter was wihout artillery; but his impetuous nature and confident courage would not suffer him to regard this deficiency as any conclusive obstacle to success. Sheltering his chief force in the woods around the post, he directed them to maintain a constant fire upon its defenders, whenever they should show themselves; while, with a picked body of men, he himself proceeded to the assault. The attempt proved a desperate one. It was desperately urged. Twice were his men driven back by the garrison; but thrice did Sumter bring them on, heading the assault, and scorning the imminent dangers which threatened him momently with death. The third time he was successful in penetrating the abatis. But the work was only begun. He had really gained but a nominal advantage. The strength of the place, unknown to him at first, soon proved beyond his means. It was with intense mortification that he was compelled to acknowledge that he could do nothing without artillery. He drew off his men in good order. His loss was considerable; but that of the enemy was greatly more. This was his consolation. Baffled, he was yet undiscouraged; and his followers had acquired confidence from his audacity. This, by itself, was an important acquisition, worth many victories.

From Rocky Mount, he turned his eye upon another of the British strongholds. The post at Hanging Rock was one of considerable strength, and was manned efficiently. It was garrisoned by a force of five hundred men, consisting of one hundred and sixty infantry, of Tarleton's legion, a portion of the loyalist regiment of Colonel Brown, and Bryan's North Carolina loyalists. Sumter fell, with great fury, first upon Bryan's division, which, taken by surprise, and overwhelmed by the fierceness of the onset, gave way in every direction. Tarleton's infantry next felt the shock, and, after a stout but useless struggle, yielding to its pressure, fell back in disorder upon Brown's de-

tachment, which it also contributed to discompose. The British troops, retreating, succeeded in gaining the centre of their position, from which Sumter found it impossible to dislodge them. His militia had been disordered, and were, unhappily, no longer manageable. They had tasted the luxuries of the British camp—had found the liquors of the enemy too grateful to be easily abandoned, and thus effectually deprived their commander of the means of prosecuting his successes. It was his great good fortune, and great merit, to be able to withdraw them in season, and in good order from a field which he had gallantly won, but which their insane appetites did not suffer him to keep. The British were too severely weakened to oppose successfully his retreat. Of one hundred and sixty men of Tarleton's legion alone, sixty-two, according to the acknowledgment of the enemy, were put *hors de combat*. The other detachments suffered in proportion. The American loss was considerable also, but not comparable to that of the enemy.

Sumter lost nothing by the incompleteness of his victory. His men were emboldened by the affair, and his own reputation for enterprise and gallantry was greatly increased by it. In less than thirty days, he had, with his ill-armed recruits, driven in the advanced parties of the enemy along the Catawba; had handled them severely in three several conflicts, and had succeeded in providing his followers with the more legitimate weapons of a regular warfare.

The battle of Hanging Rock, which we have just recited, preceded, by a few days only, the bloody and disastrous action between Cornwallis and Gates, near Camden. Just at this moment, the former general had all his attention drawn upon the approaching army of the Americans, under the conqueror of Burgoyne. Sumter recrossed the Catawba, and was lying on the west side of the river, while Gates was hurriedly approaching Rudgley's Mills. He immediately communicated to that general intelligence

of a large quantity of British stores, on their way to Camden, under a strong escort; but which, with a reinforcement from the regular army, it was in his power to surprise and capture. His application was entertained favourably. A detachment from Gates's camp was sent him, and the moment of their arrival was that of his departure. Putting his command in motion for Camden Ferry, Sumter pushed forward with equal caution and celerity. Near the break of day, on the 16th August, he had approached, undiscovered, to within a few miles of Carey's Fort. The British were taken by surprise. A sudden and impetuous onslaught succeeded, without any serious struggle. The fort, the stores, the troops—all, were surrendered, and, in possession of forty-four wagons, crammed with valuable stores, and numerous prisoners, Sumter properly commenced his retreat, with the view of putting them in safety. His course was up the Wateree. That very day was fatal to Gates's army. It was on this progress that Sumter was apprized of its defeat. Unfortunately, his own retreat had brought him nearer to the danger from which it should have carried him. When told of Gates's misfortune, he was nearly opposite the ground upon which the battle had been fought that very morning. A river ran between him and the victorious enemy; but this was passable in numerous places. It was doubly unfortunate that Cornwallis received tidings of Sumter's capture of his stores quite as soon as the latter knew of Gates's defeat. Cornwallis was one of the best of the British generals. He knew that no time was to be lost. He despatched Tarleton instantly with his legion, and a detachment of infantry, in pursuit. The chief merit of Tarleton was in the rapidity of his execution. He made his troopers use their rowels on this occasion; and, on the 18th, Sumter was overtaken at Fishing Creek. Burdened with his baggage, his prisoners, three hundred in number, and heavy laden wagons, his movements had been necessarily much slower

than those of the light armed troops which Tarleton commanded. His men were harassed by continual toils, and his videttes failed to do their duty. They were taken or slain, sleeping upon their posts, and the camp of Sumter was surprised. It was in vain that he made a stand with a chosen body of his followers. His troops were dispersed, the prisoners and stores recaptured, and Sumter was again a fugitive. He has been severely censured for suffering this surprise. Certainly, in the case of one who so much delighted in surprising others, the game is one which he should be well aware demands the utmost unremitting vigilance. It does not appear, however, that there was any lack of caution on the part of Sumter. It is obvious that the duty of maintaining a proper watch over a camp must necessarily be confided to subordinates. The general can, after all, exercise only a certain amount of personal vigilance. Sumter was not wanting in his. His videttes and sentinels failed in their duty; and this is always the peril where the force consists chiefly of militia. On this occasion, what their enterprise and valour had won, their improvidence lost; and the organization of his force had to be begun anew.

Sumter made his way once more into North Carolina. Here he recruited, in some degree, his force; and his dispersed followers, bringing with them often comrades, came into his camp, as he ranged along the regions of the Enoree, the Broad, and Tiger rivers. His force gradually resumed its form, and attracted to itself the attention of the enemy. Emerging from his retreat, Sumter was soon upon the track of the loyalists, restraining their predatory bands, and punishing their excesses. The British held their main camp at Winnsborough. As the force of Sumter acquired strength, he approached this station; and, taking up a position at the Fishdam Ford, on the east bank of Broad river, it became a desire with Lord Cornwallis to surprise him a second time in his encampment. Tarle-

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ton, who had done the business so effectually on a previous occasion, was apparently the proper person again to effect this object. But, while notice was given to Tarleton of this desire, the impatience of Cornwallis determined upon setting forth another expedition for the same purpose; and, while Tarleton was summoned from below, where he was pursuing the "Swamp Fox," in order that he should find more easy prey above, in a second surprise of the "Game Cock," Colonel Wemyss was detached, with the sixty-third regiment and a corps of dragoons, to try his hand at the same experiment.

It is highly probable that Sumter, in taking a position in such close proximity to the camp of Cornwallis, anticipated and invited these enterprises. He remembered the daring of Tarleton, and naturally desired his revenge. It was easy, too, to imagine, that, to a leader like Tarleton, who had hitherto been successful chiefly by the audacity of his assaults, it would be more natural that he should be rash than that he should be prudent. Sumter, at all events, had put himself in preparation for the reception of any foe. Wemyss made his attack on the camp of our brigadier at one o'clock, in the morning of the 9th November. He was unfortunate in all his calculations. Sumter was in waiting for him, having given more than usual strength to his advanced guard, and made all his arrangements not only for his enemy, but in anticipation of a night attack. A murderous fire prostrated twenty-three of the assailants, at their first approach; and their several succeeding attempts were wholly fruitless. The British, in the precipitancy of their flight, left their wounded commander in the hands of the Americans. Colonel Wemyss was shot through both thighs; but he lived. He was accused of many crimes against the patriotic inhabitants; and when it was known to the Americans that he was their prisoner, they were seized with a desire to bring him to immediate and condign punishment. Had Sumter lent

any countenance to their wishes, Wemyss would have expiated his crimes upon the gallows. In addition to former offences of the same character, a memorandum of the houses and estates he was yet to destroy was found upon his person. This was shown to Sumter; but, after possessing himself of its contents, he magnanimously threw the paper into the fire, silenced the murmurs of those who sought the life of the wounded man, and, to the great surprise and confusion of the latter, paid him every attention.

The defeat of Wemyss increased the anxieties of Cornwallis. Tarleton was again urged to prosecute his attempts upon an enemy who was equally bold in his enterprises, and rapid in his movements. But Sumter did not wait for the coming of another enemy. After the action with Wemyss, he crossed Broad river; and, on being joined by an additional force of mountaineers, he prepared to attempt the British post at Ninety-Six. The rapidity of Tarleton's movements anticipated this attempt, and exposed the command of Sumter to imminent danger. Whilst the cavalry and light troops of the British army were detached, and serving below against Marion, he had no apprehensions from the acknowledged superiority of Cornwallis in infantry. Entirely unencumbered with baggage himself, he well knew he could retreat from the heavier force of the British army with sufficient and superior celerity. His men had no tents but the broad blue canopy of heaven; and, for food, the coarse and occasional fare of the forest sufficed for present necessities. His followers were all mounted, knew thoroughly the various routes of the country, and could scour away upon the approach of a superior force, and find safety in recesses of which their enemies had no knowledge. Hanging, therefore, with confidence on the skirts of Cornwallis, he used his superiority, and took advantage of all occasions for harassing and annoying him. But the approach of Tarleton, not only with artillery and with a large force

of cavalry, but with his infantry on horseback also, changed materially the relations between the parties. It was well that Sumter heard of his approach in season to effect a hasty retreat. He succeeded, though at a late moment, in throwing the Tiger river between himself and his pursuer; and had scarcely done so, when the British legionary troops, accompanied by a mounted detachment of the sixty-third regiment, appeared in view on the opposite side. Sumter took up his position at the house of one Blackstock, which afforded a position highly favourable for the order of battle of an inferior force. Not doubting that the whole force of Tarleton was upon him, his purpose was to maintain his ground during the day, and to disappear quietly under cover of the night. But soon discovering that but a portion of the British army had reached the ground, he determined to take upon himself the initiative in the affair, and to bring on the action at once. Tarleton's confidence in himself contributed to the success of this design. Convinced that his prey was now secure, he occupied an elevated piece of ground in front of Sumter's position; and, immediately after, dismounted his men, to relieve them and their horses, until the arrival of his artillery and infantry should enable him to begin the attack with advantage. But Sumter, conceiving that Tarleton's numbers were already sufficiently great for his purposes, put a detachment of his riflemen in motion, and marched out at the critical moment when the British were least apprehensive and most perfectly at their ease. Descending from the elevation which they occupied, the American marksmen drew sufficiently nigh to the enemy to use their ducking guns and rifles, and to make their small shot available for the purposes of mischief. A well-directed fire threw all into commotion in the British camp. The well-drilled regulars were soon set in array for action, and the advance of the sixty-third, with their bayonets, soon warned the men of Sumter to resume their heights.

They did so with great coolness and discretion, emptying their pieces as they retired. This retreat was admirably managed. It beguiled their pursuers—as it was meant to do—to the foot of the hill, and within reach of a reserve of rifles which Sumter had prepared for their reception. The terrible fire ran through their ranks like lightning. Many were prostrated, and the rest thrown into confusion. Tarleton saw his danger. Every thing depended upon the most prompt and desperate decision. He charged fearlessly up the hill, but only to draw upon himself a second fire which told as fearfully upon his columns as the first had done. The American ranks stood firm; his own—thinned by the deadly rifle—began to falter. Drawing off his whole corps, he wheeled about upon Sumter's left, seeking a less precipitous ascent, and better footing for his cavalry. This brought him towards Blackstock's house, where, under Colonels Clark and Twiggs, a little corps of Georgians, one hundred and fifty in number, had been posted. They stood his charge like veterans, but the odds were too greatly against them. For a moment they yielded to the pressure of the whole British force, and gave way, until the timely interposition of the reserve, under Colonel Winn, and the enfilading fire of a company posted within the house, restored the fortune of the day. This event terminated the conflict. Wheeling about from an enemy whom he had too rashly provoked, Tarleton gave spurs to his horse and fled, while the swift-footed riflemen darted off in a pursuit which ended only with the coming on of night. Tarleton never halted until he had joined the remainder of his corps, which was now only a few miles in the rear. Here he encamped, while the Americans, inferior in numbers and destitute of artillery and cavalry, were compelled to content themselves with the victory already gained. One hundred and ninety-two of the British were left on the field, of whom ninety-two were slain, and the rest wounded. The American loss

was almost nominal. They had never suffered themselves to be reached by the bayonet, having themselves no such weapon. But their general was among the few who suffered from the British fire. He received a ball through the right breast near the shoulder, a severe wound, which for a long time incapacitated him from service. Suspended in an ox hide, between two horses, he was thus conveyed by a guard of faithful followers into North Carolina. He did not suffer his troops to await the return of Tarleton, with his entire force; but, after burying the British and their own dead, and paying every attention to the British wounded, their rolls were called, and they quietly disappeared from a neighbourhood which was no longer one of security.

Congress acknowledged the services of General Sumter by a vote of thanks. Cornwallis made his admission also. Writing to Tarleton, just after the affair of Blackstock's, he says—"I shall be very glad to hear that Sumter is in a condition to give us no further trouble. He certainly has been our greatest plague in this country." He could have no better eulogium than the discomfort and complaint of his enemy. The wish of Cornwallis was temporarily realized. The severity of Sumter's wound put him *hors de combat* for several months; but, though only partially recovered, he took the field in the early part of 1781, at the time when General Greene, who had succeeded to the command of the continental army in the south, was in full retreat before Cornwallis. The policy of the partisans of Carolina was to effect a diversion in Greene's favour, by alarming the British general for the safety of the several posts which he had left behind him. Assembling his militiamen pretty equally from North and South Carolina, Sumter made a rapid movement towards Fort Granby, on the south branch of the Congaree, which he crossed, and, appearing in force before the post, succeeded in destroying its magazines. At this moment, Lord Rawdon advanced from Camden, for the relief of the

post, and Sumter disappeared before him, only to reappear, immediately after, in front of another British post on the same river. The next day he surprised an escort convoying certain wagons of stores from Charleston to Camden, slew thirteen of the escort, and made sixty-six prisoners. This performance scarcely achieved, when, swimming his horses across the Santee, while his men went over in boats, he made a demonstration on Fort Watson; but, failing to surprise the garrison, he desisted from the assault, the place being quite unassailable without artillery, and Lord Rawdon again came to its relief. If this expedition had no other fruits, it was effectual in breaking up the communication between the several posts of the enemy, of distressing and disquieting him, and keeping his men in continual apprehension, while enduring continual duty.

On Sumter's return from Fort Watson, he was attacked by Major Frazer, near Camden, at the head of a considerable force of regulars and militia; but that officer had got the worst in the conflict, making off with a loss of twenty of his men. After these fatiguing enterprises, Sumter gave himself a brief respite from the active duties of the field. But this respite did not imply idleness. On the contrary, he was never more busy than during this period. Hitherto, his efforts had been prosecuted with militia only. His troops had never been engaged for stated periods of service. They came and went at pleasure, obeying the calls of their fields and families quite as readily as they did their captain's. It was necessary to amend this system; and Sumter succeeded in enlisting three small regiments, as state troops, for a specific period of ten months. With these he at once resumed active operations. Greene, meanwhile, relieved of Cornwallis, who was pursuing his way towards Virginia, there to officiate in one of the final scenes of the revolutionary drama at Yorktown, was preparing to return to South Carolina. He wrote to Sumter, apprizing him of his intention, and requesting him to make all possible

arrangements for procuring provisions for his army; to obtain all possible intelligence of the purposes and resources of the enemy, and to do all in his power towards breaking up the British communication. Sumter was already in the field. He swept, with broadsword and rifle, the country lying between the Broad, Saluda, and Wateree rivers; and, in this process, succeeded in dispersing several parties of the royalist militia. Greene's reapearance in South Carolina, with the continentals, was the signal for a more decisive and equally active employment of the partisans. To Sumter and Marion it was particularly confided to hold Lord Rawdon in check, in Charleston or its vicinity, to which the British general had retired; and, in the prosecution of this duty, they gradually closed in upon him, until he established a new line of fortified posts, extending from Georgetown, by Monk's Corner, Dorchester, and other well-known points, to Coosawhatchie. But these posts did not prevent the incursions of our enterprising generals of brigade. They constantly passed within the line thus circumscribed, harassing their enemies, cutting off detachments and supplies, and subjecting them to constant alarm and insecurity. So tormenting were these incursions, that the British conceived the idea of laying waste the entire region of country thus infested; depriving themselves as well as their sleepless assailants, of the resources with which it tempted and rewarded their activity. The departure of Rawdon for Charleston, from the town of Camden, (which he destroyed,) took place on the 10th of May; and, on the day following, Sumter assailed and took the British post at Orangeburg, with its garrison, consisting of a hundred men, and all its stores, which were equally valuable and necessary to the half naked soldiers in the ranks of the partisans. About this time, embroiled in a dispute with Colonel Lee, Sumter sent his commission to General Greene, whom he thought improperly partial to Lee. Greene returned it to him, with

many expressions of kindness and compliment; and, cheerfully yielding his private grievances to his sense of patriotism and duty, he resumed its responsibilities without hesitation or reluctance.

The fall of the several British posts, scattered throughout the country, gradually confined the British to very narrow limits. The American cordon was gradually and firmly closing around them, confining them to the seaboard. The few posts which they occupied, within the interior, were severally assailed by detached bodies of the American militia; and, while Sumter himself proceeded against the post at Monk's Corner, occupied by the nineteenth regiment, his cavalry, under Colonel Hampton, was successfully engaged at other places. A large force of mounted refugees were dispersed by this command, and the British post at Dorchester broken up. The expedition against Monk's Corner was anticipated—Colonel Coates, who commanded the British, withdrawing, during the night, across a bridge, from which the militiamen appointed to guard it had thought proper to retire. Sumter rapidly pursued the retreating enemy. Coates, meanwhile, had succeeded in occupying a strong position in the dwelling and outhouses of Shubrick's plantation. A sanguinary conflict ensued, in which, after repeated efforts, wanting in artillery, the Americans, who were led by Sumter and Marion, were compelled to retire. But the loss of the British was very heavy.

With these events, of which our rapid summary can afford but a very imperfect idea, closes the military career of Thomas Sumter. Fatigue and wounds had temporarily exhausted his energies and strength, and he needed a respite from toil, and the pure atmosphere of the mountains, for his restoration. When able to resume his duties, the war was virtually at an end. During his retirement, one great battle was fought—that of the Eutaws; his brigade being present, and behaving admirably, under the

command of Marion and Henderson. This was the last great effort of the British. The republic was safe. The domestic legislature was re-established, and the enemy sullenly retired from the shores which he had vainly laboured to subdue.

General Sumter survived long after the independence of his country was established—long after the government had proved its virtues, and the people their principles, in establishing themselves as a nation. His public services were not forgotten by the country he had served so faithfully. For many years he was a member of the American Congress; first, as a representative, and afterwards as a senator. He lived to a mature old age, honoured and respected to the last; and died on the first of June, 1832, at his residence near Bradford Springs, South Carolina, in the ninety-eighth year of his age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES SCOTT.

Charles Scott, of Virginia, served in the beginning of the Revolution as a colonel, and in April, 1777, was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He was with the army in New Jersey during the next two campaigns, and was one of the four generals (Stirling, Wayne, Scott, and Woodford) who advised the commander-in-chief, against the opinions of a majority of a council, to attack Philadelphia. In 1777 he was employed in the recruiting service in Virginia, and the legislature of that state was anxious that he should remain there for its defence; but Washington ordered him to South Carolina, and being taken prisoner at the capitulation of Charleston, he was not exchanged until near the close of the war.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES C. PINCKNEY.

THE head of the Pinckney family, in South Carolina, came over to that province, from Great Britain, some time in the year 1692. Charles Pinckney, his son, became a person of eminence in the colony, and was at one time its chief justice. Charles Cotesworth, the subject of this memoir, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 25th day of February, 1746. At this period, and up to the opening of the Revolution, it was the custom of the wealthy Carolinians to educate their sons in England. This custom was of importance to the colony in its struggle with the mother country. It furnished a large body of highly educated men, who were accomplished in the use of all the weapons of intellect which could be brought against them; and made the transition easy, from the dependent condition of a colony, to the self-sustaining attitude of the republican states. In compliance with this custom, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was taken to England, when but seven years old, with his brother Thomas—afterwards major-general also—who was still younger. Five years of private tuition fitted Charles Cotesworth for Westminster, whence he was removed, in due course of progress, to Christ Church, Oxford, which he left, at the age of eighteen, with the reputation of being a fine scholar. From Oxford, he entered, as a law student, at the Temple. His industry was not relaxed in prosecuting the study of his profession; and, prepared to enter upon the business of life, he returned to South Carolina, after a short tour on the continent, and a nine months' devotion to military study at the Royal Academy of Caen, in Normandy.

His commission to practise in the provincial courts is dated January 19, 1770. He soon attracted the attention and patronage of the public. His personal appearance was in his favour—the elegance and ease of his deportment—his manly unaffectedness—his high sense of honour, and his extensive legal knowledge. His rank among his legal brethren was soon declared, in his appointment, by Sir Egerton Leigh—then his majesty's attorney-general of the province—as his deputy or substitute, on circuit, in the district and precinct courts of Camden, Georgetown, and the Cheraws. This appointment took place when he was only twenty-seven—an early age for such a distinction, in those days of long probation. But his professional progress was about to be arrested when promising most fairly. The clouds of revolution began to overspread the American firmament. Pinckney had long before anticipated the tempest, and had decided upon his course. Sixteen years of absence had not weaned his affections from his native soil. The battle of Lexington was the signal for a general expression of feeling and opinion. In none of the colonies was this expression more prompt or more decided than in South Carolina. Pinckney took his position with the Gadsdens, the Rutledges, the Draytons, and other great men of that province. At the assembling of the provincial Congress, in Charleston, on the first day of June, 1775, it was almost instantly resolved to raise two regiments. Pinckney was elected captain in the first, and his colonel was Christopher Gadsden. The appointment implied immediate duty; and we find him, accordingly, setting forth on the recruiting service. His quarters were fixed at Newburn, North Carolina. Having obtained his recruits, he returned to his regiment, which was soon placed on the continental establishment. Overt acts of hostility had already taken place in South Carolina: such as training the guns of a fort upon British ships of war,

and throwing cargoes of tea into the ocean. Captain Pinckney was advanced to a majority; and he had become one of the most active and energetic of the Council of Safety. We find him, on the night of the 19th December, 1775, heading a detachment of two hundred rank and file, crossing from the city to Haddrill's Point, and, under the direction of Colonel Moultrie, throwing up a breast-work, the guns of which, by daylight of the following morning, were in condition to be used upon the British men-of-war—driving them from their anchorage, and finally from the harbour. He had now become lieutenant-colonel, and appears equally active and successful in the performance of civil and military duties. As a member of the General Assembly, he takes his place with the most conspicuous persons, always distinguished by a course of discretion and decision. The activity of the Carolinians was well calculated to provoke the attention of the ministry, and an expedition was planned against them, under Commodore Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton. In preparing for the defence of the city, the first regiment—of which Pinckney was second in command—was assigned a post at Fort Johnson, a fortress which occupied a point nearly midway between Fort Sullivan and the city. The history of this invasion finds its more appropriate place in other parts of this volume. The defence of Fort Sullivan, on the 28th June, 1776, under Colonel Moultrie, effectually defeated the objects of the expedition; and the first regiment, at Fort Johnson—a stronger post than Fort Sullivan—were compelled to remain inactive spectators of the bravery their comrades of the second were displaying on the threshold of the harbour.

On the 29th October, 1776, Lieutenant-Colonel Pinckney rose to the command of the first regiment, with the rank of colonel—Gadsden having been appointed a brigadier, by Congress. But the battle of Fort Sullivan

procured for the province a two years' respite from war. The eager military spirit of Pinckney was not satisfied with inactivity; and he left Carolina to join the American army under Washington. The commander-in-chief was soon sensible of his merits, and he received an appointment in the general's family, as aid-de-camp. In this capacity, he was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, where, by his fearlessness, activity, and intelligence, he confirmed all the favourable impressions he had made upon Washington, secured his confidence, and was subsequently honoured by him with the most distinguished military and civil appointments. Thus he served, until the tide of war, rolling once more back upon the South, threatened South Carolina with a new invasion. At the first aspect of danger in his native State, Pinckney hurried to its defence, and to the command of his regiment.

General Howe demanded the assistance of the troops of South Carolina to put down and punish the loyalists of Georgia and Florida. The inroads of these people had harassed to desperation the peaceable inhabitants of the former colony; and it was indispensable that a decided movement should be made to save her from utter ruin. Pinckney was ordered to her assistance. He joined General Howe at a sickly season of the year; and the climate and exposure, with a succession of arduous duties, marching and countermarching, in pursuit of an enemy whose scattered banditti found ready refuge in the swamps and forests, with which their practices had made them familiar, rendered the campaign one of singular hardship. Its object was, in great measure—though for a season only—attained. The loyalists were temporarily subdued—taught modesty and caution—and the people of Georgia were afforded a brief respite from the presence of their enemies. Of the sufferings of the continentals, in this expedition, some impression will be formed, from

the fact that eleven hundred men, who went on the service, the toils of two months only reduced to three hundred and fifty, fit for duty. Disease only, and not the weapons of the enemy, had made this fearful havoc.

Colonel Pinckney returned to Charleston about midsummer, and was soon actively engaged in duties which afforded few chances for repose. Georgia fell into possession of the British, and Brigadier-General Prevost, an active and enterprising officer, taking advantage of the absence of General Lincoln, with the principal regular force of the South, in the interior, made a rapid dash across the Savannah, with a large body of light troops, in the hope of taking Charleston by a *coup-de-main*. In the marches and manœuvres which followed this attempt, an opportunity was given to bring out the fine military qualities of Colonel Pinckney. His reputation as a soldier continued to rise, and his regiment, which with the fifth South Carolina formed the second column in the desperate assault on the lines of Savannah by the united forces of America and France, carried off a full share of honours from one of the most bloody combats of the Revolution.

Two attempts upon South Carolina had now failed. Circumstances were more auspicious to a third. Georgia was in possession of the British; the South Carolina troops had been terribly diminished in their struggles to maintain intact the securities and freedom of the sister colony; and the British commanders in New York, unfortunate in their late northern campaigns, now turned their eyes upon the South. The British army, in great strength, and led by the commander-in-chief, in person, appeared early in February, 1780, within thirty miles of Charleston. An army of ten thousand men were landed, prepared to make regular approaches against the city; while a powerful naval armament made its appearance before the harbour. Charleston was ill-prepared for the encounter. The State was never less competent to meet

the exigency of war. The force which could be brought together, for the defence of the city, including the inhabitants able to bear arms, consisted of little more than five thousand men. To Fort Moultrie was assigned a body of three hundred, and the command was given to Colonel Pinckney. The post was one of distinction. The ground was the Thermopylæ of Carolina. But, taking advantage of a strong southwardly wind and a flood tide, Admiral Arbuthnot, who commanded the British fleet, swept rapidly by the fort with his ships. Still, they were not suffered to effect the passage with impunity. Pinckney opened his batteries upon them, and continued the fire as long as the vessels were within the range of his metal; and he did them mischief enough to show what the event must have been had they a second time stopped to engage in a regular conflict. Twenty-seven of the British seamen were killed or wounded. The Richmond's foretopmast was shot away; the Acetus was run aground, near Haddrill's Point, and was fired and abandoned by her crew; and the fleet, more or less, sustained considerable damage. The disappointment of Pinckney was great, that nothing more could be done at a spot which had done so famously on a previous occasion; but he wasted no time in idle lamentations. The enemy was still before the city, and the opportunity was present for another struggle in which ambition and patriotism might equally find fields for exertion. He left Fort Moultrie accordingly, taking with him a detachment of the garrison, and returned to the city of Charleston, with the resolution of a son, determining to share her fortunes. The siege was a protracted one—unnecessarily so, since the fortifications were field-works only, and the numbers of the enemy twice as great as those of the garrison.

We shall not follow the daily progress of the siege, but proceed to the event. As long as courage could avail, or skill, or endurance, the example of Pinckney was such

as to bring out all the energies and strength of the citizens. But the troops were too few to man the works; the fire of the enemy had long since shown itself superior to that of the garrison; the houses were half in ruins, the small-pox was prevailing fatally, and famine at length made its appearance to aid the assailants. Still, though the case seemed to most others hopeless, Pinckney was by no means disposed to despair. At the council of war which was summoned to deliberate upon the surrender of the city, he delivered his opinion against the measure in the following determined language: "I will not say, gentlemen," he said, "that, if the enemy should attempt to carry our lines by storm, we should be able successfully to resist them; but I am convinced that it is in our power so to cripple the army which is before us, that, although we may not survive to enjoy the benefits ourselves, yet, to the United States they will prove incalculably great. Considerations of self are wholly out of the question. They cannot influence any member of this council. My voice is for rejecting all terms of capitulation, and for continuing hostilities to the last extremity."

The place capitulated in May, 1780, after a close investiture, by land and sea, of nearly three months. Colonel Pinckney became a prisoner of war; and was subject, with the other prisoners, to a captivity full of privations and persecutions. He received intelligence of his exchange and release from captivity, when it could be no longer useful to his military ambition, on the 19th February, 1782. He had been nearly two years a prisoner. His release was followed by promotion. His commission, as brigadier, was dated at Princeton, in 1783, when the war was virtually at an end. The return of peace found his resources much impaired, and he resumed the practice of the law. To this he brought the most liberal spirit, as well as the most rigid sense of justice and pro-

priety. Governed by the highest principle, his business was nevertheless largely productive; sometimes yielding four thousand guineas in a single year,—a large professional return in our country, at any period, and particularly then.

He was offered a place on the supreme bench; the post of secretary of war, as successor to General Knox; and, on the removal of Randolph, that of secretary of state. All these honours he declined, but the mission to France, urged upon him in a letter from Washington, dated July 8, 1796, he accepted, from a conviction of duty. He arrived in Paris on the 5th of December, had an interview at the foreign office, and soon saw that the government of the Directory was determined not to receive him. His famous reply to an intimation that peace might be secured with money,—"Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute!" was characteristic. After two months' residence in the capital he was ordered to quit France. He was joined in Holland by Marshall and Gerry, and a new effort to settle the difficulties between the two nations was without success. Returning to America he received the general applause for his firm and wise conduct, and on the organization of the provincial army was appointed a major-general. The storm passed without an appeal to arms, and he retired to the quiet of his home. He was in the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and in 1790 he helped to frame that of South Carolina; but the chief portion of his old age was passed in the pursuits of science and the pleasures of rural life, at his seat on Pinckney Island.

General Pinckney expired in his eightieth year, in Charleston, on the 16th August, 1825, with the resignation of a Christian, and that patient calm of mind, which had distinguished him through life.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT HOWE.

Robert Howe of North Carolina had the honour, with John Hancock and Samuel Adams, of being excepted from the general pardon offered to the "rebels" by the British commanders. He was one of the members of the committee of safety for the county of Brunswick, and was colonel of the second regiment of North Carolina militia. Soon after the affair of West Bridge, in Virginia, he marched into that colony and joined Colonel Woodford, with whom he was in command of Norfolk on the 1st of January, 1776, when that place was attacked and destroyed by Lord Dunmore. Woodford obtained a furlough to visit his family, and Howe, after attending to the removal of the houseless citizens, wrote to him from East Bridge, on the 9th of February—"We have removed from Norfolk: thank God for that! It is entirely destroyed: thank God for that also! and we shall soon, I hope, be in more comfortable quarters, when I shall be equally pious and grateful for that likewise. Our enemies (except two six-pounders) did not attempt to molest us, either in destroying the remains of the town, or in our retreat, but remained patient spectators of the whole scene. I expected they would be making excursions the next day, and sent Major Ruffin with a strong party to interrupt them. They had collected some sheep, which we took: they stood a small brush, and lost five men: we made eight prisoners, and hear they had many wounded. Providence most graciously and remarkably continuing to protect us, ordained that we should not lose one, or have one wounded, although they returned our fire, and gave our people, besides, a smart cannonade. I send another party tomorrow: *they shall have no rest for the soles of their feet.*"

While thus actively employed in Virginia, he was ordered to return to his native colony, to oppose the "Regulators" and "Highlanders," and was on the eve of marching when the arrival of General Clinton in Hampton Roads rendered it necessary to concentrate as large a force as possible in that vicinity, and the order was countermanded. On the 1st of March he was appointed a brigadier by the Continental Congress; the assemblies of North Carolina and Virginia had recognised his services in votes of thanks; and to crown his reputation, General Clinton, on the 5th of May, excepted him from the pardon offered in the king's name to all Carolinians who should lay down their arms and return to their duty and the blessings of a free government as established by the crown.

General Howe was ordered to the southern department, composed of the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and in March, 1777, it was proposed by the chief to send him against St. Augustine, but upon consideration the project was then abandoned. On the 20th of October he was made a major-general, and in the following summer, the reduction of St. Augustine having been decided upon, he was intrusted with the conduct of an expedition for that purpose, and proceeded, with little opposition, at the head of two thousand regulars and South Carolina and Georgia militia, as far as St. Mary's river, where the British had erected a fort, called Tonyn in compliment to the governor of Florida. This, upon General Howe's approach, they destroyed, and after some skirmishing they retreated toward St. Augustine, but an epedemic setting in and destroying about one-fourth of the Americans, General Howe was compelled to abandon the pursuit and return to the north.

A British force under Lieutenant Colonel Campbell was now despatched from New York, to co-operate with General Prevost, commanding in East Florida, for the invasion of Georgia, the defence of which was committed to General

Howe. Campbell landed under the convoy of Commodore Hyde Parker at the mouth of the Savannah river, about the 20th of December, with two thousand men. General Howe stationed himself with six hundred regulars and a small body of militia on the main road to the town of Savannah, with a river on his left and a morass in front; but the British commander, while making arrangements to attack him, received information from a negro of a private path to the right, through which he might march without being discovered, and immediately sent Sir James Baird by this route to the rear of the Americans, who, surprised by the double attack which followed, soon broke and fled in disorder, yielding to the enemy an easy and complete victory. The American loss was more than one hundred killed, and thirty-eight officers and four hundred and fifteen privates prisoners, with the fort, a large quantity of military stores, provisions, and the shipping in the river. Prevost, advancing from Florida, took Sunbury, and after joining Campbell assumed the command of the united forces. Two thousand North Carolinians were marching to the relief of General Howe, but they arrived too late; that part of his army which escaped, retreated up the Savannah river, and crossed into South Carolina.

After this disaster, and a court of inquiry, by which he was honourably acquitted of all censure for its occurrence, General Howe joined the commander-in-chief on the Hudson, and he was in command of West Point, when that post was committed to Arnold a short time before The Treason. In the beginning of 1781 he commanded the troops sent to quell the mutiny in the Pennsylvania and New Jersey regiments, and for his judicious performance of the duty was thanked by the commander-in-chief in a general order dated the 30th of January. In June, 1783, he was ordered on a similar errand to Philadelphia. He remained with the army until it was disbanded.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH FRYE.

Joseph Frye was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1711. He was an active and intelligent man, and at an early age represented his town in the general court of the colony. He was at the siege of Louisbourg, and was colonel at the unfortunate capture of Fort William Henry by Montcalm, in 1757. The French officer La Corne, who had great influence among the savages, sent him word that he well remembered the humanity he had shown to his countrymen in Nova Scotia; that he should embrace the present opportunity to express his gratitude; and that neither he nor any of the Massachusetts troops should receive insult or injury from the Indians. But during the whole transaction he kept at a distance, neither affording the promised protection, nor using his influence to moderate the vengeance of the Indians, who murdered their prisoners before the eyes of the general. In the confusion of the attack, an Indian chief seized Colonel Frye, plundered and stripped him of his clothes, and led him into the woods in a direction and manner which left no doubt as to his design. Arriving at a secluded spot, where he expected to meet his fate, he determined to make one effort for his life; and sprang upon the savage, overpowered and killed him, and fleeing rapidly into a thick wood, eluded the search of the Indians, and after wandering in various directions for several days, subsisting on berries, reached Fort Edward.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, on the 21st of June, 1775, appointed Colonel Frye a major-general, and on the 10th of January, 1776, he received the appointment of brigadier-general from the Continental Con-

gress. After remaining a short time with the Massachusetts troops at Cambridge, he retired from active service, on account of his age and growing infirmities. He removed with several of his connections to the frontier of Maine, and founded the town of Fryeburgh.

MAJOR-GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD.

Artemas Ward, the first major-general appointed by the Continental Congress, was a native of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard college in 1748. At an early age he entered into public life as a representative in the colonial assembly, and at a later period he was chosen to the council, and was one of the regularly chosen members displaced by the "Mandamus councillors" in 1774. He was also a delegate in the first Provincial Congress.

He had obtained some reputation for military abilities, and on the organization of the Massachusetts troops in 1775 he was appointed commander-in-chief, and held this rank when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, on the 17th of June. He continued at the head of the army until Washington arrived at Cambridge, and was appointed senior major-general in the line, but retired from the service in the following March.

In 1778 General Ward was a member of the executive council of Massachusetts, and in 1791 was a member of the National Congress, and during all these changes appears to have retained his connection with the courts of law. In October, 1775, he was made chief justice of the Common Pleas, and continued in the office until his resignation in 1798. His judicial conduct, especially during Shay's rebellion in 1786, has been warmly and justly commended. He died, after a protracted illness, on the 28th of October, 1800, aged seventy-three years.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM.

Rufus Putnam was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, on the 9th of April, 1738. He served an apprenticeship to the business of a millwright, which was completed in his nineteenth year, when he enlisted as a common soldier in the provincial army, with which he continued through the campaigns of 1757, '58, '59 and '60, when the surrender of Montreal ended the war between Great Britain and France. He now returned to Massachusetts, married, and settled in the town of New Braintree, to pursue the vocation for which he had been educated. He soon discovered that to carry it on successfully, he must have some knowledge of mathematics, and for several years devoted his leisure to the study of that science, in which he attained to great proficiency, particularly in its application to navigation and surveying.

In January, 1773, Mr. Putnam sailed from New York for East Florida, with a committee appointed to explore lands there, which it was supposed had been granted by parliament to the provincial officers and soldiers who had served in the French war. On arriving at Pensacola it was ascertained that there had been no such appropriation, but Putnam was hospitably received by the governor, and appointed deputy surveyor of the province. The prospect of hostilities with the mother country, however, induced him after a short residence in Florida to return to Massachusetts, and it is a proof of the estimation in which he was held, that he was commissioned as a lieutenant-colonel in one of the first regiments raised after the battle of Lexington. When Washington arrived in Cambridge to assume the command of the army, he found Putnam actively engaged at the

head of an engineer corps in throwing up defences at various points in front of Roxbury; and the ability he displayed in this service, which he had undertaken with much reluctance, secured for him the favourable consideration of the commander-in-chief and of General Lee, and the former soon after wrote to Congress that the millwright was altogether a more competent officer than any of the French gentlemen to whom it had given appointments in that line.

On the 20th of March, 1776, Putnam arrived in New York, and as chief engineer he superintended all the defences in that part of the country during the ensuing campaign. In August of this year he was appointed by Congress an engineer, with the rank of colonel; but in the course of the autumn, in consequence of some dissatisfaction with the action of Congress in regard to his corps, he left it to take the command of one of the Massachusetts regiments. In the following spring he was attached to the northern army, and he distinguished himself at the battle of Stillwater at the head of the fourth and fifth regiments of Nixon's brigade. A few days after the surprise of Stony Point he was appointed to the command of a regiment in Wayne's brigade, in which he served until the end of the campaign. From February to July, 1782, he was employed as one of the commissioners to adjust the claims of citizens of New York for losses occasioned by the allied armies, and on the 7th of January, 1783, he was promoted to be a brigadier-general.

After the close of the war, General Putnam was appointed to various civil offices in his native State, and he acted as aid to General Lincoln, in quelling Shay's rebellion, in 1787. In April, 1788, as superintendent of the affairs of the Ohio Company, he founded the village of Marietta, the first permanent settlement on the eastern part of the North-west Territory. On the 5th of May, 1792, he was appointed brigadier-general of the army to act

against the Indians, and on the 27th of September concluded an important treaty with eight tribes at Port Vincent, now called Vincennes. He was soon after taken ill, and arriving in Philadelphia on the 13th of February, 1773, to make a report of his proceedings, resigned his commission. In October of the same year, he was made surveyor-general of the United States, and he held this office until September, 1803. In 1802 he was a member of the convention which formed the Constitution of Ohio. From this period the infirmities of age compelled him to decline all employments. He resided at Marietta, where he died in his eighty-seventh year, on the 1st of May, 1824.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS NASH.

Francis Nash, who was appointed a brigadier-general in the continental army in February, 1777, was a native of North Carolina, and had been an active officer in the militia of that province. In 1771, he commanded a company, and particularly distinguished himself in an action with a body of insurgents who, under the name of Regulators, had risen in arms to the number of fifteen hundred, for the avowed purpose of shutting up the courts of justice, destroying all the officers of law and all lawyers, and prostrating the government itself. A body of one thousand militia marched against them, and in a battle at Almansee totally defeated them. When the Revolution commenced, Nash received a colonel's commission from the North Carolina convention, and upon his appointment as brigadier-general by Congress he joined the army under Washington. In the battle of Germantown, in October, 1727, he was mortally wounded at the head of his brigade, which, with Maxwell's, formed the reserve of General Lord Stirling. He died a few days after.

MAJOR-GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN.

When the governor of Virginia, in 1754, determined on sending an expedition to the West, under Colonel Washington, Captain Adam Stephen joined him on the march, with his company, and was in the skirmish of Great Meadows, in July of that year. About this time he was appointed a major in Washington's regiment, and in 1755 was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In the beginning of 1756, while Washington was absent from the army on a visit to General Shirley at Boston, Stephen was in command at head-quarters in Winchester, where he was employed in disciplining the troops, and in superintending the erection of the fortification called Fort Loudon, in honour of the nobleman who had now succeeded General Shirley as commander of the British army in America.

Early in 1757, the alarm was spread that a large force of French and Indians was gathering in South Carolina, and Colonel Stephen was ordered by Lord Loudon to march with a detachment of Virginia troops to the relief of that colony; but South Carolina was not attacked, the timely arrival of fresh troops from England quieted alarms in that quarter, and Colonel Stephen soon after returned to Winchester. In 1763, we find Colonel Stephen in command of the forces raised for the defence of the frontiers against the Indians, and his services are known to have been of importance in bringing to a close the French and Indian wars.

When the Revolution commenced, Colonel Stephen was appointed by the Virginia convention to command one of the seven regiments raised by that colony. On the 4th of September, 1776, he was made a brigadier in the conti-

nental service, and on the 19th of February, 1777, was promoted to be a major-general. His division was attached to the main army under Washington. In the battle of Brandywine he was at the head of his division in the column fronting the enemy, and conducted with great spirit and judgment. At Germantown he was in the column of Greene, which attacked the right wing of the enemy, and behaved with his customary gallantry. General Stephen's account of that battle, in which censure is thrown upon the troops of his division for retreating, is given by Mr. Sparks in his "Life and Writings of Washington." Of his subsequent history we know nothing, except that in the winter of 1777 he was dismissed from the service.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELIAS DAYTON.

Elias Dayton was colonel of one of the regiments raised in New Jersey immediately after the commencement of the war. He was ordered on the 23d of April, 1776, to reinforce the army in Canada, but on his arrival at Albany his destination was countermanded, and he was sent to quell the rising spirit of hostility which Sir John Johnson was ascertained to be fomenting in Tryon county. He remained in Johnstown several weeks, and, Sir John having escaped arrest, seized his papers, and had Lady Johnson conducted to Albany to be a hostage for the peaceable conduct of her husband. Near the end of the year Colonel Dayton's regiment was ordered from Fort Schuyler to Ticonderoga, and soon after to New Jersey, where he was employed in the next campaign. In January, 1781, he exerted himself judiciously in suppressing the revolt in the New Jersey line. He was promoted to be a brigadier-general on the 7th of January, 1783.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD HAND.

Edward Hand, one of the most gallant of the foreign officers who served in our revolutionary army, was born at Clyduff, King's county, Ireland, on the 31st of December, 1744, and when about thirty years of age came to America, as surgeon's mate in the Royal Irish Brigade. Resigning this post, he settled in Pennsylvania, for the practice of his profession, and in the beginning of the Revolution joined Thompson's regiment and was chosen lieutenant-colonel. On the 1st of March, 1776, he was promoted to be a colonel, and was at the head of his regiment in the battle of Long Island, on the even of the memorable retreat from Brooklyn, of which he has left a graphic account.* Up to the battle of Trenton it has been stated that his corps was distinguished in every action of the war. On the 1st of April, 1777, he was appointed a brigadier-general. In October, 1778, he succeeded General Stark in his command at Albany, and soon after was engaged in an expedition against the Indians of central New York. On the formation of the light infantry corps, in August, 1780, the command of one of the two brigades of which it was composed was assigned to General Hand, and that of the other to General Poor. Near the close of this year he was appointed adjutant-general in place of Scammell, who was compelled to resign the office by the condition of his private fortune; and he continued in this post until the army was disbanded, discharging its duties in a manner that educed the special and warm approval of the chief. In 1798, when Washington consented to accept the

* See the Life of President Reed, by William B. Reed, vol. i. p. 227.

command of the provincial army, he recommended General Hand for reappointment to the same station.

General Hand died at Rockford in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of September, 1802.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PETER MUHLENBURG.

PETER MUHLENBURG, a son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, founder of the Lutheran church in America, was born in Philadelphia about the year 1745, and after studying divinity with his father was settled over a church in Woodstock, Virginia. He watched with earnest and keen-sighted vigilance the progress of discontents, and educated his congregation for the duties of freemen; and when the Revolution commenced he had little trouble in enlisting a regiment, of which he was chosen the commander. He entered the pulpit with sword and cockade to preach his farewell sermon, and the next day marched to join the army. He was appointed a brigadier-general on the 21st of February, 1777, and was with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point in 1779, and with Lafayette in Virginia, in 1781. He appears to have been on terms of intimacy with most of the officers, and to have been respected by Washington for his courage, decision and integrity. He had little opportunity to distinguish himself, but his conduct at Yorktown has been commended.

After the close of the war General Muhlenburg settled in Pennsylvania, and was vice-president of the executive council of the commonwealth, and a representative and senator in Congress; and he received from the President of the United States the offices of supervisor of the excise in Pennsylvania, and collector of the customs for Philadelphia, the last of which he held at the time of his death, which occurred on the 1st of October, 1807, near Schuylkill, in Montgomery county.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW LEWIS.

Andrew Lewis, son of a gentleman who came to Virginia from Ireland, whither a Huguenot ancestor had fled from France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, was born in Augusta county in that colony, and was one of six brothers distinguished for their bravery in defending the infant settlements against the Indians. He was, with all his brothers, in a company, of which the eldest was captain, at Braddock's defeat, and in October, 1758, acquired much reputation by his conduct at Fort Duquesne, where he saved the Highlanders under Major Grant from being entirely cut to pieces, and with that officer and most of his men was taken prisoner and carried to Montreal. The Scotchman wrote to General Forbes that Lewis had caused his defeat, and his letter falling into the hands of the commander of the enemy, who knew its falsehood, it was shown to Lewis, who challenged Grant, and upon his refusal to fight gave him such a token of his estimation as could be received only by a lying coward. This was the same Grant who, in 1775, declared in the British House of Commons, that he knew the Americans well, and would "venture to predict that they would never dare face an English army, being destitute of every requisite to make good soldiers." Lewis was several times in the colonial legislature, and was a commissioner from Virginia, with the commissioners of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, to treat with the Six Nations at Fort Stanwick, in 1768. Alluding to his strength, stature, symmetry, and grave and commanding demeanour, the governor of New York remarked on that occasion that "the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked." He was engaged

in all the Indian wars of the west, down to the Revolution, and was the commanding general of the Virginia troops at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the 10th of May, 1774.

General Washington, with whom Lewis had been at Fort Necessity, and under whom he had served in various capacities, had formed a very high estimate of his abilities and character, and it is said that when the chief command of the revolutionary army was proposed to him, he expressed a wish that it had been given to his old associate. Lewis himself was very much disappointed when placed no higher than a brigadier in the continental army, and offended that Stephen, who had served under him, was preferred for a major-general. The chief wrote to him on this subject from Morristown on the 30th of March, 1777: "I was much disappointed," he observes, "at not perceiving your name in the list of major-generals, and most sincerely wish that the neglect may not induce you to abandon the service. Let me beseech you to reflect that the period has now arrived when our most vigorous exertions are wanted, when it is highly and indispensably necessary for gentlemen of abilities in any line, but more especially in the military, not to withhold themselves from public employment, or suffer any small punctilios to persuade them to retire from their country's service. The cause requires your aid; no one more sincerely wishes it than I do. A candid reflection on the rank you held in the last war, added to a decent respect for the resolution of Congress 'not to be confined in making or promoting general officers to any regular line,' to the propriety of which all America submitted, may remove any uneasiness in your mind on the score of neglect. Upon my honour, I think it ought." Nevertheless, General Lewis, on the 15th of April, sent in his resignation, and the Congress accepted it.

He was afterwards a commissioner to treat with the

Indians at Fort Pitt; and Washington, writing to him in respect to his services there, under date of the 15th of October, 1778, remarks, "If Congress are not convinced of the impropriety of a certain irregular promotion, they are the only set of men who require further and greater proofs than have already been given of the error of that measure." On his way home from the Ohio, General Lewis was seized with a fever, in Bedford county, about forty miles from his residence, where he died.

BRIG. GENERAL JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON.

Jedediah Huntington, son of General Jabez Huntington, was born in Norwich, the native place of his father, on the 15th of August, 1743, and was educated at Harvard college, where, upon his graduation at the age of twenty, he delivered the first English oration ever pronounced in that university. He engaged in commercial pursuits with his father, and at the beginning of the Revolution joined the "Sons of Liberty," and was chosen captain of a company, and soon afterward colonel of a regiment raised in Norwich. Joining the continental army, he was at Danbury, with fifty regulars and one hundred militia, when Tryon approached that town on the 26th of April, 1777. Resistance with such a force being useless, he retreated to the heights near the town, and when the neighbouring militia rallied under General Silliman, and they were joined by Generals Wooster and Arnold, he participated in the skirmishes at Ridgefield. On the 12th of May, 1777, Huntington was appointed a brigadier-general, and in the autumn of that year he was with Generals Greene and Varnum in New Jersey, and in the following winter was with the army at Valley Forge. In March, 1778, he was appointed with General McDougall and Colonel Wigglesworth to

investigate the causes of the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery on the Hudson; and he continued to serve in that part of the country until the close of the war.

Upon the election of General Washington to the presidency, General Huntington was appointed collector of the customs for New London, and he removed to that city and held there this office for twenty-six years, resigning it in 1815. He was also some time treasurer of Connecticut, and was an active member of the convention in that state which ratified the federal constitution. He died on the 25th of September, 1818, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His first wife, a daughter of Governor Trumbull, died while he was on the way to the army in 1775; and his second, a sister of Bishop Moore, of Virginia, survived him, and died in 1831.

THE END.

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